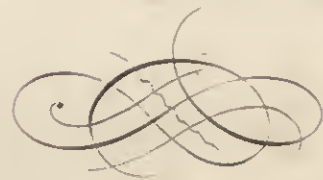


B. 4
1789

THE
ANACREONTIC MAGAZINE;
OR,
(SONGSTER'S MUSICAL COMPANION.)

CONTAINING

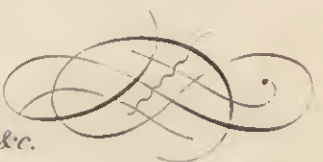
1789.



Songs,
Cantatas,
Catches.

SONGSTER'S

Glees,
Duets,
Trios, &c. &c.



Warlike, Hunting, Pastoral, Humorous, Satirical and Bacchanalian.



VOLUME



THE FIRST.



LONDON:

Printed for W. LOCKE, N^o 12, Red Lion Street, Holborn.

1792.

B.A.
1689

S O N G S

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE, HARPSICHORD, AND GERMAN FLUTE.

Andante.

love shou'd there meet a fond pair, Un - tutor'd by fashion or art, Whose wishes are warm, Are warm and sin-cere, Whose

words are th' excess of the heart - - - Whose words are th' excess of the heart. If ought of substantial de-

light, On this side the stars can be found, 'Tis sure when that couple u - - nite, And Cupid by Hymen is

crown'd; - - - And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

Sy

FLUTE.

Andante

Sy So

Sy So

A FAVOURITE DUET.

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty, fly, Drink with me, and drink as I; freely welcome to my cup, Could'st thou sip, and

Busy, curious, thirsty, fly, Drink with me, and drink as I; freely welcome to my cup, Could'st thou sip, and

sip it up. Make the most of life you may, Life is short, and wears a - way, Life is short, and wears a - way.

sip it up. Make the most of life you may, Life is short, and wears a - way, Life is short, and wears a - way.

Both alike, both mine and thine
 Hasten quick to their decline:
 Thine's a summer; mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

Andante.

The Sol-dier tir'd

of war's a-larms for-swears the clang of hos-tile arms

7 7 6 * 6

and scorns the spear and shield The

6 6 6 7 * 6 6 6

fol-dier tir'd of war's a-larms for-swears the clang of hos-tile arms and

6 3 * 6 3 *

scorns the

6

dares a - gain the field

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, then moves to a half note, and ends with a quarter note. The lyrics 'dares' and 'a - gain the field' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of eighth notes.

he dares

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with eighth notes and a half note. The lyrics 'he dares' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes.

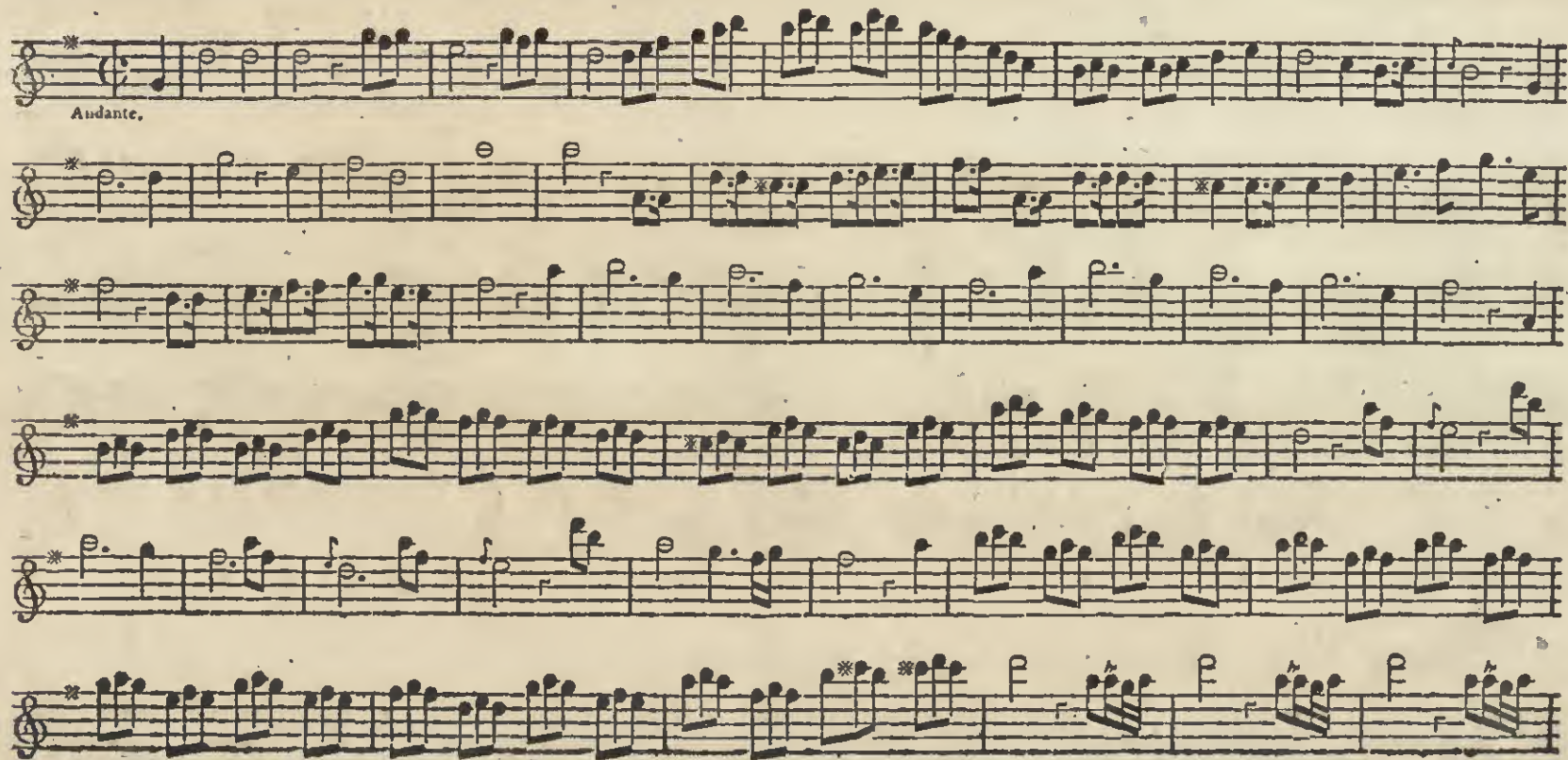
a - gain the field he dares

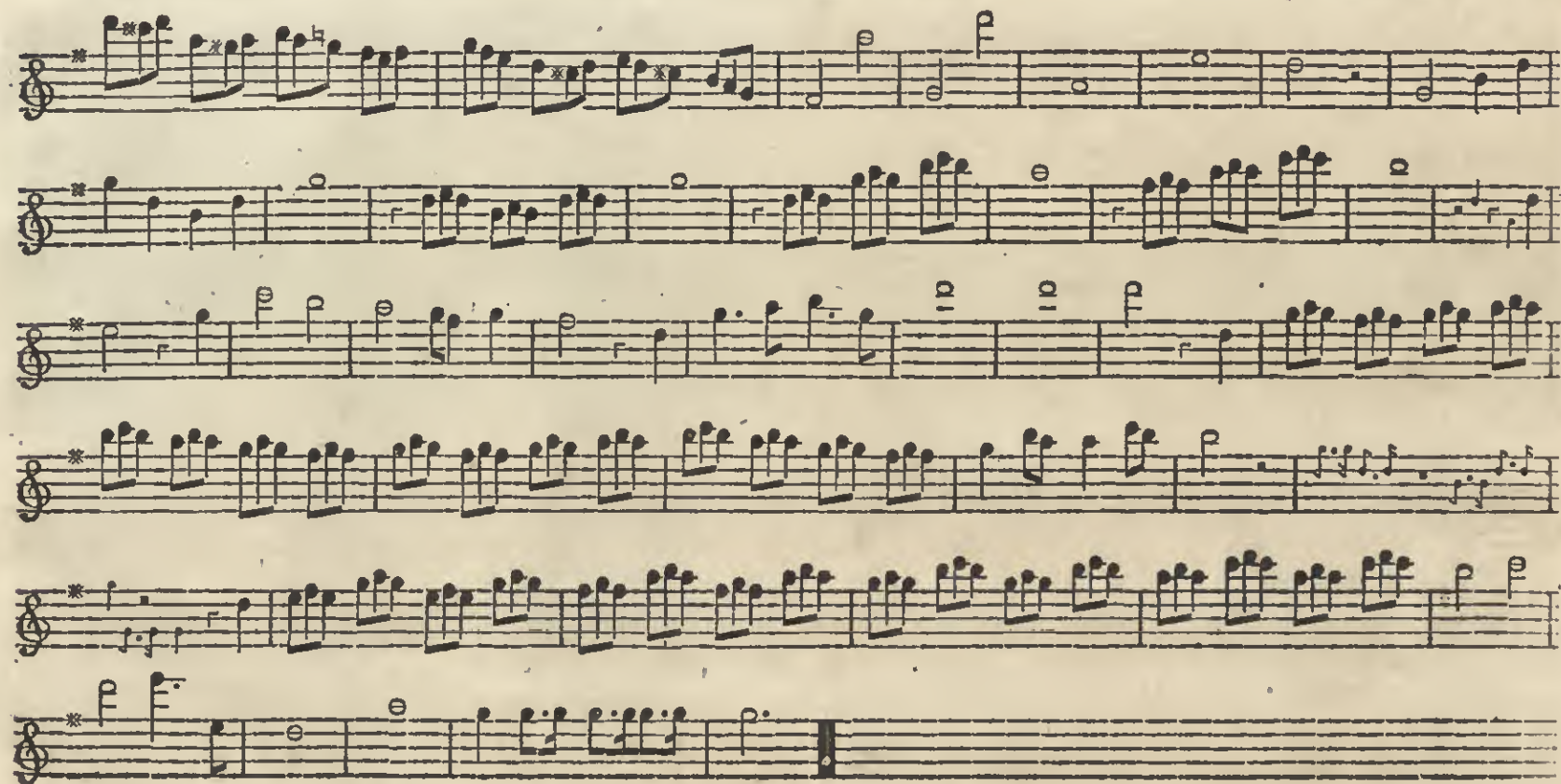
The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with eighth notes and a half note. The lyrics 'a - gain the field he dares' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes. Fingering numbers 6, 4, and 5 are written below the bass staff.

a gain the field

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with eighth notes and a half note. The lyrics 'a gain the field' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes. Fingering numbers 6, 6, 4, 5, and 3 are written below the bass staff.

FLUTE.





Allegro.

Now Phœbus sinketh

in the west, Welcome song and welcome jest, Midnight shout and revelry, Tipfy dance and jol-li-ty, Midnight shout and

re-vel-ry, Tip-fy dance and jol-li-ty. Now Phœbus sinketh in the west, Welcome song and

welcome jest, Midnight shout and re-vel-ry, Tipfy dance and jol-li-ty, Braid your locks with

ro - fy twice, Dropping odours dropping wine, Braid your locks - - - with ro - fy twine, Dropping

odours dropping wine, Dropping odours dropping wine, Dropping odours dropping wine,

Rigour now is gone to bed - And Advice with scrupulous head Strict Age and four fe-

- ve-ri-ty With their grave saws in slumber lie With their grave saws in slumber lie

How merrily we live that Shepherds be that Shepherds Shepherds be how merrily we

How merrily we live that Shepherds be how merrily we

How merrily we live that Shepherds be

live that Shepherds be that Shepherds he roundelays roundelays roundelays roundelays

live that Shepherds he that Shepherds roundelays roundelays roundelays

how merrily we live that Shepherds be that Shepherds he

- lays roundelays still we sing with merr-y glee roundelays still we sing with

- lays roundelays roundelays still we sing with merr-y glee roundelays still we sing with

roundelays roundelays roundelays still we sing with merr-y glee still we sing with

HOW MERRILY WE.

MICHAEL ESTE. 19.

1st 2^d

mer-ry glee glee. On the pleasant downs where as our Flocks we fee On -

mer-ry glee glee. On the pleasant downs where as our Flocks we fee On -

mer-ry glee glee. On the pleasant downs where as our Flocks we fee On -

the pleasant downs where as our Flocks we fee we - - feel no cares we fear not fortunes

the pleasant downs where as our Flocks we fee we feel no cares we fear not fear not fortunes

the pleasant downs where as our Flocks we fee we feel no cares we fear not for - - vains

frowns we feel no cares we fear not fortunes frowns we have no

frowns we feel no cares we fear not fear not fortunes frowns we have no en-vy we have no

frowns we feel no cares we fear not for - - tunes frowns we have no en - - - - - vy

en - vy which sweet mirth sweet mirth sweet mirth con - - founds sweet mirth con - -

en - vy which sweet mirth sweet mirth sweet mirth con - - founds sweet mirth con - -

which sweet mirth - - - - - con - - founds sweet mirth con - -

- - founds - - - - - we have no en - vy

founds we have no en - vy which sweet mirth sweet mirth con - founds we have no en - vy

founds we have no en - vy which sweet mirth sweet mirth con - - founds - - - - -

which sweet mirth con - - founds

which sweet mirth con - - founds

sweet mirth con - - founds

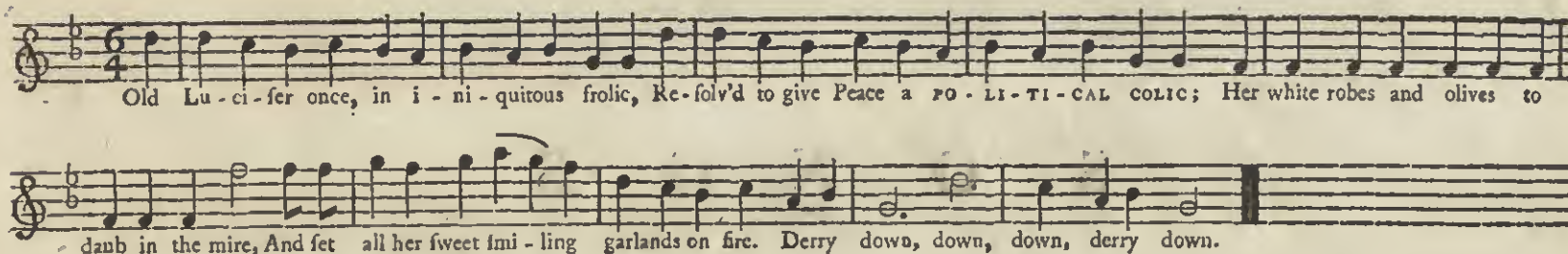
Da Capo

S O N G S

FOR THE

VOICE AND VIOLIN.

THE FOUR P's. A NEW POLITICAL SONG.



Now to find a fit name for this mischievous plan,
Full mounted, OLO NICK o'er the Alphabet ran;
Great A, B, C, D,—E and F, aye and G,
Till his fiery-hoof'd Pegasus rattled out P.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Here's a letter, quoth NICK, that well suits my design,
A letter to which many Worthies incline:
PAIN, PRIESTLEY, PARR, PRICE, PETION, and some more
In England and France above half a round score.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

An EXCISEMAN disbanded for bilking the Crown,
And a PARSON for pedantry *high* in renown;
A DOCTOR devout, whose *phlogistical* gas
Would set all the kingdoms on earth in a blaze.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

A Fourth who—but softly! quoth NICE, I forget,
The Fourth I've already haul'd home in my net,
From whence my best skill would, as yet, be in vain
To give him one glimpse of his old friends again.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Then to France for a substitute, *sans* all delay,
On his *poney* of *blazes* OLD NICK flew away:
At the door of the Jacobins light in a trice,
And PETION retain'd, in the room of old PRICE.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The great ABOLITION now settled outright,
OLO LUCIFER gave in his nostrum of spight,
With which smiling PEACE they were order'd to drench,
That the fire in her viscera nothing might quench.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Of Envy twelve spoons full, of Malice twelve more,
Of Sedition and Treason a plentiful store;
Of *defeated* Ambition and Want a large share;
And, to ferment the whole, a dire dose of *despair*.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

In France the great Junto first made their essay,
But PEACE, the fair goddess, eluded their sway;
To Britain she fled, and with Brunswick unites,
To crown each day's blessings, with transports each night.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Having mis'd their first aim, the Four Agents of Nick
 Determin'd at nought which might please him to stick;
 To the Nation's Assembly they instantly hie,
 And the dose in the name of the Devil let fly.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Then to Joy and to Brunswick, and Freedom, lets swell,
 With grateful accordance, the lofty-ton'd shell;
 And pray the just Powers, in abundance of grace,
 To prevent the Four P's from disturbing our peace.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

A SCOTCH SONG.

BRISK.



The Ploughman he's a bonny lad, And aw his work's a pleasure; Bot when that he comes home at e'en He hugs me as his treasure.



Up wi't now, my Ploughman lad, Come, up wi't now, my Ploughman; Of aw the lads that e'er I saw, Commend me to the Ploughman.

Now that the blooming spring's come on;
 He takes his yoking early;
 And, whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He gae to fallow cheerly.

Up wi't now, &c.

When hame my ploughman comes at e'en,
 He's often wet and weary;
 Cast off the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie.

Up wi't now, &c.

Right glad I'll wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash him o'erly;
 And weel I'll mak my ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.

Up wi't now, &c.

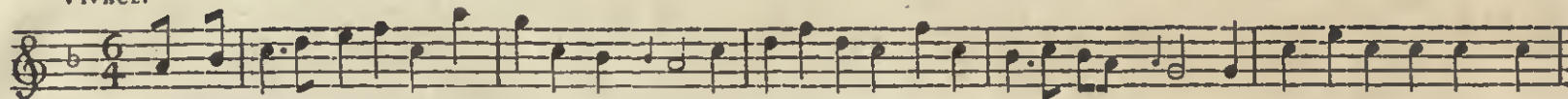
He ploughs up hill, and ploughs up dale,
 And ploughs up faugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow.
 Merry butt and merry ben,
 And merry is my ploughman;
 Of aw tha trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

A HUNTING SONG.

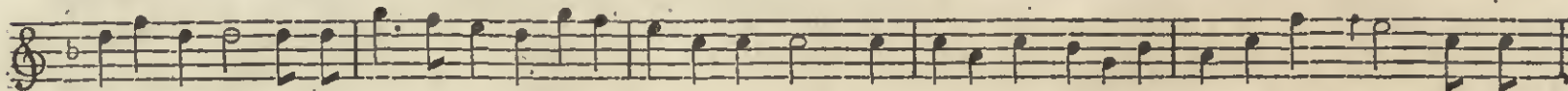
Now Au - ro - ra is up, the sweet god - de's of day, Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn; Bid the shepherds and maids tune their
tabors and play, Bid the huntsman at - tend with his horn. Bid the huntsman at -
tend with his horn. To slavish dull rules let the cit be con - fin'd, Let him toil day and night too for wealth; To hunting and
fowling our lives are con - fin'd, And our riches, my lads, is good health! And our riches, my
lads, is good health!

By yon rural copse, just opening to sight,
View the young tender brood, and prepare;
Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing their flight;
True sportsmen delight to shoot fare.
When return'd from the chace, let the bumpers go round,
Let us merrily revel and sing;
In women and wine true harmony's found;
Fill your glasses, and toast to the King!

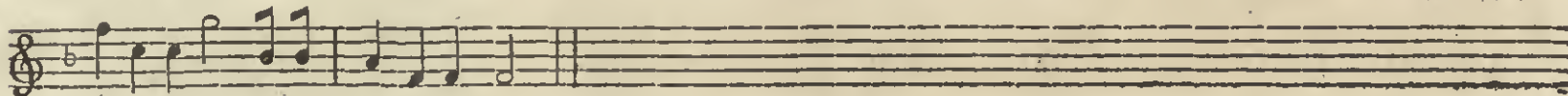
VIVACE.



From the hill of Parnassus descend, my fair maid, And lead to thy servant Tha - lia, thine aid; Give grace to my numbers, and



smile on my song, And the true laugh of humour extended to the throng: Bring Frolic and Fancy to crown my fond rhymes, And I'll



jocundly sing, and I'll laugh at the times.

What a medley of mortals around us appear!
The Patriot, the Parson, the Poet, the Peer;
The rustical Clown, and the physical Prig,
And the tun-belly'd Citizen, monstrous big;
With others, who finely would fill up my rhymes,
To make us all sing, and all laugh at the times.

Rub-a-dub goes the drum, with the standard on high,
See Cornwallis advance, or to conquer or die;
The ambition of Tippoo each Briton alarms,
While echoes resound, To arms, to arms, boys, to arms!
Now behold they advance to the tyrant's strong lines,
Seringatam once taken, we'll laugh at the times.

At St. Stephen's, behold, our true Patriots meet,
All brimful of honour! near Parliament Street—
Huzza! for fair Freedom! dear Liberty speaks;
Fill thy trumpet O Fame! and swell out thy lank cheeks,
For these patriots accuse each the other of crimes,
Which shows us the folly of popular times.

Tho' humble the bard, may his wishes prevail—
No malice invade us, no slander assail;
Let honour's bright beam gild the rays of the morn,
And freedom old England for ever adorn;
Let our virtues advance, and be banish'd our crimes,
And then we'll all sing, and will laugh at the times.

ANDANTE.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

My Chlo - e why d'ye slight me, Since all you ask you have? No more with frowns a - fright me, Nor use me like a
 slave. Good na - ture to dis - co - ver, Use well your faith - ful lov - er, I'll be no more a , rover, But
 con - stant to my grave.

Could we but change condition,
 My griefs would be all flown;
 Poor I, the kind Physician,
 And you, the Patient grown.
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well-shap'd, and also witty;
 Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
 Then make my case your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
 And form'd our shape and mind,
 Too surely would enslave us,
 Were they like you inclin'd;
 Then goodness be your duty,
 Or I must bid adieu t'ye;
 Like them, with all your beauty,
 Be merciful and kind.

The silver Swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious lays;
 Like him, when life is flying,
 In songs I'll end my days.
 But know, thou cruel creature,
 My soul shall mount the faster,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth your praise.

AFFETTUOSO.

SOFT GOD OF SLEEP.

Soft god of sleep when next you steal To charming Ce - lia's eyes, In dreams to the dear maid re - veal
 Who 'tis that for her dies!

But, should the fair-one be displeas'd,
 At the unwelcome theme,
 Fly her; and let her mind be eas'd
 By finding it a dream.

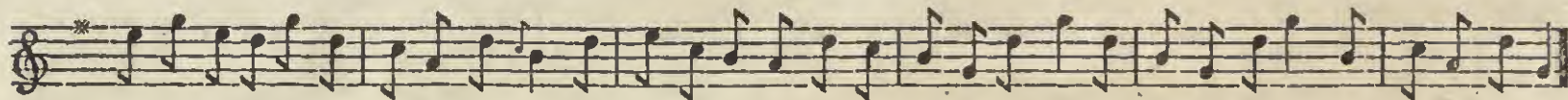
SPRIGHTLY.

I'D RATHER LIVE.

23



I'd rather live here, and be reckon'd a clow, Than make a grand show in that fine London town, That



place of reception for Belzebub's imps, For gamesters, for strumpets, pickpockets, and pimps; Pickpockets and pimps; pickpockets and pimps;

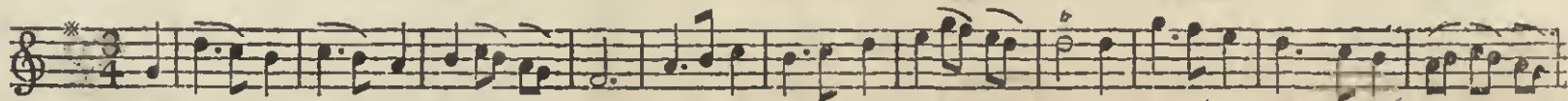
Like fishes of prey they each other devour;
The weak are destroy'd by the wretches in power;
The town is a river, a pike ev'ry man,
Who swims up and down to get prey where he can.

No friendship in cities or courts can reside;
Their friendship's all words, their affection outside;
Their conscience and honour they barter for gain,
And nothing they stick at, their pride to obtain.

But we, who live harmless, and free from reproach,
On each other's property never enroach;
To more than sufficient we never aspire;
As monarchs we're rich, having all we desire.

ANDANTE.

THE COMPLAINT.



When first you took my heart as a prize, Due to the pow'r of your conqu'ring eyes; If ever I thought my cap - ti - vi - ty



sweet; 'Twas when you allow'd me to lie at your feet.

But now so ungrateful you are grown,
All my kind services you disown;
And when that I ask you to lengthen my chain,
You always answer me, Love has no pain.

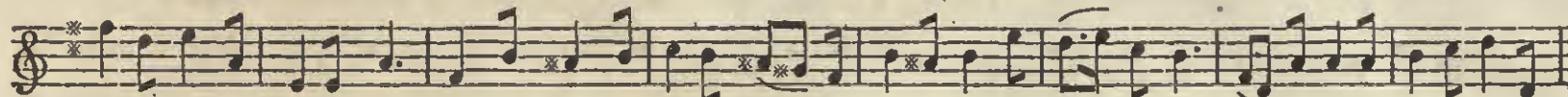
Oh, did you but know the pain I endure,
Sure you would never deny me the cure!
But since it is so, I must hope for no ease,
Since my Physician won't know my disease.

ALLEGRO.

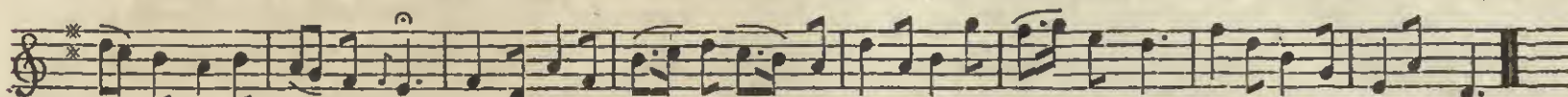
WOMEN AND WINE.



Gloomy care, no more perplex me! Hence, begone! don't me controul; Lovely Chlo - e scorns to vex me, Nor the gen'rous sparkling bowl,



Nor the gen'rous sparkling bowl. Aid those slaves, that most de - light in telling of their ill - got coin; What to me is most inviting



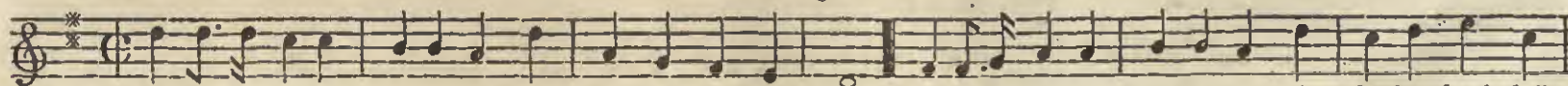
Is my Chloe and my wine! What to me is most invi - - ting Is my Chloe and my wine! Is my Chloe and my wine!

What is life without enjoyment!
To live merrily, and gay
Certainly's a god's employment;
Fears and cares, be far away!

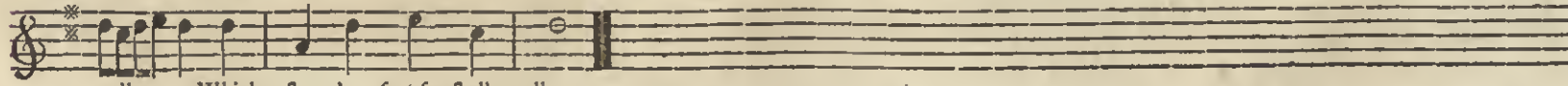
Though old age shall steal upon me,
With its pain I'll not repine;
Death shan't force my Chloe from me,
Him I'll drown in gen'rous wine!

ALLEGRETTO.

THE COQUETTE.



Fair Ro - fa - lind, in' woful wife, Six hearts has bound in thrall; As yet she un - de - termin'd lies, Which she her spouse shall -

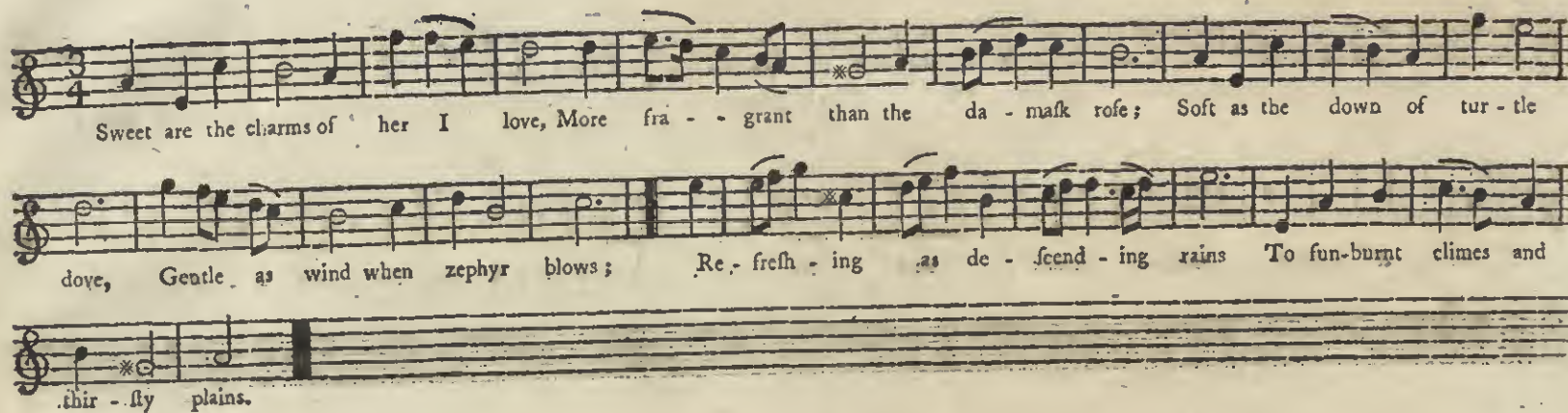


call - - Which she her spouse shall call.

Wretched, and only wretched, he,
To whom that lot shall fall;
For, if her heart aright I see,
She means to please 'em all;
She means to please 'em all.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

25



True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But Time destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her note renews:
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above:
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Nature most change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of Autumn flies;
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born from heaven together came;
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name:
Divine abodes shall own his power,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

THE SHEPHERD.

Shep - - herd would'st thou here ob - tain Plea - sure un - al - loy'd with pain, Joy, that suits the

ru - - ral sphere, Gentle shepherd; lead an ear: Art - - less deed and sim - - ple dress

Mark the cho - sen shep - - her - deess.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales, and fountains bright;
Trees, that nod on sloping hills,
Caves, that echo, tinkling rills.

Artless deed, &c.

Love, and all its joys be thine;
Yet, ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what reason has to say,
Hear, attentive, and obey.

Artless deed, &c.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Artless deed, &c.

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks the thorn;
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Artless deed, &c.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy;
All but love; for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Artless deed, &c.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride;
Think not she, who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

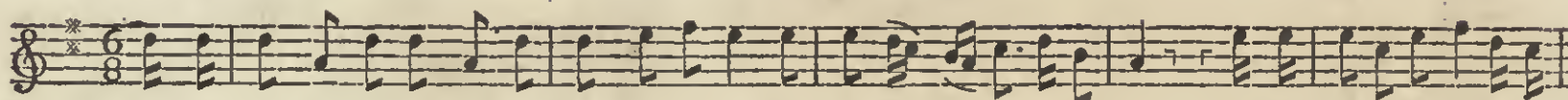
Artless deed, &c.

Let not lucre, let not pride,
 Draw thee from such charms aside;
 Have not those their proper sphere?
 Gentler passions triumph here.
 Artless deed, &c.

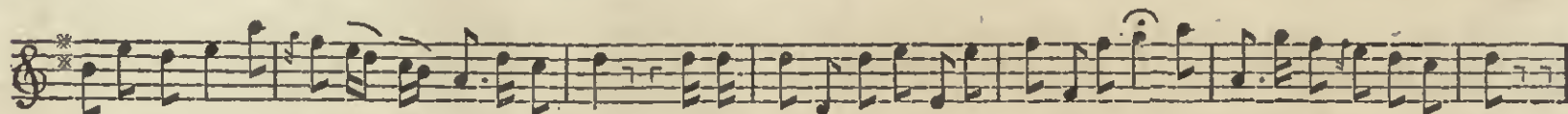
See, to sweeten thy repose,
 The blossom buds, the fountain flows,
 Lo, to crown thy healthful board,
 All that milk and fruits afford.
 Artless deed, &c.

Seek no more—the rest's in vain;
 Pleasure, ending soon in pain;
 Anguish, lightly gilded o'er;
 Close thy wish, and seek no more.
 Artless deed, &c.

HUNTING SONG.



To the woods and the fields, my brave boys, haste a-way! Our sport is to follow the hare; For the morning is clear and de-



lightful-ly gay, Sure nothing with this can compare! For the morning is clear and de - lightfully gay, Sure nothing with this can compare!

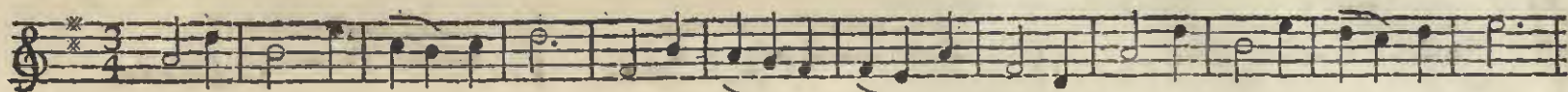
See our horses so swift and courageously bold,
 Our hounds so well scented and fleet!
 Hark, hark! they're all off; they're crossing the field;
 Let's pursue, then, with courage and heat.

See, see, how poor pussy redoubles her speed;
 Through briars, brakes, hedges, she flies!
 With the hounds in full tone, and Old Ball in the lead,
 Sweet echo rebounds to the skies!

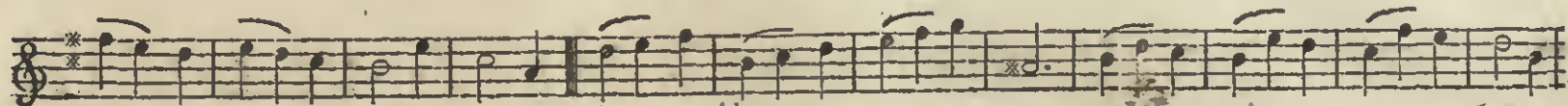
But behold, on a sudden, the hounds are all lost;
 She's squatted, and now pants for breath!
 Till, alas! she soon finds and that to her cost,
 The pursuit will soon finish in death!

Then huzza, my brave boys, let us hasten to crown
 The pleasures of this happy day!
 For our spouses and sweethearts we'll never disown,
 But be always blithe, jolly, and gay!

THE COMPARISON:



Celia, hoard thy charms no more, Beauty's like the mi - ser's treasure: Still the vain pos - ses - sor's poor,



What are rich - es without pleasure? End - less pains the mi - ser takes To en - crease his heaps of money,



Lab'ring bees his pat - tern makes, Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views, with aking eyes, his store,
Trembling, lest he chance to lose it;
Pining still, for want of more,
Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it.
Celia thus, with endless arts,
Spends her days, her charms improving;
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride, her shape, her face,
Fancying still she's under twenty;
Age brings wrinkles on a pace,
While she starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late, they both will find,
Time their idol from them sever;
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

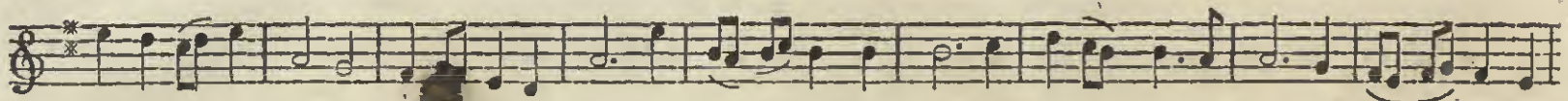
Celia's fate will still be worse,
When her fading charms deceive her;
Vain desire will be her curse,
When no mortal will relieve her.
Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miser's treasure:
Taste a little of thy store;
What is beauty without pleasure?

THE INVITATION.

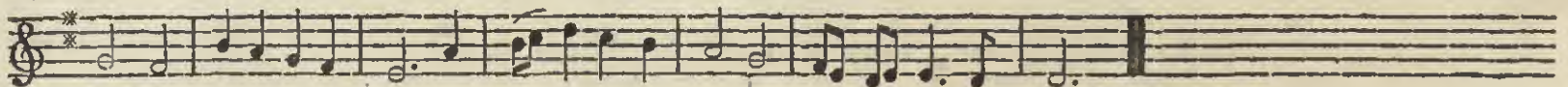
29



Dull' bus'ness, hence! a - void this fa - cred round: To mirth and mighty love, let ev'ry bowl be crown'd. The



sparkling nectar see! It fans the lover's fire; And e - mulates those smiles its sprightly draughts in - sple. The gen'rous juice who

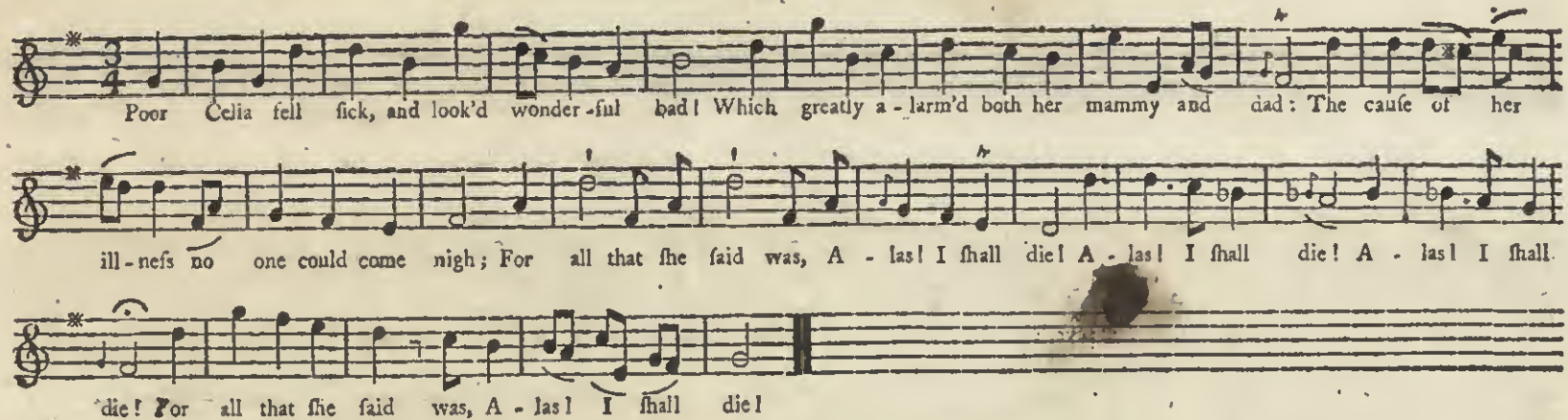


scorns, and wears a fullen brow, Still let his mistress frown, and he no pleasures know!

To Chloe's name let's consecrate the glass;
Chloe shall make each round with livelier transport pass;
What tho' the brain should rock, and swimming eyes should roll?
Love, mighty Love, does more—intoxicates the soul.
Then, like true sons of Joy, let's laugh at the precise;
When Wisdom grows austere, 'tis folly to be wise.

This 'tis to live; thus time is nobly lost:
'To drink, and love, is all dull man from life can boast.
Thou fiend Reflection, hence! Mirth shall not be allay'd,
Tho' less'ning tapers waste, and the pale stars should fade.
No matter when the morn, or brighter Phœbus rise;
The morn's in Chloe's cheek, and Phœbus in her eyes.

POOR CELIA.



The doctor was sent for, who came in all haste;
 In desperate cases there's no time to waste.
 He smelt at his cane, and turn'd up his eye;
 Yet Celia said, Doctor, alas! I shall die!

He next felt her pulse; cry'd Hem, and then Ha;
 And canvass'd in thought o'er the physical law:
 Paracelsus or Galen could not shew him why
 A damsel so young should complain she should die.

Secure of his fee, he resolv'd to prescribe;
 The fee's the chief end of the physical tribe.
 With his pills and his potions oblig'd to comply,
 She took, yet continued, Alas! I shall die!

Brisk Damon, a youth of great natural skill,
 As soon as he heard that poor Celia was ill,
 With the wings of a lover unto her did fly,
 And whisper'd, My dearest, my Celia, shan't die!

He press'd, she consented; next day they were wed,
 And her cheeks with their former sweet bloom are o'er-spread;
 The pleasures of Hymen relumine her eye,
 And Celia, thank heav'n, is not likely to die.

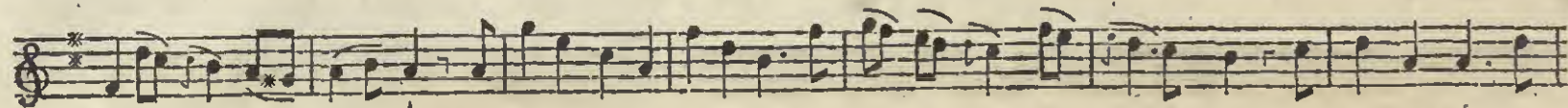
SOME WOMEN.

31

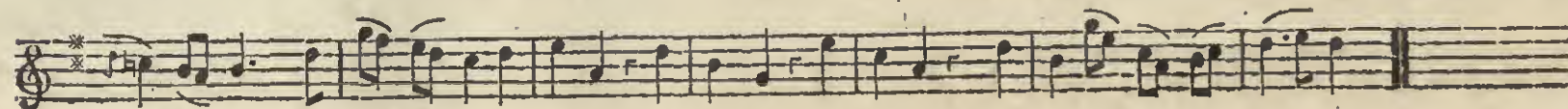
LIVELY.



Some women take de - light in dress, And some in cards take plea - sure, While o - thers place their hap - pi - ness In



heaping hoards of trea - sure ; In private some de - light to kiss, Their hid - den charms un - fold - - ing ; But all mistake the



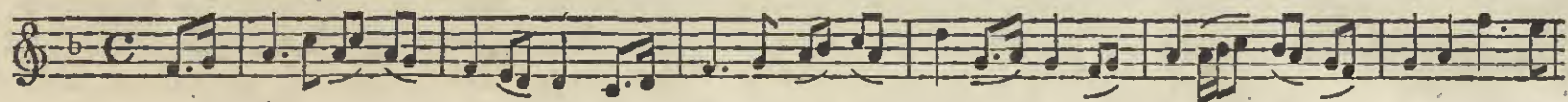
sov'reign bliss ; There's no such joy as scolding ! As scolding, as scolding ! There's no such joy as scold - ing !

The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence ;
Before my neighbours they can rise
They hear my tongue a mile hence.
When at the board I take my seat
'Tis one continued riot ;
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold ;
I ever am complaining ;
Too fresh, too stale, too young, too old,
Each guest at table paining :
Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
Though of my own providing,
I still find fault with ev'ry dish,
Still ev'ry servant chiding.

But, when I go to bed at night,
I surely fall a weeping ;
For then I lose my great delight ;
How can I scold when sleeping ?
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses sorrow, —
Although to-night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to morrow !

SMIRKING NAN.



Oh! who is me! poor Walley cry'd, See how I'm waft - ed to a span, My heart I lost when first I spy'd, That



lovely smirking milk - maid Nan. - I'm grown so weak, the gentlest breeze of dusty Ro - ger's whining fann can waft me o'er yon



beachy trees, and all for the sake of my smirking Nan.

The ale wife misses me of late,
 I us'd to top an a hearty can;
 But I can neither eat nor drink,
 But what is bak'd and brew'd by Nan.
 The baker bakes the finest bread,
 He uses the flower and leaves the bran;
 Like bran to me is ev'ry other maid,
 And when compar'd to my smirking Nan,

There's Dick of the green, the dirty loon,
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,
 He stole a kiss, I knock'd him down,
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirking Nan.
 But oh the roaring soldier comes,
 With his ran tan tarara rara ran;
 Her cows she quits for the noisy drum,
 Oh! woe is me, I've lost poor Nan.

NEW SONGS, &c. IN THE PRISONER.

AS PERFORMING AT THE KING'S THEATRE,
HAYMARKET.

I.

NINA.

HOW charming's a camp, where soldiers late and early,
With hair so tightly trimm'd up, and powder'd so fine,
March, shoulder, present; while the serjeant so furly,
Drills the young recruits in the rear of the line,
To a dub-a-dub—while so merry
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

Tho' bluff they look and fierce, that no lions sure are bolder,
Yet the damsels don't fear 'em; nay, one, as I live,
Came and ask'd me to give her my heart: but I told her,
Says I, That's bespoke, and I've nothing else to give,
But dub-a-dub—ever merry
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

II.

NARCISSE.

TEARS that exhale from the springs of good nature,
Fall like the dew upon sympathy's breast;
Wishes reviving, bloom with fresh beauty,
And in gay colours are gaudily dress'd.

Yet, when I think on the danger that threatens,
Fear blights my bosom with doubt and dismay,
Fond Expectation, all cheerless and languid,
Droops, drops its blossom, and withers away!

III.

CLARA.

COME from Horror's dreary cell,
Where jealousy delights to dwell—
Come, tell Revenge, that never sleeps;
Revenge her fang in mortal poison sleeps,
And madly laughs and weeps,
And smiles at rival's pangs, and acts the deeds of hell.
Come, thou that art above controul,
Rouse my vast purpose—fill my madden'd soul!

IV.

TRIO—THERESA, JULIANA, NARCISSE.

THERESA. And will you sooth my anguish? *(To Jul.)*
JULIANA. Oh! think us ever true!
THERESA. And will you brave the danger? *(To Nar.)*
NARCISSE. I fear not hut for you.

THERESA. Mercy's an angel's virtue;
NARCISSE. It shines so bright in you:
THERESA. Ah! sooth my bosom's anguish;
JULIANA. Be happy as we're true!

E

BERNARD

FAVOURITE SONGS,

V.

BERNARDO.

WHENE'ER she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast wou'd gently heave,
And prov'd her lip beguil'd a heart.
Ill practis'd to deceive.
As swelling waves that seem inclin'd;
To greet the shores they leave behind.

VI.

PASQUAL.

(Music by Mozart.)

WHERE the banners of glory are streaming,
Her image still lingers above;
And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,
Which glow'd but with transports of love.

Deeds of arms my soul inspire
As the batt'ling thunders roll,
She and fame my bosom fire,
And to conquest light my soul:
And mid slaughter madly wounding,
Heroes dying, groans resounding,

Armour clashing,

Lightning flashing,

Angel pinion'd o'er her lover,
With protecting wing she'll hover;
Valour's genius—memory's pleasure,
Guardian of life's sacred treasure.

What can check the soldier's course,
Who, where war delights to rove,
Strikes with more than mortal force,
Urg'd by fame, impell'd by love?

VII.

DUET.—NINA AND ROBERTO.

NINA.

LET us brisk and merry be,
Ever fond and ever free.

ROBERTO.

Fond and free your swain shall be,
Full of love and full of glee.

NINA AND ROBERTO.

Dance and sing as Hymen bids;
Happy as two wanton kids.
Dance and sing, &c.

VIII.

SESTETTO.—BERNARDO, PASQUAL, MARCOS,

THERESA, NINA, AND CLARA.

BERNARDO.

THE shaft of wild rebellion,
With ten-fold fury sent,
Falls on the loyal bosom
Un-nerv'd, despoil'd, and spent.

PASQUAL.

Un-nerv'd, despoil'd, and spent.

MARCOS.

Amid the darts of slaughter
My steps undaunted move:
Secure, no shaft can wound me
So deep as that of love.

BERNARDO.

Away! In chains and darkness
His haughty soul subdued.

PASQUAL.

Away! In chains and darkness
His haughty soul subdued.

MARCOS.

MARCOS.

I fear nor chains nor darkness
To love and valour true.

BERNARDO.

Rebellion ne'er wanted a colour
To blazon its wanton alarms;

THERESA, NINA, CLARA.

Yet surely the victor may pardon,
When love gilds the standard of arms.

MARCOS.

Her beauty with courage sustains me,
And death of its terror disarms.

THERESA, CLARA.

———Mercy! Mercy!
For love gilds the standard of arms.

BERNARDO, PASQUAL.

A dungeon's gloom shall chill him,
His boasted courage prove;

MARCOS.

No gloom can chill the passion,
Illum'd by raging love;

THERESA, NINA, CLARA.

Alas! are chains and darkness,
The proper meed of love;
If with me dwelt the lip of persuasion,
For pardon and mercy 'twou'd sue.

BERNARDO, PASQUAL.

In vain you wou'd plead for a rebel,
A traitor to duty and you;
Hence, hence! in the gloom of the dungeon;
Let day never gleam on his fight.

MARCOS.

She pleads, and my chains become trophies,
She smiles, and all darkness is light.

IX.

MARCOS.

DESPAIR around my head
It's horror flings,
My wish to live
No longer clings,
All hope is fled,
And in its stead,
Misery flaps it's raven wings.

E 2

CHORUS.

Sound alarms!
Sound alarms!
Amid the shades of night,
Let war-fires flash a blaze of light,
While victory strides before you;
Since for life and for freedom we fight,
Let the soul beat to arms,
And the word be—'Death or glory!'

X.

CLARA.

(Original Scotch.)

Poor Carlos sued a beauteous maid,
On her his happiness taking;
She frown'd upon his love—he sigh'd
'Ah me! my heart is breaking.'
She took a swain of large domains,
His humble love forsaking,
He thought her happy, and he smil'd,
Although his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
She found with anguish aching;
He sunk, and gave her such a look,
Just as his heart was breaking.

NAB.

XI.

FINALE.

NARCISSE AND JULIANA.

Good humour, peace, and glee return;
 Let each enjoy the rising bliss,
 And brushing up his ruby lips,
 Prepare alike to sip and kiss.

CHORUS.

Good humour smiles as rage subsides,
 And, in it's lustr'd radiance proud,
 Diffuses rays of social love,
 As summer suns succeed a cloud.

CLARA.

In varied colours memory glows,
 Of dangers past and raptures new;
 As deepen'd tints of crimson dye.
 Bestreak the tulip's silver hue.

Good humour, &c.

MARCOS AND THERESA.

MARCOS.

Henceforth, no fear nor dread shall threat,
 No tumult pleasure's course arrest;

FAVOURITE SONGS,

ROBERTO, NINA.

Not each dispute shall haply close,
 With who loves most, and who loves best.

Good humour, &c.

ANCIENT SONGS.

IN IMITATION OF MARLOW.

COME live with mee, and be my deere,
 And we will reuel all the' yeer,
 In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales;
 Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you haue the beauteous pine,
 The cedar, and the spreading vine,
 And all the woods to be a Greene:
 Least Phæbus kisse my sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
 Ouer some riuer in a tree,
 Where siluer sands, and pebbles sing
 Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
 And how the satires spend the day;
 The fishes gliding on the sands,
 Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly tuned throates,
 Possesse woods echoes with sweet roates,
 Which to your senses will impart,
 A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the hare and lease-lesse oake,
 The ring-doues wooings will prouoke
 A colder blood than you possesse,
 To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of laurell trimly dight,
 We will out-weare the silent night,
 While Flora busie is to spread
 Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-wormes shall attend,
 And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
 All to adorne and beeuifie
 Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
 Lillies faire mixture with the rose,
 Whose nice perfections in loues play
 Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus, as we passe the welcome night,
 In sportfull pleasures and delight,
 The nimble faeries on the grounds,
 Shall daunce and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice
 Your presence to loues paradise,
 Then come with me, and be my deare,
 And we will strait begin the yeare,

II.

THE SPRING TIME.

BY SHAKSPEARE,

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the onely pretty 'ring' time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

III.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

ORPNEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountains tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his musicke, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as funne, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Euen the billowes of the sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by:
In sweet musicke is such art;
Killing care, and grieve of heart,
Fall asleepe, or, hearing, dye.

IV.

CORIDON'S SONG,

IN THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMAN'S LIFE.

OH the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
High trolollie lolliloe
High trolollie lee,

That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me:

For courts are full of flattery
As hath too oft been tri'd;
High trolollie lolliloe
High trolollie lee,
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But oh I the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trolollie lolliloe
High trolollie lee,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart,
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Gray russet for our wives,
High trolollie lolliloe
High trolollie lee,
'Tis warinthe, and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
 Yet on the holy day,
 High trolollie lolliloe,
 High trolollie lee,
 No emperor so merrily
 Does pass his time away :
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

To recompence our tillage,
 The heavens afford us show'rs ;
 High trolollie lolliloe,
 High trolollie lee,
 And for our sweet refreshments
 The earth affords us bow'rs :
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

The cuckoe and the nightingale
 Full merrily do sing,
 High trolollie lolliloe,
 High trolollie lee,
 And with their pleasant roundelayes,
 Bid welcome to the spring :
 Then care away,
 And wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
 The countryman enjoys,
 High trolollie lolliloe
 High trolollie lee,
 Tho' others think they have as much,
 Yet he that says so lies ;
 Then come away, turn
 Count[r]yman with me.]

NAN OF COWSLIP DALE.

A NEW SONG.

WHEN first I saw my Nancy's form,
 'Twas in the flow'ry grove,
 My bosom, fir'd at ev'ry charm,
 Soon caught the flame of love :
 I, sighing, seiz'd her willing hand,
 Cried, " Hear my artless tale ;
 " Let pity circle round thy heart,
 " Sweet Nan of Cowslip Dale !"

" Oh do not flatter, gentle youth ;
 " Some other, happier maid,
 " Possesses all those tender vows
 " Which you to me have paid !"—
 " Ah, no ! thou sov'reign of my heart,
 " Let my fond love prevail,
 " And never, never will we part,
 " Sweet Nan of Cowslip Dale !"

" See ! the tall spire above the trees,
 " On yonder verdant lawn ;
 " Let us the blissful moment seize,
 " And hail this happy morn !"
 She blush'd consent ; the worthy priest
 Now listen'd to our tale :
 And made young Harry truly blest
 With Nan of Cowslip Dale.

THE LAD IS PRETTY.

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

IN summer time when aw is gay,
 And looks wi sic a grace,
 I gladly ken the lambkins play,
 As round the meads I trace :
 Then Jockey tunes his pipe with glee,
 And sings so blithe a ditty,
 I ane he's pleasing unto me,
 For, troth, the lad is pretty.

His face is ruddy as the morn,
 And gowden is his hair ;
 Good-nature does his mind adorn,
 And canty is his air :
 I loo him well, I need must ane,
 He is sa blithe and witty ;
 But yet I mun a tell him fane,
 Although he is fae pretty.

" For when lads ken we lassies like,
 They'll try an artful tale,
 To gain their ends is aw belike,
 If once they can prevail :
 To leave us then is their delight,
 Wiout one grain of pity ;
 Sa I mun keep my mind outright,
 Although the lad is pretty.

Na mickle he's of worldly gear,
 He did to me confefs,
 If he is true I dinna care,
 Indeed if it were less:
 To kirk if he will gang wi me,
 I then will shew him pity;
 And happy I with him shall be,
 For, troth, the lad is pretty.

SCOTCH SONG.

BY MR. OAKMAN.

Tune, "The Lass of Paty's Mill."

YOUNG Sandy follows me
 To milking, morn and eve,
 And piping o'er the lee,
 Begg I'll his love believe:
 He is a bonny lad,
 The truth I mu't declare;
 But yet my mam and dad
 Cry, "Jenny, girl, take care."

I ken he loos me weel,
 And I'm alike inclin'd;
 Might I the truth reveal,
 He is just to my mind:

But men have many arts,
 Poor lasses to ensnare,
 And then betray their hearts,
 So I'll indeed take care.

Yet if that Sandy's true,
 And to the kirk will go,
 I'll make na mair to do,
 Or ever answer, No:
 The bonny lad I prize,
 My hand I'll give him there;
 No one will then despise,
 But own I took good care.

SEEING LIFE.

BY MR. OAKMAN.

AS yet a youth, and unbetray'd,
 I sought the rural throng;
 The purling stream, the cooling shade,
 Inspir'd my artless song;
 How happy then each moment past,
 No envy, passion, strife,
 Till Folly's cloud my mind o'ercast,
 And whisper'd thus—See life.

Adieu the grove, adieu the plain,
 Adieu the purling stream,
 No more your charms can entertain
 No more must be my theme;

The town a different scene will prove,
 Where pleasure's always rife,
 Where bucks and bloods, and wine and love,
 Fill up the span of life.

Hark! Comus calls to midnight joys,
 Where Circe fills her cup;
 This thought alone each mind employs,
 Kill time and keep it up.
 For this the cit his counter quits,
 And lonesome leaves his wife,
 With fots and noisy woud-be wits,
 And all for seeing life.

Yet ah! how vain this strange desire!
 How vague the joys they share!
 The bowl enfeebles Nature's frame,
 And folly brings forth care;
 A thousand ills attendant wait,
 The pistol, sword, or knife,
 And all the hours in future fate
 Are kill'd by seeing life.

Adieu the town, such joys I leave
 To spendthrifts, knaves, and cheats;
 For decent mirth can ne'er deceive,
 And prudence has more sweets.
 The grove, the shade, I'll seek again,
 And chuse an artless wife,
 Content to grace my cot shall deign,
 Adieu to seeing life.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL GLEE.

THREE VOICES IN SUCCESSION.

- 1st.—PHILLIS, my fairest, how can you deny me !
So constant a lover, sure never came nigh thee.
- 2d.—Constant in love, never failing in duty,
Be witch'd by thy charms, and enslav'd by thy beauty.
- 3d.—Such are thy charms, that I vow and declare,
I'm rais'd up to Heaven, and sunk with despair.

YET I'M OBLIG'D TO KNOCK UNDER.

BY MR. OAKMAN.

AS I wander'd along, and was humming a song,
No harm I imagin'd, I vow,
When fair Phillis so neat, so charming, complete,
I met, and I made a low bow ;
Tho' I'd Cupid defy'd, yet he humbl'd my pride,
I was fill'd on a sudden with wonder !
When my passion I spoke, she turn'd it to joke,
Yet I am oblig'd to—knock under.

To the eve, from the dawn, thro' the vale, o'er the lawn,
I follow wherever she goes,
And I think in my mind, she seems rather more kind,
Which pleases me, you may suppose ;
I ask'd for a kiss, she thought it amiss,
Yet I took it, and where is the wonder ?
Because you may guess, and the truth will confess,
That in time I shall make her—knock under.

She's a sweet pretty thing, and is fit for a king,
Her eyes are as black as a floe,
Then her cheeks are o'erspread with a sweet white and red,
Which always is pleasing, you know ;
Still to love I'm inclin'd, she's so much to my mind,
Of females she sure is the wonder,
And if I have wit, her fancy to hit,
I hope I shall make her—knock under.

I ask'd her to wed, she hug down her head,
Yet consent I perceiv'd in her eye ;
Then I kiss'd her again, and she did not complain,
Love's impulse she could not deny :
To the church then we went, quite happy, content,
You will find I have not made a blunder ;
For, by day and by night, we are crown'd with delight,
As Phillis consents to—knock under.

NEW SONG,

FROM THE OPERA OF THE PRISONER.

GODDESS of liberty, my soul inspire,
Light up the glowing flame
At virtue's sacred fire ;
Genius of domestic joy—cherub of fame,
Love the while,
With many a dimpled smile,
My eager hope shall raise,
And with his busy torch augment the blaze.
Proclaiming thro' valley, o'er hill, and thro' grove,
The grave of war is the cradle of love.

SONGS, &c. IN JUST IN TIME.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

I.

MELVILLE—MR. INCLEON.

HOW poor are words! how vain is art,
 Angula's charms to trace!
 Her speaking eye, her feeling heart—
 Such symmetry and grace!
 Her mind more pure than virgin snows,
 That on the mountain rest;
 Pure as the lambent flame, which glows
 Within this faithful breast.

II.

STAVE—MR. MUNDEN.

THE merry man,
 Who loves his can,
 Laughs and jokes,
 Chats and smokes,
 Nor dreams of noise and state.

Enjoys the hour
 That's in his pow'r,
 Tells a tale,
 Quaffs his ale,
 Nor fears the frowns of Fate.

III.

STAVE—MR. MUNDEN.

EXAMINE the world with attention, you'll find,
 'Tis Interest that sways every class of mankind;
 From the high to the low;
 Is it not so,
 Say, aye or no!
 You doubt it; I'll give you a striking example,
 Then judge of the others by this single sample,
 And the truth you'll soon know,
 Shall I do so?
 Say, aye or no!

Sage Physic and Law, don't we every day see,
 Will advise and prescribe—but first pocket the fee:
 With pleasure I trow;
 Is it not so?
 Your aye or no!

So in humbler degrees too, my maxim will hold,
 Where the main spring's self-interest—the object is gold:
 This we all of us know,
 Is it not so?
 Say, aye or no!

F

O'LIFFLY.

IV.

O'LIFFEY—MR. JOHNSTONE.

WHEN the lads and the lassies are met on the green,
At sweet Ball-naosse, or the fair of Clogheen;
With their cheeks red as roses, and eyes black as stoos,
See the girls frisk and foot it as merry as does.

All the day,
Piper play,
Cries Gósfloón,
T'other tune;

While young Darby and Judy, are footing so tight,
The poor piper keeps puffing, from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of straw wears the token of love,
Which Paddy had bought her, his passion to prove;
Fine ribbands and roses, to deck out her hair,
And the neatest fluff gown to be had in the fair.

Sweet spoleen
On the green,
When they cine,
Whisky line;

The piper still playing, the priest he says grace,
And content, love, and jollity, smile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog side by side,
Every lad with the creature he means for his bride;
The next morn Father Fogarty call'd with his book,
Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.

Coupling, buckling,
Prancing, fiddling;

Father Fogarty, piper, and all join the rout,
And the new-married couples sail jigging about.

V.

MARIA—MRS. BLANCHARD.

THY freedom lost, no more, sweet bird,
In plaintive music rue;
For, ah! the wretch, who thee betray'd,
Ensnar'd thy mistress too!

Thus ambush'd in the wily brake,
The baneful serpent lies;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the sting and dies.

VI.

SIR SOLOMON ODOLY—MR. QUICK.

THE heroes stout, who dangers scorn,
May boast their arms and tented field;
Let noisy Fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen may wield:

Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,

Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
For Helen's charms contended long:
Yet all their feats had slept in peace,
But for old father Homer's song:

Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,

Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

VII.

AUGUSTA—MISS DALL.

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage,
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Those notes are chang'd to strains of rage!
And should perchance, in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And gladly part to meet no more.

Not so the bird whose choice is free,
In jocund Spring he joins his mate;
Gaily they range from tree to tree,
Their little breasts with joy elate.
And if some ruder breeze should blow,
Or chilling rain disturb their rest;
Fondly they share each other's woe,
As destin'd partners of one nest.

VIII.

JUDITH—MRS. MARTYR.

WHEN first you won my virgin heart,
The time I well remember,
'Twas in the frost on dreary heath,
The fifteenth of December.
The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
The wind blew hard and chilling;
You shiv'ring cried, "Ah! here she comes;
"Zocks, would the maid were willing."

Love smil'd, and as we sliding met,
Resolv'd to see us humbled,
Your arm encircled round my waist;
I slipp'd, and down we tumbled.
Whilst thus together we reclin'd,
On winter's hoary pillow,
You swore you glow'd with love so true,
I ne'er should wear the willow.

IX.

MELVILLE—MR. INCLEOON.

THE mind oppress'd, by sleep may hope
To sooth corroding grief;
What hope, alas! if wayward love
Denies its kind relief?
Rise then, my fair, thy slumbers cease,
And bless thy faithful twain;
Whose bosom only beats for thee,
Thy absence all his pain.
The mimic death, oh quick forsake;
Awake, my love—my love, awake!

X.

MELVILLE—MR. INCLEDOH.

FELL war, the spear and tented field,
No longer now my bosom burn,
To love triumphant I must yield,
And rage to softer passions turn.

F 2

XI.

DOCTOR CANOMILE—MR. FAWCETT.

Love's fev'rish fit
Shall intermit,
If ought my art avail;
By searching pill,
I'll try my skill:
Should that prescription fail,
All my skill can invent,
This pair to torment,
Emetic, cathartic, and lotion;
Dilute, starve, and feed,
Cup, platter, and bleed,
Cough, scarify, gargle, and potion:
Next a bolus of bitters these lovers must swallow,
And a sharp-biting blister shall instantly follow.

XII.

MARIA—MRS. BLANCHARD.

THE shipwreck'd tar, on billows toss'd,
Lash'd to some plank and fighting;
The land in view he hop'd to gain,
Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapless doom;
Should Fortune save him from despair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

DOCTOR

XIII.

COMMODORE LARBOARD—MR. WILSON.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
While the glass circled round with full glee,
King and Country to give, my old friend never fail'd,
And the toast was soon tof'd off by me.

Billow: might dash,

Light'ning might flash,

'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but pass,
We resolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a glass,
Then a broadside we gave her with three.

Cannon might roar,

Echo'd from shore,

'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

XIV.

O'LIFFEY—MR. JOHNSTONE.

IN freedom I'd live, though your slave I may be,
Sing farinina, sing farinane,
O then to your arms, my sweet creature, take me,
Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth, d'ye see.
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if while you love, from a breast full of hate,
Sing farinina, sing farinane,
You make me a widow in spite of old Fate,
When dead you shall never again see me, mate,
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Then whilst we stand still, let us pleasure pursue,
Sing farinina, sing farinane;
I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view,
For the sight that is black always make me look blue,
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
Sing farinina, sing farinane;
The rest I'd forsake, and to you would be true;
Then your Irishman love, ogh I see that you do,
With me chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

XV.

AUGUSTA—MISS DALL.

FANCY paints the flattering scene,
And Courage animates her mien;
On Hope's smooth visions see her rise,
She leaves the earth to soar in skies!
'Tis Love's delusion fans her wings,
And while she soars, she chearful sings.

SONGS IN HARTFORD-BRIDGE.

AS PERFORMING AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

I.

FIELDIAIR—MR. INCLEDON.

O! WITH my dearest Clara blest;
This moon-light heath I'd fondly rove!
And, evermore, the path she prest,
Shou'd be review'd with grateful love!

The sweetest virtues store her mind,
To please, to animate, to warm;
Truth, Pity, Tenderneſs refin'd,
Her beauty forms her humbleſt charm.

Yet angels, viſiting this ſphere,
To prove they were of heav'nly race,
And make the wond'ring world revere,
Wou'd wear the likenefs of her face!

II.

SIR GREGORY—MR. QUICK.

GIRLS ſhy appear,
When men firſt leer;
And ſteal'ſide,
As if to *bide*!

But daring grown,
As things get known,
They giggle, ſimper,
Niggle and whimper;
And try to lure where-ever they go,
The 'Squire, the Jockey, the Rake, the Beau.
The young, and the old-ones,
The timid, and bold ones;
Tia, with the grave Parſon,
They carry the farce on,
And all are ſnar'd in a row.

Of balls the pride,
Thus Miſs I've ey'd,
The minuet pace,
With *bluſhing* face.
But, ere the night
Had taken flight,
I've ſeen her ramping,
Tearing, tramping!
Along the room, in a country-dance:
Now figuring in with bold advance;
Here *ſitting* and leering,
There *croſſing* and ſneering:
And when that's completed,
Before ſhe'll be ſeated,
A mad Scotch-reel ſhe muſt prance!

III.

CLARA—MRS. CLENOILLON.

Tho' by the tempeſt, the bark rudely driven,
On the rock ſtrikes, and aſunder is riven!

Still the magnet, ingulf'd in the main,
Its virtues unalter'd retain.
So true paſſion, here poſſeſt;
Ne'er can periſh;
But its geetings,
And ſond beatings,
Will I cheriſh,
'Midſt the ſtorms that rend this breſt!

IV.

PEREGRINE FORESTER—MR. MUNDEN.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
I've rang'd, rare objects to diſcover;
Seen pretty women in ſuch legions,
I thought myſelf return'd to Dover!
Brisk muſic made me gay,
And lively all the way;
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him who loves the hey down derry!

The Spaniſh belle I've ſerenaded;
And many a night, with the guitar,
Beneath the lattice grate paraded:
Now tinkle, tinkle; then jar, jar.
'Twas muſic made me gay, &c. &c. &c.

The fair of Italy to capture,
A diſt'rent ſtyle the men invent-o:
To her the Cànzoer gives rapture,
Nel cor più non mi ſento.

Such

FAVOURITE SONGS,

Such music has its day---
But is not in my way---
Yet no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him who loves the hey down derry.

Round wou'd the girls of Russia chatter,
And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;
Their cymbals sounded clitter clatter,
And they trip in sprightly measure.
Sweet music made me gay,
And joyous all the way;
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him who loves the hey down derry.

V.

FIELDAIR—MR. INCLEDON.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep---Nine!"

And, bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
Or Beacon, to the vessel true:
While oft the lead the seamen flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark---Seven!"

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter-lefs---Five!"

DUET—CAPTAIN FAIRFIELD AND CLARA,

MR. INCLEDON AND MRS. CLENDILLON.

FIELDAIR.

ONE, one short moment I embrace,
To Love, an hallow'd vow to pay;
Yet others viewing that bright face,
Like me may kneel, may dare to pray.

BOTH.

HE. O Deity of this fond breast,
Is thus some favour'd rival blest?
SHE. O no; reject each jealous fear:
Alas! no rival harbours here.

CLARA.

No, no; tho' at the idol's throne,
A thousand in devotion bend,
Acceptable from one---alone,
The sacred offering can ascend!

BOTH.

HE. But we must part! dear girl, adieu!
Oh, that sweet glance once more renew!
SHE. The tear too starts! the sigh will swell;
Once more, my love; once more farewell!

VI.

SUSAN—MRS. HARLOWE.

ONE night, while round the fire we sat,
And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat;
A stranger, who had lost his road--
Till day should break--implor'd abode:
Pack-horses---'twas his lot to guide along---
Whose bells the traveller cheer with ding, ding, dong!

Against distress---tho' we were poor---
My father never shut his door.
I know not how---but from that day---
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay---
I felt within my beating breast a tingling,
Whene'er the lively Pack horse bells went jingling!

When first he wander'd to our nook,
His curfew, it seems, he had mistook;
Now, twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us---he's astray;
And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time as passing Pack-horse bells go jingling!

CLARA.

VIII.

CLARA—MRS. CLENOILLON.

AMIDST the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,
I will not forget my true object of love !
At parting, the fondest concern did he utter :
I left him I---but yet this heart never shall rove !
O no ; this heart never shall rove !

He bade me farewell and my fancy repeated
His tender expressions for many a day :
And I think, were I now, unpecc'd, near him seated,
From his lips I shou'd still hear the soft homage stray !

SONGS IN THE PIRATES.

AS PERFORMING AT THE KINO'S THEATRE IN THE
HAYMARKET.

I.

GENARIELLO—MR. DIGNUM.

Of a vile lack of honesty grumblers complain,
And that no social virtues we boast ;
Still the best of these virtues (the charge I disdain)
Will be found all combin'd in your host.

His heart, like his bottle, is open to all ;
Both friendship and wine come at---“ Sir, do ye call ?”

If his guests love good living, the better lives he,
On society thus he depends ;
’Tis his interest to forward good humour and glee,
All the world he desires for his friends.
His heart, like his bottle, is open to all ;
Both friendship and wine come at---“ Sir, do ye call ?”

II.

FABULINA—SIGNORA STORACE.

LOVERS, who listen to Reason’s persuasion,
Praise for the novelty surely may claim ;
And barbarous Fate they’ll find no occasion,
To charge with the faults for which Folly’s to blame.

III.

CHORUS OF VINTAGERS.

To the vineyard’s praise, the chorus raise,
And in nimble dance entwine ;
For many a song and many a dance,
We owe to the juice of the vine,
Tho’ the weight of the clusters our toils enhance,
At the labour say who would repine ?
For this burden of glee,
We the lighter shall be,
As the more we shall have of good wine.

IV.

ALTADOR—MR. KELLY.

SOME device my aim to cover,
 Deign kind Fortune to suggest.
 Shall I bol'ly own I love her?
 No!—My first design is surely best.

Yet I a wily foe engage;
 Caution is the shield of age.
 Hence, vain fears, my heart disgracing!
 Love, on thee assurance placing,

From thy glorious cause ne'er swerving,
 Thou shalt every doubt repress.
 Fortune's smiles the bold deserving,
 Confidence ensure success.

V.

BLAZIO—MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

Oh! the pretty creature I
 When next I chance to meet her,
 No more for an ass
 Shall Blazio pass,
 But gallantly will I treat her—
 Oh! the pretty, pretty creature.

But then her wicked charming eyes,
 Where'er they roll flash such surprize,

FAVOURITE SONGS,

I like an awkward silly clown,
 When she looks up, must needs look down—
 Oh! the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

I'll boldly dare her fearful charms,
 March up and clasp her in my arms;
 Despair gives courage oft to men,
 And shoud' the smile, why then—why then—
 Oh! the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

VI.

AURORA—MRS. CROUCH.

Love, like the opening flower,
 That courts the morning dew,
 Gave promise every hour
 'To bring new charms to view.

But see the fatal storm
 Of tyrant power arise!
 Blighted its beauteous form,
 The hapless flow'ret dies.

VII.

GUILLERMO—MR. SEDGWICK.

THERE, the moon-silver'd waters roam,
 And wanton o'er the unsteady sand,
 Spangling with their starry foam,
 The tow'ring clift that guards the land.

There, the screaming sea bird sits,
 Dips in the wave his dusky form;
 Or on the rocking turret sits,
 Th' exulting Dæmon of the storm.

There, as village legends tell,
 Many a shipwreck'd sea-man's ghost
 Listens to the distant knell,
 When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

VIII.

BLAZIO—MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

Oh dear! what shall I do?
 What line pursue.
 My spirits in a flutter,
 Won't let me bounce and bluster,
 Else would I try,
 Perchance if he,
 As well as I,

A coward may be. [*Aside.*]

Racks and tortures I despise,
 My honour 'tis alone I prize.
 Thou beating heart lie still I say,
 Oh! if I cou'd but run away! [*Aside.*]
 Hark! hark! What do they mutter?
 Dreadful murmurs do they utter.
 I'm in such a taking, quiv'ring, quaking,
 Every limb with terror shaking;
 Egad! they're off—I'll not delay,
 Now's the time to run away.

S O N G S

SUNG AT

PUBLIC PLACES.

FAVOURITE SONGS,

AIRS, IN THE MAGICIAN NO CONJUROR.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

PETER PANICK.

HOW my heart will sink within me,
 When I'm hugg'd by some she-bear;
 Or a hag attempts to win me,
 With her serpent-twining hair!
 Gad-a-mercy! what shalt I do,
 To make love to such a Dido?

Kissing is a pleasant notion,
 When we meet a pretty maid;
 But becomes a devil's potion,
 If we hate or are afraid!
 Gad-a-mercy! &c. &c.

Kitty Codling was my deary,
 For she gave me half her vails;
 But the pleasure's not so cheary,
 When they court with teeth and nails!
 Gad-a-mercy! &c. &c.

SOMERVILLE.

WHEN placid night diffuses o'er the plain,
 Her silent shadows, and her dewy rain;

When the spent bird of sadness sinks to rest,
 And all is calm, except the lover's breast;
 With sonder fervour, more expressive woe,
 The faithful tones of tend'ring passion flow.

THERESA.

WHEN o'er the earth the breeze of darkness flies,
 Wakeful and wan, perchance the maiden lies;
 Yet fix'd on one alone, in vain confin'd,
 A cherish'd image lives upon her mind:
 O then! with grateful sympathy she hears
 Her lover's voice, and answers with her tears.

SOMERVILLE.

THOSE ruby lips, that radiant eye,
 The coldest heart of age might warm,
 A saint for her would leave the sky;
 I own Theresa was the charm.

For her the timid must be brave,
 Impetuous rush to war's alarm;
 And welcome death, if her to save,
 I own Theresa was the charm.

DAREALL.

I'LL fly from the Thames to the Liffy,
 I'll conquer the world in a jiffy,
 With thunder, drum, trumpet, and clatter;
 And I'll get the fine girl I am seeking,
 Tho' she were as far off as Pekin,
 I will, there's an end of the matter.

SOMERVILLE.

WHEN hapless woman sinks in woe,
 The veriest stranger's tear shall flow,
 And every honest bosom know,
 A wish to ease her care;
 But should the *empathion'd* lover see,
 The maid of his idolatry,
 Torn from his arms and liberty,
 'Tis then indeed despair.

GRUB.

Yes, is the word I love the best,
 It always sets my heart at rest;
 When I ask a pretty girl for a kiss,
 What pleasure there is, if she answers *yes*;
 Yes, yes, yes,
 What pleasure there is in a kiss!

No, is the word I hate the most,
 It makes me fit to give up the ghost;
 When instead of a kiss I get a blow,
 And instead of a smile a sulky *no*;
 No, no, no;
 How I hate the word and a blow.

Young maids are wrong to make a fuss,
 If a man like me desires a buss;
 For I am certain to be at a loss,
 Whenever they pout and are devilish cross;
 Cross, cross, cross;
 I detest to be at a loss.

Yes is the only word to please,
 It sets a youth so much at his ease;
 It gives him an air and manner fine,
 And a winning look, just the same as mine;
 Mine, mine, mine;
 Yes, it gives him a manner fine.

MISS TALISMAN.

How my tender heart would tremble,
 Should my lover not dissemble
 Half his adoration!
 How my cheek will glow with blushes,
 When into my arms he rushes,
 'Tis a shocking situation!
 Who, alas! shall then befriend me;
 Pray, Sir! Nay, Sir! Lud defend me!

SOMERVILLE.

When true affection fills the heart,
 The lover acts the hero's part,
 Nor yields himself to sighs!
 Determined, still pursues the fair,
 In spite of danger and despair,
 He gains her—or he dies!

THERESA.

Oh, what can match the pleasure
 A daughter's feelings prove,
 When re-obtain'd the treasure
 Of lost paternal love!

Like the moon's pure lustre waning,
 Her eyes pale griefs depart,
 And a soften'd sigh remaining,
 Gives transport to her heart!

A father long deluded,
 Shall hold her doubly dear!
 And she, no more secluded,
 Forget he was severe!
 Like the moon's pure lustre, &c.

FAVOURITE SONGS,

SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL.

I NEVER WILL BE MARRIED.

WRITTEN BY MRS. ROWSON.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

When I had scarcely told sixteen,
 My flatt'ring tell-tale glass
 Told me there seldom could be seen,
 A blyther bonnier lass.
 Full twenty lovers round me bow'd,
 But high my head I carried,
 And with a scornful air I vow'd,
 I never wou'd be married.
 Young Harry warmly urg'd his suit,
 And talk'd of wealth in store,
 While Jemmy thought to strike me mute,
 And told his conquests o'er.

Each youth a diff'rent art essay'd,
 And still their arts I parried,
 Believe me, Sirs, I laughing said,
 I never will be married.

Then five revolving summers past,
 While I the tyrant play'd,
 Ah! then I fear'd 'twould be at last
 My fate to die a maid.
 Of all the lovers in my train,
 There was but one that tarried,
 I thought 'twas time to change my strain,
 And we this morn were married.

MOLLY OF THE MEAD.

SUNG BY MR. DARLEY.

As on yon village lawn I stray'd,
 One morning in the spring,
 Around the lambs all sportive play'd,
 The birds did blithesome sing.
 Upon a bank, where willows grew,
 I tun'd my oaten reed,
 How much I'm chang'd since first I knew
 Sweet Molly of the Mead. Sweet Molly, &c.

No shepherd was so blythe as I,
 No youth was e'er so blest,
 In rapture sweet the time did fly,
 For love then warm'd my breast.
 To please her was my sole employ,
 To her I tun'd my reed,
 And, morn and eve, my only joy
 Was Molly of the Mead. Sweet Molly, &c.

A 2

Soon

Soon as the sun resplendant rose,
 One morn I took my way,
 And eager sought some fragrant flow'r,
 To make her look more gay.
 Right well she saw my tender pain,
 And soon my fate decreed,
 And now I live the happiest swain,
 With Molly of the Mead. Sweet Molly, &c.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

No mair ye bonny lassies gay,
 Your blithsome sonnets now display,
 For Jem of Aberdeen,
 But join your voices now with me,
 And, as we gang along the Lee,
 Sing Jocky of the Green.

His locks like ony sun-beams play,
 When Phœbus gilds the first of May,
 His face is ruddy seen,
 And then he trips with sic a grace,
 All other lads to him give place,
 Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he says he'll take my hand,
 Who can his bonny suit withstand,
 He smiles sa sweet I ween
 I vow my heart cannot de-
 Wi his kind wish I shall comply,
 My Jockey of the Green.

FAVOURITE SONGS,

SHE NEVER THINKS OF ME.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD.

THE morning dew that wets the rose,
 Its blooming tints more lovely shews,
 So on my Mary's face appears,
 The pearly lustre of her tears,
 When others woes she weeps to see,
 But ah! she never thinks of me.

When round the youths in transports gaze,
 And love forbids the pow'r to praise,
 While she with artless mien beguiles,
 And sweetly wounds with fatal smiles;
 Her triumph still I'm fond to see,
 Although she never thinks of me.

Then go, fair Hope, for ever go,
 Here will I nourish dearest woe,
 For Sorrow's self can sweets impart,
 Sweet every pang that rends the heart,
 And sweet to die 'twill surely be,
 For her who never thinks of me.

THE VEIL.

SUNG BY MR. DARLEY.

AH, Fashion, wherefore dost thou still
 The female breast with anger fill,
 And teach such cruel arts?
 'Tis thou that bid'st the fair conceal
 Their glowing charms beneath a veil,
 To tantalize our hearts.

O banish the bonnet, or draw up the veil,
 And crown with simplicity each British fair;
 No longer their smiles and their dimples conceal,
 But let us behold them e'en just as they are.

Ah, Fashion, 'tis thy ruthless pow'r,
 That midst the grove, and in the bow'r,
 Oft damps extatic blifs;
 For when the nectar we should sip,
 The cobweb flutters on the lip,
 And blunts the amorous kifs.

O banish the bonnet, &c.

O Fashion bid the curtain rise,
 That we may feast our longing eyes,
 With dimples and with smiles;
 Then ev'ry youth shall bless thy sway,
 And to thy precepts homage pay,
 Dear goddess of our isles.

O banish the bonnet, &c.

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

Oft as on Thames's banks I stray,
 Where nymphs and swains appear,
 From all their sports I turn away,
 If William be not there,
 Nymphs then laugh,
 The swains all quaff
 Their cyder, ale, and perry;
 Then a nod and wink,
 While health they drink,

To William of the Ferry,
Dear William of the Ferry.

When on the stream the youths attend,
Their manly skill to show;
With rival force the oar they bend,
And o'er the surface row.
But none I'm sure,
E'er ply the oar,
Or steer so well the wherry,
As he who won
The prize alone,
Young William, &c.

Such bliss to me his smiles impart,
Whene'er he talks of love;
That now I find my yielding heart
Does all his hopes approve;
So Hymen's bands,
Shall join our hands,
Then I'll be blithe and merry,
And sing thro' life,
The happy wife,
To William, &c. &c.

FYE FOR SHAME.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON.

Behold a damsel in distress,
Above sixteen, indeed tis true;
For ever snubb'd by aunty Bess,
A cross old maid of forty-two;

To Strephon if I smile or speak,
She cries, That spirit, Miss, I'll tame;
And should he kiss my hand or cheek,
'Tis, Forward hussy, fye for shame.

But yet I know, 'twixt you and I,
'Tis envy only makes her rail,
For yester evening parson Sly
Stept in to taste my father's ale;
Close up to Bess his chair he drew,
First kiss'd her, then confest'd a flame;
She smil'd and blush'd, when in I flew,
And cried, Fye aunty, fye for shame.

So let her rail no more at me,
I think she now may hold her tongue,
For woman-kind I plainly see,
Are all alike, both old and young:
And should young Strephon urge his suit,
And beg the happy day I'd name,
Believe me I would not be mute,
'Tho' all the world cry'd Fye for shame.

SELECT AIRS, IN ZELMA.

WRITTEN BY MR. HAYLEY.

ZELMA.

THE shades of ev'ning now descending,
Zephyrs weary pinions close;
And every noise and labour ending,
Nature sinks to soft repose.

Sweet moon, in heav'n's pure azure pendant,
My heart reflects thy smiling ray;
While Philomel, my sweet attendant,
Enchants me with her tender lay.

HAZEL.

AH, she flies, and peace and pleasure
As she leaves me, quit my mind;
O return, my vanish'd treasure,
As thou'rt lovely, O be kind.

Winds, while pangs of absence tear me,
Waft my sighs to Beauty's breast;
When ye to her presence bear me,
Then my heart will be at rest.

BARBARA.

BEAUTY's like the rose just blowing,
O'er which zephyrs never flew;
With attractive coyness growing,
It excludes the morning dew.
Nature smiles, and freshly shining,
Every leaf admits the day;
Evening comes, and now declining,
See, it sinks in sweet decay!

HAZEL.

Love through all my bosom rushing,
Burns my cheek with fiery flushing,
Since I first this beauty knew;

All my days are fond confusion,
And in slumbers sweet delusion,
She is ever in my view.

BARBARA.

WOMAN is a match for him,
Tho' man be ne'er so wise,
For cunning plays about her tongue,
And magic in her eyes;
Let youth and beauty mark him out,
The victim of a smile,
And down the mighty hero falls,
A lion in a toil.
Then, husband, set your heart at ease,
For young I am and fair enough,
And only bring me to the proof,
I'll find a way to please.
For woman is a match, &c.

Why should fairy fancies hold
Poor mortals in a spell,
When simple woman every day
Can do the feat as well?
Then trust my skill, and you shall see
What wonders I can do,
For sure a wonder it must be,
To make a man of you.
But, Darin, set your heart at ease,
For young I am, and wise enough,
And only bring me to the proof,
I'll find the way to please.
Yes, woman is a match for him, &c.

CHORUS.

Fair friend of truth,
Protect our youth,
And bless thy votaries here below.

HAZEM.

BRING her to me, gentle ocean,
In these arms to end my fears;
Time, how tardy is thy motion,
All thy moments turn to years.
Haste, dear beauty, haste, I languish,
Come, or grief will rend my heart;
Ah! already tears of anguish,
From my eager passion start.
Bring her to me, &c.

FROM THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

"D'UN BOUQUET DE ROMARIN."

SUNG BY MRS. BLAND.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life,
Who a soldier marries.
Nor with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent—

Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la;
With her jolly soldier.

In camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning;
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning:
But, the doubtful skirmish done,
Bliethe she sings at set of sun,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly soldier.

Shou'd the Captain of her dear,
Use his vain endeavour,
(Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear)
Two fond hearts to sever;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing thus, she'll put him off,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
For her jolly soldier.

SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and frisky;
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky;
My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy;
When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey!

I march'd for Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
But

But soon I was fore'd to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
 The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, old corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
 And who shou'd the first be that dropt? Why, an't
 please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey;
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
 Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be aisy,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

GRAND MARTIAL CHORUS.

WAR has still its melody;—
 When blows come thick and arrows fly,
 When the soldier marches o'er
 The crimson field, knee deep in gore;
 By carnage and grim death surrounded,
 And the groans of dying men confounded;
 If the warlike drum he hears,
 And the shrill trumpet strikes his ears,
 Rous'd by the spirit-stirring tones,
 Music's influence he owns:
 His lusty heart beats quick and high—
 War has still its melody!

But when the hard-fought day is done,
 And the battle's fairly won;
 Oh! then he trolls the jolly note,
 In triumph, through his rusty throat;

And all the story of the strife
 He carols to the merry life;
 His comrades join, their feats to tell;
 The chorus then begins to swell:
 Loud martial music rends the sky—
 This is the soldier's melody!

FROM CYMON.

CYMON.—MR. KELLY.

WHILE fond thoughts I'm thus caressing,
 Fanning thus the flame of love,
 Prudence whispers, Is the blessing
 Equal to the cares I prove?

Endless sorrow still attending,
 To disturb my faithful breast,
 Jealous fears my bosom rending,
 Love must bid adieu to rest.

But hence ungrateful doubts! away!
 Oh, Love, I own thy gentle sway!
 Joy, life, and reason, from thee flow,
 To thee and Sylvia all I owe.

SUNG BY STORACE.

FROM love, each sweetest bliss bestowing,
 From love's fond arts what maid can fly?

When the dear youth with passion glowing
 Breathes on her bosom a tender sigh;
 From love, each sweetest bliss bestowing,
 From love's fond arts what maid can fly?

Vainly are prudes their anger shewing,
 Were they so press'd they wou'd comply:
 From love, each sweetest bliss bestowing,
 From love's fond arts what maid can fly?

ADDITIONAL SONG

INTRODUCED IN THE WOODMAN.

SUNG BY

MRS. BILLINGTON.

COURT me not to scenes of pleasure,
 This fond heart no more must know;
 Can it beat to Mirth's gay measure,
 All its strings attun'd to woe?
 No, the mind by Hope forsaken,
 But of Sorrow seeks relief;
 Joy no transport can awaken,
 Sighs must number out its grief.

FAVOURITE SONGS,

A FAVOURITE DRINKING SONG.

SUNG BY

MR. DUFFY AT VAUXHALL.

LET philosophers prate about reason and rules,
And preach many maxims design'd but for fools;
From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments flow,
And I find myself wiser the deeper I go:
We can teach them to live, and by practice explain,
What in theory only they never could gain;
Draw the cloud from their eyes that o'ershadows the soul,
And enlighten their heads—with a sup from my bowl.

May the Pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
Whilst I revel in wine and with bumpers recruit;
Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in vain?
Let not man then his time in such folly waste,
Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitter to taste;
But thus let him wait to Elysium his soul,
In an ocean of liquor—his vessel my bowl.

Relax'd from the cares of the world let me live,
'Gainst the rude stream of life that I never may strive;
With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
O what mortal more happy, what man could wish more!
Dull mechanical mortals here look and repine,
'That their hearts ne'er can glow with such feelings as mine;

But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in the soul,
When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refin'd in my bowl.

I'LL DIE FOR NO SHEPHERD, NOT I.

SUNG BY

MISS MILNE AT VAUXHALL.

WHEN first on the plain I began to appear,
And the shepherds to ogle and sigh,
They call'd me their dear, their delight, and their joy,
But I heed no such nonsense, not I.

Not all their fine words, their flattery and love,
Tho' they swore if I frown'd they should die,
Could bring me to like, to love, or approve,
For I heed no such nonsense, not I.

But now in my turn I'm in love too, I find,
Tho' believe I for grief should not die,
Were Jemmy as false as the wav'ring wind,
O I heed no such nonsense, not I.

I think the lad likes me, and he may prove true;
And if so, I will love till I die:
But if he proves fickle, then I'll prove so too,
O I'll die for no shepherd, not I.

FROM THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

DUET—LA GLOIRE AND MADELON.

For the Music of this, see, "Wine cannot Cbre," in the Harpichord Department.

MADELON.

COU'D you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you were gone campaigning:
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Could never quit her rover!
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over!

LA GLOIRE.

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fear a stranger?

MADELON.

No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger.
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon

Fears only for her rover!
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over!

BOTH.

Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forsake us;
We both shall be as happy still,
As war and love can make us.
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shall never quit her rover!
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with you—[me] all the world over!

MADELON.

I TREMBLE to think that my soldier's so bold,
To see with what danger he gets all his gold;
But danger all over, 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're marry'd.

For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot;
And he shall be master of all I have got,
The very first moment we're marry'd.

B

My heart, how it beats! but to look to the day,
In church, when my father shall give me away;
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
A day or two after we're marry'd!

SERGEANT.

My comrades, so famish'd and queer,
Hear the drums, how they jollily beat;
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Altho' we have nothing to eat!
Rub-a-dub!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Nothing to eat—rub-a-dub!
Rub-a-dub—we have nothing to eat.

Then, hark to the merry-ton'd life;
'To hear it, 'twill make a man younger;
I tell you, my lads, this is life
For any one dying of hunger!
Toot-a-too!

Dying with hunger—toot-a-too!
Toot-a-too—we are dying with hunger!

The foe to inspire you to beat,
Only list to the trumpet so shrill!
Till the enemy's kill'd, we can't eat;
Do the job—you may eat all you kill!
Ran-ta-ran!

We'll eat all we kill—ran-ta-ran!
Ran-ta-ran—we may eat all we kill!

FA-

FAVOURITE SONGS,

SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL.

I'VE LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

YOUNG Teddy is an Irish lad,
 So blithe, so tight, so merry,
 And when in scarlet beaver clad,
 The pride of Londonderry.
 Then Teddy shun the war for me,
 Ah, Norah, be but steady;
 But, arrah now, it cannot be,
 I've lost my heart to Teddy,
 O, I've lost my heart to Teddy.

When first we met, 'twou'd make you laugh,
 We look'd so at each other;
 But Cupid play'd too sure by half,
 My heart was in a pothor.
 Ted seiz'd my hand, and stole a kiss,
 Indeed, said I, already!
 Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss,
 I'd lost my heart to Teddy,
 O, I'd lost my heart to Teddy.

When'er the creature meets me now,
 'Tis, Love when shall me marry?
 I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,
 And that is not to tarry.

O, 'tis so sweet to join the knot,
 And Hymen's always ready;
 A husband is—what is he not!
 I've lost my heart to Teddy,
 O, I've lost my heart to Teddy.

WE CONQUER DEAR GIRLS BUT FOR
YOU.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD.

COME, sailors, be filling the can,
 The wind is beginning to blow;
 We've time to drink round to a man,
 And then to weigh anchor must go.
 What thousands repair to the strand,
 To give us a cheering adieu;
 'Tis plain they believe on the land,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the main-top mast yard
 The sailor is swung to and fro,
 Let the tempest blow ever so hard,
 He whistlea defiance to woe.
 The gale can but last for awhile,
 Is always the boast of the crew;
 And then they reflect with a smile,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

'Tho' battle tremendous appears,
 When blood stains the face of the main;

Tho' thunder refoonds in his ears,
 The sailor's a stranger to pain:
 The thought with what rapture and pride
 Each girl will her hero review,
 'Tis this makes him danger deride,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERDESS.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON.

When summer smiling bids the hills
 With noontide fervors glow,
 I lead my flocks beside the rills
 Which cheer the vale below.
 Then elated with joy to the shade I repair,
 For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

And when soft music o'er the plains
 Proclaims the rural dance,
 And blushing nymphs and ardent swains
 In eager haste advance;
 Then elated with joy to the dance I repair,
 For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

When e'er the cottagers appear
 Upon the village green,
 To celebrate the wake or fair,
 And hail the charming scene,
 Then elated with joy to the green I repair,
 For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

KATE

KATE OF COLEBROOK DALE.

SUNG BY MASTER SHEPHERO.

WHEN gentle Love first fir'd my breast,
I rov'd from fair to fair,
No shepherd swain was then so blest,
Or so unknown to care;
O'er heath, o'er hill, I traversed wide,
And sought each verdant vale,
Yet still the lass of all my pride
Was Kate of Colebrook Dale.

How happy, sure, were then my days,
Such tranquil joys I knew!
Where'er I went, I spoke her praise,
I found her just and true;
For oft in yonder shady grove,
I told my ardent tale;
And whisper'd themes of fondest love,
To Kate of Colebrooke Dale.

But ah! how fleeting was my bliss,
For I'd no wealth in store;
Her parents thought our love amiss,
We part to meet no more.
But hope shall clear my tortur'd mind,
For what will tears avail,
Tho' thou wert faithful, fair, and kind,
Dear Kate of Colebrook Dale!

SUNG AT PUBLIC PLACES.

ROUNDELAY,

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON.

LADIES! would you know what magic
Charms the hearts of all mankind?
'Tis not bloom, nor form angelic,
But the beauty of the mind.
Graceful mien, and handsome feature,
Powerful attractions are;
But the choicest gifts of nature
With this gift can ne'er compare.
Ladies, &c.

Gaudy dress can ne'er avail you,
Fine complexion will decay;
But this beauty ne'er will fail you,
When all others die away.
Ladies, &c.

If already love's a duty,
And in wedlock's bands you're join'd,
Soon you'll see, without this beauty,
Happiness you ne'er can find.
Ladies, &c.

SO WOU'D NOT I.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

If your lovers, maids, forsake you,
Wou'd you pine, and sigh, and die?

To your bed for grief betake you,
If you wou'd, so wou'd not I.

Wou'd you dress your heads with willows,
Let your hair neglected fly;
Banish slumber from your pillows,
If you wou'd, so wou'd not I.

Shou'd a faithless swain perplex you,
Then for one more worthy try;
Wou'd you let the false one vex you?
If ybu wou'd, so wou'd not I.

Men were sent I'm sure to please us,
Such their words, their looks imply;
We were fools to let them tease us,
If you will, so will not I.

FROM OSCAR AND MALVINA.

TWO BAROS.

SONGS of triumph let us raise,
To the mighty Fingal's praise;
Not the rending storm that flies,
Through the desert of the skies;
Not the falling flames of night,
Give the soul such dire affright,
As the hero's burning lance,
When his wond'ring foes advance.

In his val'rous deeds we trace,
The glories of his ancient race.

Songs of triumph let us raise,
To the mighty Fingal's praise.

QUARTETTO.

'Tho' the scene of existence be clouded with care,
Yet valour and beauty its evils beguile;
To these shall the worthy, the gentle repair,
Or to live, or to die, by the sword and the smile.

Thus the eagle sublime, through the regions of day,
On wings of dominion majestic sails;
While the dove tells her tale from the sycamore spray,
And at once is the solace and pride of the vales.

CHORUS.

Songs of triumph let us raise,
To the mighty Fingal's praise.

PEDLAR.

I am a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to sell my ware;
Yet, though in all things I'm a meddler,
I meddle most with the fair.

When I shew my ribbands to Misses,
Tho' copper and silver I gain;
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the blisses,
That I cannot now explain.
I am a jolly gay pedlar, &c.

Fools say that this life is but sorrow,
And seem disinclin'd to be gay;
But why should we think of to-morrow,
When we may be happy to-day!
I rove round the world for my pleasure,
Resolv'd to take nothing amiss;
And think my existence a treasure,
When blest'd with the cup and the kiss.

They surely are thick-headed asses,
Who know that youth's gone in a crack;
Yet will not enjoy, as it passes,
The season that never comes back.
Let time jog on slower or quicker,
Or whether we're silly, or wise;
We shall not be the worse for good liquor,
Or the smiles of a girl with black eyes.

FROM CYMON.

RONDEAU.

STORACE.—URGANO.

TO relieve my fond complaining,
Magic's aid in vain I'd prove,

While my heart, its power disdaining,
Owns no spell but sighs of love.

Love, with gay bewitching smiling,
Ever chid, yet ever dear;
Pleasing most, while most beguiling,
Paining most, while most sincere.

To relieve my fond complaining,
Magic's aid in vain I'd prove,
While my heart its pow'r disdaining,
Own no spells but sighs of love.

SONG.

KELLY.—CYMON.

WHILE fond thoughts I'm thus caressing,
Fanning thus the flame of love,
Prudence whispers, Is the blessing
Equal to the cares I prove?

Endless sorrow still attending,
To disturb my faithful breast,
Jealous fears my bosom rending,
Love must bid adieu to rest.

But hence ungrateful doubts! away!
Oh, Love, I own thy gentle sway!
Joy, life, and reason, from thee flow,
To thee and Sylvia all I owe.

SONGS IN THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE SUMMER THEATRE,
HAYMARKET.

DUET.—TRANSIT AND SYLPHINA.

MORTAL, mortal, mortal man!
Learn to bear thy froward fate;
Let Sorrow do what'er she can,
Patience shall upon thee wait,
Mortal, mortal, mortal, man!

SPIRITS.—SYLPHINA.

SULKY Pride dare not here venture,
Nor into our dances peep;
Back again, to thy dull centre,
There thy formal state to keep.

CHORUS.

Scandal, hence, and quit our view,
None's admitted of thy crew!

ÆTHERIA.

Join your hands,
You light-foot, merry, airy bands;
Like woodland nymphs, with violets crown'd,
How across the green we'll bound.

CHORUS.

Scandal, hence, and quit our view,
None's admitted of thy crew!

TRIO.—OWEN, TRANSIT, AND SYLPHINA.

OWEN.

OH, when the liquor I do quaff,
So cozey, then, I feel and mellow,
At sprights and goblins I do laugh,
Fal, la, la, la, la la.—

TRANSIT.

——— I'm
O rare bold fellow.

When children squall, and wife takes pet,
Rot care, cry I, what matters thinking?
If forrows dry, I'll take a whet,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la.—I'm

SYLPHINA.

For ever drinking.

I dearly love the nut-brown bowl,
I search the bottom of its merits,
'Tis generous ale delights my soul,

TRANSIT AND SYLPHINA.

FAL, la, la, la, la.

OWEN.

But I don't like spirits.

TRANSIT AND SYLPHINA:

FAL, la, la, la, la, la.

OWEN.

BUT I don't like spirits.

SPIRITS.

You'ae afraid of spirits.

TRANSIT.

OH! let me in those ringlets stray,
Of some nymph, where graces dwell;
Or on some panting bosom play,
Which smother'd sighs and wishes swell.

Or in those wanton glist'ning eyes,
The starting tears away to wipe,
That tell tales how the tongue helies,
The lips just plump for kisses ripe.

PYTHEON.

PYTHEON.

My father Pan, when I was born,
Taught me to blow the shepherd's horn;
Or with my pipe the rocks entrance,
Under a hedge in wintry weather,
We used to sit and play together,
Till the merry fawns would dance.

When evening saw pale day-light blush,
We'd hunt the wolf o'er brake or bush,
Or track the savage tiger's pace;
I us'd to link Diana's hounds,
Or lead them o'er bewilder'd bounds,
The mountain deer to chase.

But if the wolf the flock should sunder,
I was beaten for the blunder;
My pipe and horn were stole away.
Now if my plaintive song can move thee,
Here let me swear to dearly love thee,
And hug thee night and day,

OWEN.

My wife in rage will rattle,
And stall me up a days,
At night with fellow cattle,
She'll drive me out to graze.

Ri te tittle tum.

Gods! how my temples tickle,
Dame Bridget will be cross;

Thy head's in a pretty pickle,
And she's too heavy to tofs.

Ri te, &c.

For this there is no plaster,
'Twou'd stir a poor man's blood—
Quite cow'd with this disaster,
I'll home and chew the cud.

Ri te, &c.

Dame Nature makes us wonder,
Of errors she's so full—
She often makes a blunder,
But now she makes a bull.

Ri te, &c.

LES PLAISIRS DE LONDRES.

CHANSON NOUVELLE.

CHANTEE A "SANS SOUCL"

SUNG AT MRS. HOBART'S LATE FETE.

JE vais vous dire ici l'histoire
Des plaisirs qu'on nous fait accroître
Que nous avons

Dans la bonne ville de Londres;
Au vrai, je m'en vais vous les fonder.
Dans ma chanson.

Le plaisir le plus agréable
Qu'on croit trouver, c'est à la table
De Pharaon;

Le pauvre joueur qui s'abuse
Voudroit nous prouver qu'il s'amuse,
Chansons, chansons;

Le Bal, qui devrait être aimable
A la Ville est insupportable
Par les façons.

On n'y rit jamais: si l'on danse,
L'ennui bat toujours la cadence
Des cotillons;

Faut-il parler de la Musique,
Italienne ou Britannique,
Que nous avons?

Ces grands airs que l'on n'entend guère,
Ne sont pas autant faits pour place
Que nos chansons.

Le vin même n'est agréable,
Que quand le Beau Sexe est à table,
Quelle façon!

Chez nous c'est lui qui nous attire;
Et c'est lui que nous faisons rire,
Par nos chansons.

A Londres nos grands politiques,
Songeant aux affaires publiques,
De cent façons,

Le ver en main, font la grimace:
Leur sang-froid ne vaut pas la grâce
De nos chansons.

Enfin,

Enfin, on pense que la Ville
De plaisirs est un champ fertile;
Nous le croyons.

Ah ! que cette erreur est frappante ;
Jamais de bon cœur on n'y chante
Chaosons, chansons.

L'Ennui, fuivi de la Tristesse,
Du Plaisir qu'il chasse sans cesse.
Y prend le nom.

Pour rendre la ruse complète,
En baillant toujours il répète,
Chantons, chantons.

Des Papiers l'horrible scandale
Vous offre un plaisir délectable
Dans ce LONDON :

Mais sachez que le mot AMUSE
Vaut bien mieux que celui d'ABUSE ;
Ainsi chantons.

Ce qui rend la Fête agréable,
C'est de voir des Princes aimables
A Punisson,

Avec nous venir au village,
Répéter gaiement, sous l'ombrage,
Chansons, chansons.

Messieurs, voulez vous être amiables ?
De ce Beau Sexe incomparable
Prenez leçons.

Il vous dira que, pour lui plaire,
Il faudroit moins dire, & plus faire,
Dans les chansons.

SONGS IN THE MAGICIAN.

AIR—DAREALL.

IF wives in the market were to be sold, &
I'll tell you what I'd have for my gold;
A girl with an eye that seem'd to say,
" How do you do? 'tis a very fine day!"
She should have a lip
That pouts for a smack;
Be rather crummy about the hip,
And large in the small of the back!
Her bosom shou'd be like the snow unsoil'd,
Her cheeks as red as a lobster boil'd;
Her voice as sweet as the song of the lark,
And her hair thick and sandy, or curly and dark.
She should have a lip, &c.

Then 'tis you I mean to have and to hold,
For I love your charms as well as your gold;
And you have an eye that seems to say,
" How do you do? 'tis a very fine day!"
You've a rosy lip
That pouts for a smack;
Are rather crummy about the hip,
And large in the small of the back!

AIR—PETER PANICK.

WHEN one's drunk, not a girl but looks pretty,
The country's as gay as the city,
And all that one says is so witty,
A blessing on brandy and beer!

Bring the cup,
Fill it up,
Take a sup,
And let not a flincher come near.
O give me but plenty of liquor,
I'd laugh at the Squire or Vicar,
And if I'd a wife, why I'd kick her,
If e'er she pretended to sneer.
Bring the cup, &c.

Tho' I know its a heavy disaster,
Yet I mind not the rage of my master,
He bullies, and I drink the faster.
A blessing on brandy and beer!
Bring the cup, &c.

When a cherry-check'd maid I've my eye on,
I do many thing she cries she on;
Ecod, I'm as bold as a lion.
A blessing on brandy and beer!
Bring the cup, &c.

FROM THE WOODMAN.

AIR—MR. QUICK.

SURELY a woman's a powerful creature
In every stage of her life,
So arm'd at all points by dame Nature,
As Maiden—Miss—Widow—or Wife!

In her bloom, ev'ry glance she shoots thro' you;
Ever after her larum's well strung;
And sure is that force to subdue you,
Which shifts from the eye to the tongue!

THE WINTER OF AGE.

SUNG BY MR. OARLEY, AT VAUXHALL.

Dear Clora, let's love while in soft wanton gales,
 Blythe zephyrs disport upon Tweed's limpid stream,
 Devoid of all guile, to repeat our fond tales,
 For pleasing is converse when love is the theme.
 O think, my fair maid, that in life's budding spring,
 In love 'tis the duty of all to engage,
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

Pomona choice fruits may abundantly yield,
 Gay Flora spread carpets of roses around,
 Or Ceres benign o'er the yellow dy'd field
 Make autumn's rich harvest diffusive abound;
 But these nought avail if in life's budding spring,
 In tender affection we fail to engage;
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

On Tweed's flow'ry margin where rosy fac'd health
 Convenes ev'ry morning her sylvan levee,
 I envy not pomp, nor the splendour of wealth,
 Content, my dear Clora, possessing but thee:
 Let love thee, my charmer, in life's budding spring
 Our fondest regard to each other engage;
 That like the kind ivy and oak we may cling,
 From youth to the cold hoary winter of age.

SEE RUDDY AURORA.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD.

SEE ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
 And chases from hence the dull night,
 The huntsmen are up and the hounds 'gin to chear,
 Ye gods what a glorious sight,

Yoicks,

Jowler and Sweetlips, hark forward away!
 Tantara we'll hail the sweet morn,
 To join in such pastimes no longer delay,
 But follow the sound of the horn.

The fox is unearth'd, and the chase is begun,
 Pursuing is each hound and speed,
 He doubles, and tries by his cunning to shun,
 His fate, and now skims o'er the mead.
 There closely pursued, by the river he aims
 To escape to the other side lawn,
 But, alas! he's o'erta'en, and the huntsman proclaims
 His death, by the sound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and sweet-scented beaux,
 Who delight in the ooise of the town,
 Hunt fashion and folly and such foolish shews,
 In pursuit of which oft they are thrown;
 Like them where such stupid dull pastime abounds,
 So idly to waste time we scorn,
 But pursue rosy health, whilst with horses and hounds
 We follow the sound of the horn.

SONGS SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

SUNG BY MASTER SHEPHERD.

THE WORDS BY ——— RICHARDSON, ESQ.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores;
 With merry song and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours.
 Tho' wood'ring thus I ne'er could find,
 A girl like blithesome Sally,
 Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social gay and free.
 Yet tho' the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, (of late discharg'd)
 To use my native toil,
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil:
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph that cries,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

SUNG AT PUBLIC PLACES.

SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

SUNG BY MASTER SHEPHERD.

SEE May approaches crown'd with flow'rs,
 And Cupid leads the laughing hours:
 Ah! let not nature smile in vain,
 But Mary blest thy constant swain.

The turtle coos, the linnets sing,
 With tales of love the woodlands ring,
 Shall not this am'rous season move,
 My Mary's gentle heart to love!

Beneath the elm tree's grateful shade,
 Their hands a leafy hut have made;
 And pinks and violets form the bed,
 Where Mary fair may rest her head.

Each morn the lark on soaring wing,
 Our early matins sweet shall sing;
 And ev'ry night securely blest,
 Sweet Philomel shall sooth to rest.

THE WARNING.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON.

LIST to me, ye gentle fair,
 Cupid oft in ambush lies,
 Of the urchin have a care,
 Lest he take you by surprise.

C

He with trifles will enflame,
 The hearts of us poor silly maids,
 And oft times he takes his aim,
 From shoulder knots and smart cockades.

Oft his darts the heart assail,
 From a pair of brilliant eyes,
 Never were they known to fail,
 Wet with tears or borne on sighs.
 Never were they, &c.

Beauteous too he seems to be,
 Sweet as roses in the morn,
 But beneath those beauties he,
 Like the rose conceals a thorn.
 Like the rose, &c.

LIST to me ye gentle fair,
 Cupid oft in ambush lies,
 Of the urchin have a care,
 Lest he take you by surprise.
 Of the urchin, &c.

SWEET LOVELY ROSE OF BURFORD
DALE.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD.

MY Rose is sure the sweetest lass,
 That ever danc'd on mead or green;
 In native charms she does surpass,
 The goddess fair styl'd beauty's queen.

The

The swains for many a hamlet round,
Make her the subject of their tale,
And ev'ry lute that's heard to sound,
Breaths lovely rose of Burford Dale.

Sure from that flow'r, she takes her name,
That far surpasses all the rest;
In fragrance too, her breath's the same,
But, oh! what sweets compose her breast!
No flower was ever yet so fair,
That sportive kiss'd the wanton gale,
Sure, ev'ry charm is centred there,
Sweet lovely rose of Burford Dale.

Let me this flow'r place near my heart,
I've lov'd it long nor aught beside,
There it shall lie, secure from art,
And o'er each secret wish preside;
I'll make its care my chief delight,
And morn and eve kind fortune hail,
If thou'lt, my fair, with me unite,
Sweet lovely rose of Burford Dale.

THE CARELESS TAR.

BY MR. UPTON.

WHAT matters, Tom, to where we're bound,
If sighted while on British ground,
Because our pocket's low:
A foe d'ye see can't use us worse,
Kind fortune yet may favour us,
And take her Tars in tow.

What tho' we be neglected now,
Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow,
No, damme, mess-mates, no;
D'ye mind, we never did it yet,
Kind fortune soon may smile a bit,
And take her Tars in tow.

For my part, Tom, whate'er betide,
I know there's one, that will provide,
For You, and I, and Joe;
So brave, my hearts, the tempest now,
Kind fortune yet I think as how,
Will take her Tars in tow.

Of this be sure, tho' now cast down,
The Mermaid can't for ever frown;
Why then, she'll kinder grow:
And shiver me to splinters, mate,
But fortune yet may change our state,
And take us Tars in tow.

But should she frown, and brimstone like,
Her saucy colours never strike,
Why, then, we'll let her know
There's room enough for you and me
To spend our lives in joy at sea,
And she to hell may go.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

AS through life's journey you proceed,
Unskill'd in vice's snares;
You know not yet what ill is await,
Your young, unguarded years.

Let prudence regulate your choice,
Take caution for your guide,
Let reason have its proper weight,
And banish stateful pride.

Humility I'd recommend,
Good-nature too, with ease;
Be gen'rous, good, and kind to all,
You'll never fail to please.
Be ever thankful to that God,
Whose blessings you receive,
Adore no other God but he,
In him alone believe.

Your parents next attention claim,
Due rev'rence to them pay,
Their tender care, with gratitude,
Return them day by day;
Then as to ripen years you grow,
Your blessings will increase;
And in maturer age you'll find,
Those blessings crown'd with peace.

THE FOND ENQUIRY.

SUNG BY MR. MILWARD, AT BERMONDSEY SPA.

The Words by Dr. Fordyce.

AH, tell me, Daphne, tell me why,
The roses in those cheeks should die;
Where once so wondrous fresh they grew,
Adorn'd with nature's finest hue?

'Tis not that time has o'er them past,
'Tis not that care their bloom could blast;
Thy youthful years remain untold,
Nor dost thou fail for lack of gold.

Speak then, dear charming maid, the cause?
You blush, you hesitate, you pause:
Ah! Daphne, Daphne, you're in love;
Love-pains your heart is doom'd to prove:
No wanton God does thee pursue,
The gentle youth is just and true;
A tender friend he longs to find,
He loves the graces in your mind.

On him to smile, if you should deign,
And kindly free him from his pain,
The joy of giving joy you'll know,
The sweetest cordial here below;
Health will revive, and life will please,
Your breast will then resume its ease;
Love, mellow'd into friendship, then
Will make the roses bloom again.

WHAT BOOTS IT WHERE THY SOLDIER LIES.

SUNG IN THE OPERA OF NEW SPAIN.

WHAT boots it where thy soldier lies?
Fond regret is folly:
O'er the files why stray thine eyes,
Weeping, widow'd Polly?

On the bridge thy Henry fell,
I may fall to-morrow;
His death became a soldier well,
Mourner, check thy sorrow.

E're night her sorrows sunk to rest,
Pale grew the rose of beauty;
And cold the hand her soldier prest,
When call'd at dawn on duty.

BONNY CHARLEY.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

O DEARLY do I love to rove
Among the fields of barley;
'Twas there that Charley told his love,
The blythe, the winsome Charley.
Then he so sued—and he so woo'd,
And marriage was the parley;
What cou'd I do, but buckle to
With bonny, bonny, Charley.

O my bonny, bonny boy,
My bonny, bonny Charley.
O my bonny, bonny boy,
My bonny, bonny Charley.

I ken the lassies rue the day,
I fought the fields of barley;
And strive to win from me away,
The heart of winsome Charley:

C 2

But ah! how vain! they canna gain
His love by all their parley;
And now they see he woo's but me,
My bonny bonny Charley!

O my bonny, &c.

O ilka blessing on the laird
That owns the fields of barley,
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winsome Charley.
The gentle youth, with purest truth,
So woo's me late and early,
I can't withstand—to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

SMOOTH AS THE LIMPID STREAM.

SUNG BY MASTER WALSH.

SMOOTH as the limpid stream that strays
In soft meanders through yon grove,
Once calmly flow'd my jocund days,
When blest'd with Delia's tender love.
The joy-wing'd moments glad some flew,
And each to give new transports strove,
No anxious sorrow Damon knew,
His only care was Delia's love.

Fond hours of bliss for ever past!
Your soft delights no more I prove;
No more heart-feeding raptures taste,
No longer blest with Delia's love.

A 2

At each sad, gloomy, day's return
 I seek the unfrequented grove,
 And there in pensive sadness mourn
 My long lost bliss, my Delia's love.

OUTWARD BOUND.

WORDS BY MR. UPTON.

TO old St. Kath'rine's now adieu,
 Likewise to Peggy, Kate, and Sue,
 And Poil of Wapping Sound;
 Our anchor's weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
 And now to plough the wat'ry world,
 Yo, yea! we're outward bound.

Our anchor's weigh'd, &c.

The gale blows fresh, the wind nor-east,
 Six nots an hour we scud at least,
 Huzzas! the shores resound;
 Our thund'ring guns again reply,
 And salutations rend the sky,
 Yo, yea! we're outward bound.

Mayhap, ere far we chance to go,
 Some rich galleon we'll take to tow,
 And such are to be found;
 Why, then each man will touch the chink,
 And, damme, lads, like fishes drink,
 Yo yea! we're outward bound.

And should we touch at Malabar,
 Or veer to foreign parts afar,
 We ne'er shall lack a pound;
 Our purser will our wants supply,
 And while we've grog, we ne'er shall die,
 Yo, Yea! we're outward-bound.

Old England we shall see agen,
 Ne'er fear my hearts, and sailors, then
 The girls will flock around;
 And we like tars, their charms will clench,
 And freely board each smiling wench,
 Yo, yea! when homeward-bound.

Our anchor's weigh'd, &c.

HOW BLEST WERE LATE MY JOCUND
HOURS.

SUNG BY MASTER WALSH.

HOW blest were late my jocund hours,
 Which wing'd with pleasure flew,
 When pleas'd within these fragrant bowers,
 No pensive cares I knew.
 Each morn awoke to new delight,
 And nature look'd more gay,
 For then fair Daphne blest'd my sight,
 And charm'd the live-long day.

But now, since Daphne left the plain,
 In silent grief I mourn;
 And nought can soothe my pensive pain,
 But Daphne's glad return.
 To me 'tis winter's dreary reign,
 'Till she dispels the gloom;
 Oh! haste, my fair, revive again
 The Spring's long wither'd bloom.

LOVE WAS ONCE.

SUNG AT THE APOLLO GARDENS.

LOVE was once a harmless child;
 Sweet caresses charm'd his heart:
 Now by wealth and pow'r beguil'd,
 All his artless joys depart.

I have lov'd with purest truth;
 But I vainly sought his aid;
 He smiles but on the wealthy youth;
 He only hears the splendid maid.

Oh happy days when Love was kind,
 Then Heav'n had giv'n her to my arms;
 And gold had ne'er defil'd a mind,
 By nature matchless as her charms.

FROM THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

O'CARROL.

OH! the moment was sad, when my love and I parted!
Savourna deligh shigan ogh!

As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted!
Savourna, &c.

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder;
Damp was her hand—no man's was colder!

I felt that I never again should behold her.
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true-love;
Savourna, &c.

All my pay, and my booty, I hoarded for you, love;
Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home—my sweet girl I sought her—

But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her!
Savourna, &c.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

WRITTEN BY M^r. COLLINS.

THE sweet briar grows in the merry green wood,
Where the musk-rose diffuses his perfume so free,
But the blight often seizes both blossom and bud,
While the mil-dew flies over the mulberry-tree.

In the nursery rear'd, like the young tender vine,
Mankind of all orders and ev'ry degree,

First crawl on the ground, then spring up like the pine,
And some branch and bear fruit like the mulberry-tree.

To the fair tree of knowledge some twine like a twig,
While some sappy sprouts with its fruit disagree,
For which we from birch now and then pluck a sprig,
Which is not quite so sweet as the mulberry-tree.

The vast tree of life, we all eagerly climb,
And impatiently pant at its high top to be:
Though nine out of ten, are lopp'd off in their prime,
And they drop like dead leaves from the mulberry-tree.

Some live by the leaf and some live by the bough,
As the song or the dance their vocation may be;
And some live and thrive though we know no more how
Than the dew that flies over the mulberry-tree.

But like weeping willows we hang down the head,
When poor wither'd elders we're destin'd to be;
And we're minded no more than mere logs when we're dead,
Or the dew that flies over the mulberry-tree.

Yet like lignum vitæ we hearts of oak wear,
Or the cedar that keeps from the cankerworm free,
While the vine juice we drain to dissolve ev'ry care,
Like the dew that flies over the mulberry-tree.

THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

WRITTEN BY M^r. COLLINS.

On Afric's wide plains where the lion now roaring,
With freedom stalks forth the vast desert exploring,

I was

I was dragg'd from my hut and enchain'd as a slave,
In a dark floating dungeon upon the salt wave.
Spare a halfpenny to a poor negro.

Toss'd on the wild main, I all wildly despairing,
Burst my chains, rush'd on deck with mine eyeballs wide glaring,
When the lightning's dread blast struck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus losing,
Of gain by my sale, not a blind bargain choosing,
As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was light,
Had me dash'd overboard, in the dead of the night.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

And but for a bark to Britannia's coast bound then,
All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been drown'd then,
But by moonlight deserv'd, I was snatch'd from the wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

How disastrous my fate, freedom's ground tho' I tread now,
Torn from home, wife and children, and wand'ring for bread now,
While seas roll between us which ne'er can be cross'd,
And hope's distant glimm'rings in darkness are lost.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and the ponderer,
Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the wanderer,
The European's deep die may outrival the snow,
And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as snow.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

CELIA.

SUNG BY MR. MILWARD, AT BERMONDSEY SPA.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beach, and where murmur'd the rill,
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of the fair.
I vow'd to the Muses, &c.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Celia's dear name never fell from my tongue;
But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I wish'd unawares that my Celia might hear,

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

As long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Celia's dear image renew;
For the Graces have chosen with Celia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

THE COACHBOX.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLLINS.

YOU may feast your ears with a fife or a drum,
Or the cat-gut tickle, or the wire strum,
But next to the smack of a sweet girl's lip,
The music for me is the smack of the whip.
With my ding dong dash along heigh gee ho!

At

At the statesman's driving the patriot pouts,
While the changes be rings on the ins and the outs,
Swearing every courtier's a minister's hack,
And that none but the devil's own cattle are so black.
With my ding dong, &c.

When the prodigal son takes the reins in his hands,
And the go-by gives to his houses and lands;
With black, white, and brown, his career he runs,
But alack he's at last overtaken by the duns.
With my ding dong, &c.

But let them quarter the road of care,
While I on the road have a birth to spare;
If I overtake a friend that is put to a shift,
Overturn me plump, but I'll lend him a lift.
With my ding dong, &c.

When a passenger pointing at ten men pack'd
On the top of the roof talk'd of Gammon's act,
Why, says I, Master Gammon may a great man be,
But all you can say, is but gammon now to me.
With my ding dong, &c.

Once to ride in my coach little Teague had a mind,
But for want of the blunt took the basket behind;
When the great fear, that put poor Paddy in a bother,
Was the basket and the coach running foul of one another.
With my ding dong, &c.

When to silence all his scruples at once,
He was pitch'd in the boot to secure his scence,
Now, says he, push away, I'll complain no more,
Since I'm first at last, tho' behind before,
With my ding dong, &c.

But whether before or behind we are flow'd,
When in life we are over the upland road,
May the vale of years then the prospect crown,
And the journey end in a safe set-down.
With my ding dong, &c.

THE POOR BLIND BEGGAR BOY.

WRITTEN BY MR. CROSS.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MR. GRAY.

NEAR the jaws of a prison, in whose dismal gloom,
Disease sat by Penury's side,
And the culprit with terror broods over his doom,
A child of Distress sadly sigh'd:
Down his wan cheek slowly trickled the tear,
Bereft was his bosom of joy,
And, alas! I am driven almost to despair,
Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

' My father, whose labour provided each meal,
' And to poverty oft gave relief,
' In these walls is confin'd, by hearts harder than steel;
' And my mother's been murder'd by grief:
' The infant companions, who oft were my guides,
' No longer their friendship employ,
' And the misery—light-hearted pleasure derides—
' Of the poor little blind beggar boy.

' The debt which, alas! a false friend made him owe,
' Robb'd my parent of liberty's sweets;
' Each moment he breathes is imbitter'd with woe,
' And naught but misfortune he meets:

Each

' Each slender refreshment's from Charity's store,
 ' Or famine his span wou'd destroy,
 ' And, alas! that kind hand which reliev'd, is no more,
 Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

Thus mournful he pleaded, when, sudden as thought,
 This tale near depriv'd him of breath.
 That his father was gone, and his spirit had fought
 For peace in the bosom of death:
 He rush'd (for affection each sense did inspire)
 To his cell, every means to employ
 To revive him; then clasping the corpse of his fire,
 Died the poor little blind beggar boy.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

BY THE SAME.

Devoid of all care was my morning of life,
 Friends and traffic fulfill'd each desire;
 As true and as good as she's fair was my wife,
 And my babes lisp'd the joy of their fire.
 And my babes, &c.

But misfortune, dire spectre! my hopes did depress,
 And villainy injur'd my fame;
 My credit once great, ev'ry moment grew less,
 And friendship I found but a name.

The hard-hearted creditor view'd my distress,
 His soul was ne'er form'd to relieve;
 He plung'd me, alas! in a prison's recess,
 Depriv'd of all taste but to grieve.

No friend took the pains my dark mansion to seek,
 My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear;
 My children—but why of their woes should I speak—
 It drives me, alas! to despair.

Sharp misery stings, famine hovers around,
 The life springs of comfort are dry:
 No relief for so woe-worn a wretch can be found,
 But to hide his despair and—to die!

THE NIGHT WAS STILL:

AN ADMIR'D CANZONET COMPOSED BY GIOVEDANÆ

THE night was still, the air serene,
 Fann'd by a southern breeze;
 The glimm'ring moon might just be seen,
 Reflecting thro' the trees:
 The bubbling waters constant course,
 From off th' adjacent hill,
 Was mournful Echo's last resource,
 All nature was so still:
 The bubbling waters constant course, &c.

The constant shepherd sought this shade,
 By sorrow sore oppress'd,
 Close by a fountain's margin laid,
 His pain he thus express'd:
 Ah, wretched youth! why didst thou love,
 Or hope to meet success;
 Or think the fair would constant prove,
 Thy flatter'd hopes to bless?

Find me the rose on barren sands,
 The lily midst the rocks,
 The grape in wild deserted lands,
 A wolf to guard the flocks:
 Those you, alas! will sooner gain,
 And will more easy find,
 Than meet with aught but cold disdain
 In fickle woman-kind.

SONGS SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

I COULD NOT HELP IT; NO, NOT I.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

WORDS BY MR. UPTON.

A PLAGUE upon the men, I say!

They'll never leave poor girls alone;

E'er teasing, teasing, night and day,

Till have won us for their own:

And ye women love the men,

'Tis illy to deny,

For nix answer, out of ten,

"I do it; no, not I."

I told Edwy, t'other day,

I ne'r wou'd become a bride;

But sure he took a certain day,

To tell me truly, that I ly'd!

First with a kiss, he stopt my breath,

And softly said—"Sweet creature, why?"

And tho' he squeez'd me, 'most to death,

I cou'd not help it; no, not I.

Well, whar d'ye think at last I said,

I never shall forget, I swear!

"I tell you plain, I'll never wed;

"So teaze me, now, Sir, if you dare!"

But, oh! he kiss'd me then so sweet,

And look'd so charming in my eye!

I vow'd at church the youth to meet:

I cou'd not help it; no, not I.

THE BONNY BELLS.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

THE WORDS BY MR. UPTON.

O, the bonny, bonny bells!

How I love to hear them sound!

Far and near, the lads and girls,

Dance a merry, merry round.

Who is he so neat and gay?

How the youth each twain excels!

'Tis my love, that comes this way,

O, the bonny, bonny bells!

Play away, ye bonny bells,

Sweetest music to my ear!

How my breast with rapture swells,

At the presence of my dear!

Softly whispers, now, my love,

Trembling—as his passion tells;

Angels talk like him above,

O, the bonny, bonny bells!

Bonny bells, for ever chime,

Theodore has fix'd the day;

Sunday se'nnight is the time,

In the charming month of May!

How my heart goes pat, pat, pat!

Love is full of magic spells;

Sunday se'nnight, think of that!

O, the bonny bonny bells!

LAUGHING GLEE:

SUNG THIS AND THE THREE PRECEDING

SEASONS.

FILL the goblet high with wine,
Round our temples flow'rs entwine.
Banish care, and banish sorrow:
To the gods belong to-morrow.
With grateful homage crown this day,
And sing and laugh the night away.

THE CARSE OF GOWRIE.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

Words by Mr. Vint.

NA shepherd on the daised plain,
Like Johnny e'er can please me;
For how could they my favour gain,
Whose offers did but teaze me?
The shepherd dearly doats on me,
Full well I can discover;
And praise the place with tuneful glee,
That gave me sic a lover.

Of a the vallys, north of Tweed,
That are sa green and flow'ry,
There's nane of them can e'er exceed
The bonny Carse of Gowrie.

Ye lassies all, sa blythe and hra',
 As round the vale you're roving,
 Can ye e'er see a lad so gay,
 A lad sa well worth loving?
 Ah me! I'm sure you'll answer no,
 For vane you'll meet like Johnny;
 Na lad to be compar'd, I trow,
 He is sa blythe and bonny.

Of a the vullies, &c.

Young Johnny is sa kind a swain,
 I ever muir adore him;
 Na shepherd on the sylvan plain,
 Can ever come before him:
 Reclining on yon downy brae,
 He pipes sa sweet and charming,
 I'm quite enchanted a the day,
 While love my heart is warming.

Of a the vullies, &c.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

SUNG BY MISS MILNE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The Ring-dove builds and warbles there,
 Close by my cot she tells her tale,
 To ev'ry passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

FAVOURITE SONGS.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 To charm the fairy-footed hours,
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound,
 Or crowns of living laurels weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The mimic dance in twilight glade,
 The rustic glee, the roundelay,
 Sung in the silent woodland's shade.
 These simple joys that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

Just when the blooming, fragrant spring,
 Proclaim'd the near approach of May;
 When in the grove the blackbirds sing,
 Their cheerful notes on ev'ry spray:
 Young Sandy fought the rural green,
 The rustic dance, the tuneful reed;
 And Jenny's charms first caught his e'en,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

She was sa fair, sa blythe a lass,
 She danc'd and mov'd like any queen;
 Her smiles would May-day morn surpass,
 And laughing love was in her e'en:

From rosy morn to night he'd rove,
 And to fast strains he tun'd his reed;
 He sang of bonny Jane and love,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

The God of Love was Sandy's friend,
 And look'd wi' gentle pity down,
 A pointed dart did quickly send,
 And made the bonny lass his own.
 More fair and dear, since marriage vow,
 To her and love he tunes his reed;
 In sweet delights they revel now,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

SHE IS MISTAKEN.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON.

Words by Mr. Addison.

LORD! what a fuss my mother made,
 When Colin came this way;
 Because he caught me in his arms,
 And kiss'd me t'other day:
 She scolded me both day and night,
 And was in such a taking!
 But if she thinks I'll not have him,
 I'm sure she is mistaken.

I told her, Colin lov'd me well,
 And meant not to deceive me;
 And said, that from my present need
 He quickly would relieve me,

But

But mother said, He was a wag,
Who'd set my heart to aching;
And if I thought he'd marry me,
I surely was mistaken.

I knew 'twas false, but thought it best
To feign that I believ'd her;
And so, by playing cunningly,
Completely have deceiv'd her.
And we've agreed to-morrow morn,
Before she thinks of waking,
To tie the knot that soon will shew
How much she is mistaken.

LOOSE WERE HER TRESSES SEEN.

SUNG BY MISS GEORGE.

LOOSE were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

YE CRYSTAL FOUNTAINS, SOFTLY
FLOW.

A FAVOURITE CANZONET.

YE crystal fountains, softly flow,
Ye gentle gales, ah! cease to blow;
For know, my blooming, constant, swain
Doth calmly sleep on yonder plain:

Propitious pow'rs, afford that rest,
Which ever dwelt within his breast;
With caution guard his radiant charms,
And shield his heart from rude alarms.

Around my love, ye violets spring;
In plaintive notes, ye warblers sing;
Ye roses bloom about his head,
And sweetly scent his mossy bed:
Ye little Cupids, quickly bring
Each green that decks the verdant spring;
There form a sweetscquester'd grove,
And hide secure my beauteous love.

THE TIPPLING DEITIES.

A BURLETTA SCENE.

The Heav'n Gods sitting at a table—A large punch-bowl
in the Center.

JUPITER.

GANYMEDE, refill the bowl,
Music, mirth, and melody,
With sweet strains of festive glee,
Sound the spheres from pole to pole.
Immortals infinite are we,
Boundless, then, our draughts shall be!

BUET.

VENUS AND BACCHUS.

Would mortals but fancy perfection of pleasure,
As known to the Pow'rs divine:
Eternal we feel without cloying or measure,
The raptures of love and of wine.

APOLLO AND MARS.

APOLLO—I'm bright God of Day.

MARS—I'm bold God of Battle.

APOLLO—And when from my car I alight,

MARS—When I leave the dread combat, where
loud cannons rattle.

NOTH—in love and in wine I delight.

NEPTUNE.

Old Neptune I am, and I love bottle-draining,
A river I'd drink at a sup;
If the bowl was as deep as the Mediterranean,
I warrant I'd soak it all up.

CHORUS.

Ganymede, refill the bowl, &c.

Southwark.

D 2

G. B.

PHELM O'FLAM.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

PHELM O'Flam is my name,
 A hunter of fortunes am I;
 In love I would wish to get fame,
 For I know how to ogle and lie.
 O'Row may delight in hard knocks,
 For such fun I would not give a d—n,
 For I love to conquer the fair,
 Oh! I drop on my knee, and I swear
 My sweet girl, now take Phelim O'Flam.

An old Hebe, with never a tooth,
 I swear is as beauteous as Venus;
 Tho' she's ugly, lame, and uncouth,
 Now you'll own I'm a clever young *genus*.
 I catch hold of her dry, wither'd hand,
 And flattery down her throat cram,
 Then who can such courtship withstand?
 Oh! she quickly obeys Love's command,
 And her shiners is Phelim O'Flam's.

When I get a young widow in tow,
 Oh, I give her a sackful of bother;
 Say her husband's been dead long ago,
 And 'tis high time she thought of another:
 She blushes, and heaves a soft sigh,
 'Tis thus the wolf catches the lamb:
 I drop on my knee, heave a sigh,
 Get consent by the look of her eye;
 What d'ye think now of Phelim O'Flam?

Stern Justice's gripe I ne'er fear,
 Their quibbles and quirks I can cozen,
 A man with two wives they may sneer,
 He'll escape that has married a dozen:
 Let them hobble me, then, if they dare,
 This world is but outside and sham;
 Then pursue, brother Bucks, young and old,
 Tie them fast, and then pocket their gold,
 Be as happy as Phelim O'Flam.

ORIGINAL SONG.

AH, Delia! dear maid of my heart!
 The trial, at length, is arriv'd,
 When we from each other must part,
 Must be of each other depriv'd.

How can I your absence endure?
 I call in philosophy's aid,
 To soften what nothing can cure,
 The wound which by absence is made.

I'll fly to my love's rosy bow'r,
 Where so oft I have gaz'd on thy charms,
 And say to each lazy pac'd hour,
 "Haste! haste! bring her back to my arms."

There will I, my fair one, on you
 The blessing of heaven implore;
 Adieu! dearest Delia, adieu!
 My heart is too full to say more.

M.

BLUE EY'D NORAH.

As Sung by Mr. Dignum at several Convivial Societies.

TUNE, "THE SPARROW."

AH, how can I my grief reveal!
 How ease my tortur'd breast!
 My heart a prey to hopeless love,
 Oh, when shall I have rest?
 Can I forget the luckless hour,
 When first I knelt before her,
 Alas! I ne'er shall see again
 My lovely, blue-ey'd Norah.

Her vermil lip, love darting eye,
 Her grace, each beauteous charm,
 Ye envious powers! ah why did I
 E'er gaze upon that form?
 Her bosom cold as mountain snow,
 Yet still I must adore her,
 Ah, whither art thou gone, sweet maid!
 Dear, lovely, blue-ey'd Norah!

Ye nymphs, that trip the verdant plains,
 Oh think what I must feel,
 A sorrow now consumes my breast,
 Which time can never heal!
 Oh could I see the beauteous fair,
 Again I'd kneel before her:
 Or yield a prey to black despair,
 'And die for blue-ey'd Norah.

CON-

CONTENT AND A COT.

SUNG BY MR. DARLEY, AT VAUXHALL.

WRITTEN BY MR. J. HARRISON.

I HAVE look'd into life, and with truth I can say,
I find highest bliss lies in lowliest lot:
From my breast drive the dæmon of pride far away,
And give me, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
Content and a cot, &c.

" If fix'd on a plain, or a hillock's green side,
" In a valley, a wood, or a dale, matters not,
" From oppression, and falsehood, O let me but hide;
" And give me, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
" Content and a cot, &c.

May I ne'er expect cloathing, or food, without toil,
Or covet the wealth that's dishonestly got;
Tho' man be ungrateful, not so is the soil,
And give me, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
Content and a cot, &c.

" In the sweat of my brow, make me till my scant ground,
" To raise fruits, and herbs, for the dish, or the pot,
" While my innocent babes, with my lambs frolic round,
" And give us, kind Heav'n, content in our cot.
Content in our cot, &c.

With the wife of my youth, till old age let me live,
And soothe each sad pang that's the sexes hard lot,
The errors of each, teach us each to forgive,
And grant us, kind Heav'n, content in our cot.
Content in our cot, &c.

Thus, all life wears away, let us live free from blame,
Our love never cool, nor our anger e'er hot,
May our girls, and our boys, prove precisely the same,
Then grant them, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
Content and a cot, &c.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

WRITTEN BY MR. OAKMAN.

AS Christmas approaches, each bosom is gay,
For good cheer will always drive sorrow away;
Young Roger then kisses sweet Susan or Dolly,
While trimming the house up with ivy and holly.
For never as yet it was counted a crime,
To be cherry and merry at that happy time.

Then plenty of turkey, of chine, and roast beef,
Old English provision, allow'd still the chief:
The cook, Roger whispers his wishes to crown,
And Dolly says Give me a bit of the brown:
For never as yet, &c.

Then the luscious plum-pudding appears to the eye,
And close at its heels comes the pleasing mince-pye;
Then each lick their chaps at such delicate fare,
Well pleas'd as they hope to come in for a share:
For never as yet, &c.

With

FAVOURITE SONGS,

With humming October, the jorum is fill'd,
Which wou'd make the heart glow, if with frost it was chill'd;
Then song, joke, or gambol, goes merrily round,
And each with good humour are happily crown'd:
For never as yet, &c.

Twelfth day you will find is just by in the rear,
When the rich sugar'd cake to the sight will appear;
Then Sloven, and Slut, and the King, and the Queen,
With laughter come forward to heighten the scene:
For never as yet, &c.

Thus fill'd with good cheer, and contented in mind,
At Christmas we hope ev'ry one for to find;
May the rich, who are blest with abundance in store,
To crown the blithe season, make merry the poor:
For never as yet, &c.

IN PURSUIT OF THE FASHION.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON, AT VAUXHALL.

HARK, forward's the word, and all join in the chase;
Ambition, and politics, now must give place:
After Fancy and Folly we eagerly fly;
In pursuit of the Fashion, Hark forward's the cry.

Pell mell, after Cupid, each heart-wounding dame,
From sixteen to sixty's pursuing the game:
With their full-flowing tresses, some hobble, some fly;
In pursuit of the Fashion, Hark forward's the cry.

Ding-dong, helter-skelter, the sweet-scented beaux,
Either lead the pursuit, or fall in at the close;
With their pockets so low, and their collars so high,
Pursuing the Fashion, Hark forward's the cry.

Let the Fashion be chang'd, it has lasted too long;
If its conquest we aim at, we're all in the wrong:
To the fame of Old England, let each have an eye;
And her foes be the game, when Hark forward's the cry.

THE ONLY COMPANION FOR ME.

SUNG BY MR. DUFFEY, AT VAUXHALL.

PM not very nice in the choice of a mate,
Yet therefore I'll tell you my mind;
Not one that's too humble, nor one that's too great,
But one that's good-humour'd and kind:
Not old, nor yet ugly, not blind, deaf, or lame,
But sensible, modest, and free;
Such a one, there's no doubt, my attention must claim,
The only companion for me.

Too witty, too pretty, alike will be vain,
Have too much conceit of themselves;
Their prating, and dressing, alike I disdain,
They are such fantastical elves:
Neat, cheerful, discreet, and not prudishly nice,
But sensible, modest, and free;
Such a one I am willing to take, in a trice,
The only companion for me.

In this happy circle, are many, no doubt,
 Like the picture I just have display'd;
 When I've finish'd my song, I shall then look about,
 To find one I am not afraid.
 A blessing so great, I would cherish and love,
 To her still be kind and be free;
 For it is such a one, that will certainly prove
 The only companion for me.

THE SOLACE OF LIFE.

SUNG BY MR. DUFFEY, AT VAUXHALL.

WHEN the trumpet of fame calls to honour and arms,
 Proud glory we fondly pursue;
 Ev'ry bosom is fir'd with war's fierce alarms,
 The wreath of Victoria in view.
 Yet glory, and honour, to Cupid must yield;
 He leads far from battle and strife:
 Each wound of the soldier by beauty is heal'd;
 Her smile is the solace of life.

When the trumpet of Fame call'd to honour and arms,
 From love, and my Nancy, I flew;
 I left the delight of beholding her charms,
 The clangor of war to pursue:
 Now war is all over, and peace smiles around,
 I return to my friend, and my wife:
 With my Nancy, content, joy, and pleasure, are found;
 Her smile is the solace of life.

DIE AN OLD MAID.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON, AT VAUXHALL.

Words by Mrs. Rowson.

WHEN I liv'd with my granam, on yon little green,
 As good an old woman as ever was seen,
 She oft read me lectures of prudence and care,
 And hade me, of all things, of men to beware.
 Said she—' They will flatter, and lie, and deceive;
 ' And you're lost, my dear Rose, if you dare to believe.'
 I thought it was strange; and, indeed, was afraid
 It would be my hard fortune to die an old maid.

I met with young Colin, one night, in the grove,
 He talk'd of the joys and the pleasures of love;
 But my grandmother's lectures so ran in my head,
 I could not attend to a word that he said.
 Thought I, What a fuss the old women all make!
 I think, in my heart, they must make a mistake;
 For if ev'ry young girl of the men were afraid,
 Why my granam herself must have been an old maid.

The next time young Colin his courtship renew'd,
 I candidly own'd that my heart was subdu'd;
 He swore that he lov'd me as dear as his life!
 And, if I'd consent, he would make me his wife.
 Then begg'd the next morn I'd his wishes fulfil;
 Says I—' E'en let grandmother scold as she will,
 ' Of so gentle a swain, I shall ne'er be afraid;
 ' And it's better to marry than die an old maid.'

EACH

EACH PLEASURE TO HUNTING, SWEET HUNTING MUST YIELD.

ADDRESSED TO THE BUCKS OF THE CHACE.

By Mr. Upton.

YE sportsmen for pleasure and exercise born,
For shame, leave your beds, and arise with the morn :
The Goddess Diana leads forth to the chace,
And day, my brave fellows, breaks on us apace ;
The morn is a fine one, right healthy and clear,
Fine sport will attend us, my boys, never fear.
And now we're all ready, Huzza ! for the field,
Each pleasure to hunting, &c.

Our steeds are sure-footed, our dogs staunch and good,
Prepar'd to encounter with lake, fence, and wood.
Now, Reynard, have at ye ; the hounds have the scent,
And eager for blood, on destruction are bent.
Hark ! hark ! how the clamour resounds through the spheres,
The glorious confusion enraptures the ears ;
Old Crafty still heads them the length of a field,
Each pleasure to hunting, sweet hunting must yield.
Each pleasure to hunting, &c.

By Nimrod, how charming the chace does improve !
Hills, vallies, and mountains, apparently move ;
The fox is a stager, how daring he flies !
Dogs, horses, and huntmen, the brusher desires :

But, see, how he trembles, and halts to gain breath,
Now nothing can save him from imminent death ;
The harriers have seiz'd him, what shouts rend the field !
Each pleasure to hunting, sweet hunting must yield.
Each pleasure to hunting, &c.

- CORPORAL WHEEDLE.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

WHAT joy can compare to the life of a soldier,
When blest with the smiles of the fair !
A kiss from a sweet pretty lass, makes him bolder,
And drowns all his sorrow and care.
For our row de dow dow beats a strange palpitation
In the bosom of each pretty girl in the nation ;
When they see me pursuing as sharp as a needle,
Oh ! they fly to the arms of smart Corporal Wheedle.

When our officer billets the men to their quarters,
For a lively young lass we look out,
The landlady's forc'd to look after her daughters,
And scarcely knows what she's about,
For our row de dow, &c.

When I'm disabled, quite unfit for each duty,
And march down the hill of old age,
I must then bid adieu to each favourite beauty,
Chelsea quarters will finish life's stage.
There in my last camp, I will cheerfully sing,
Bless my Queen, and my good royal master, my King !
No more in my duty as sharp as a needle,
And, when fir'd my last gun, farewell Corporal Wheedle.

NEW CANON.—Three Voices.

33

Composed by W. BARRE, Jun.

Presto affai.

Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry be; Our cann is full we'll pump it

Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry be; Our cana is

Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry be - - -; Our cann is full, we'll

[This bar to be omitted the last time.]

out, And then a - way to sea. Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And let us mer - ry bout.

full, we'll pump it out, And then a - - - way to sea. Come, bustle, bustle, - drink a to sea.

pump it out, And then a - way to sea. Come, bustle, bustle, drink a - bout, And bustle, drink a - bout,

The favourite Song of SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at the ANACREONTIC SOCIETY, and at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, in the Farce called *The Dupes of Fancy*.

Andante.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's no one like pret - ty Sal - ly; She

is the dar - ling of my heart, She lives in our al - ley. There is no la - dy in the land is half so sweet as

Sally; She is the darling of my heart; She lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as SALLY!
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

- When she is by, I leave my work,
- I love her so sincerely;
- My master comes like any Turk,
- And bangs me most severely:
- But let him bang his belly full,
- I'll bear it all for SALLY:
- She is the darling of my heart,
- And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day;
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday:
 For then I'm drest in all my best,
 To walk abroad with SALLY;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

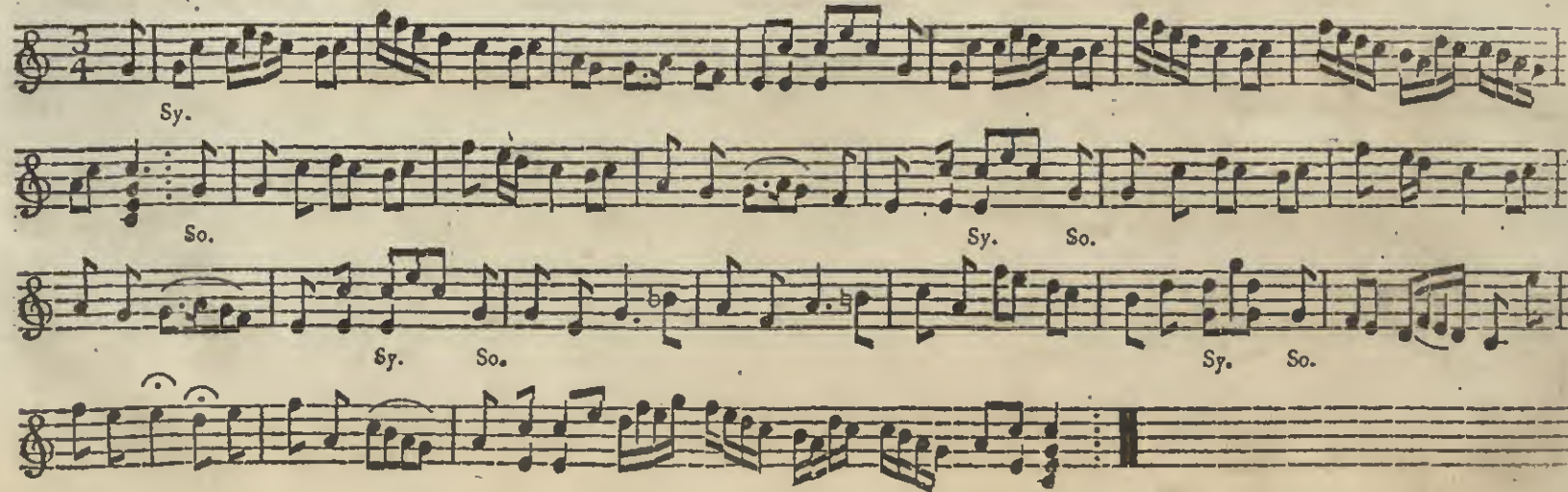
- My master carries me to church,
- And often I blamed,
- Because I leave him in the lurch,
- As soon as text is named;
- I leave the church in sermon-time,
- And sink away to SALLY;
- She is the darling of my heart,
- And she lives in our Alley.

- When Christmas comes about again,
- O then I shall have money;
- I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
- I'll give it to my honey:
- And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds,
- I'd give it all to SALLY;
- She is the darling of my heart,
- And she lives in our Alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and SALLY;
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley;
 But when my sev'n long years are out,
 Oh then I'll marry SALLY;
 Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our Alley.

The Verses distinguished by inverted Commas, were omitted by Mr. Dignum.

GUITTAR.



WINE CANNOT CURE.

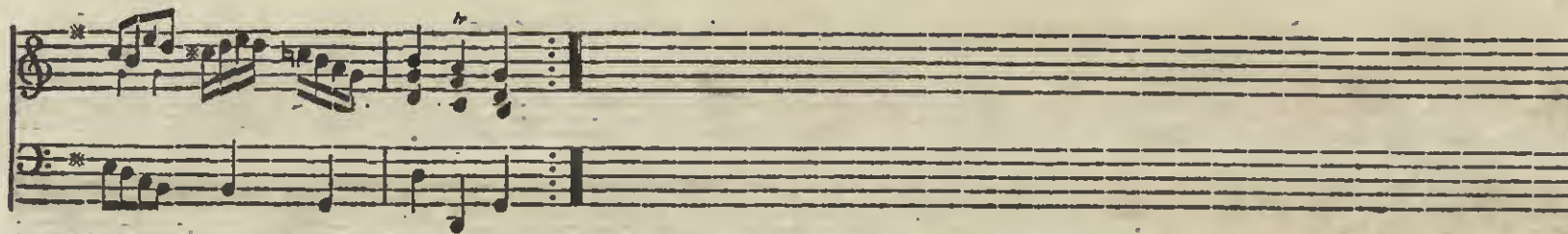
[This is introduced by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. and Mrs. BLAND, in THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.]

From morn till night I

take my glaſs In hopes to for-get my Clo - - e, From morn till night I take my glaſs In hopes to for-get my

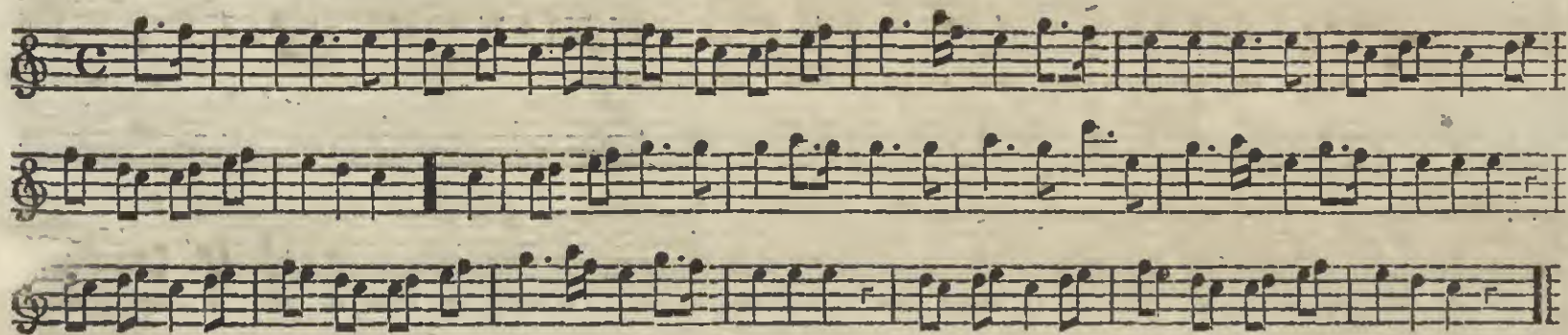
Clo - e; But, tho' I take the plea-fing draught, She's ne'er the leſs be-fore-me, Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure The

pain I endure for my Clo - - e, Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure The pain I en-dure for my Clo - - e.



To wine I flew to ease the pain
 Her beauteous charms created ;
 To wine I flew to ease the pain
 Her beauteous charms created ;
 But wine more freely bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated.
 Ah, no, &c.

GUITTAR.



†† For the Words, as sung in THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS, see Page 9, of ' Songs sung at Public Places.'

MAY.—A NEW SONG.

The Words by a LADY.—The Music by a MAN of FASHION.

Affettuoso.

O come, my Love, O haste a - way, And taste with me the sweets of May; O

leave the town, and all its noise, For ru - ral scenes and country joys, [Where

ro - sy health on every gale Is wasted thro' the winding vale. O come, my Love, O haste a - way, And

The musical score is written on four staves. The first two staves form the first system, and the next two staves form the second system. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicated by a sharp sign and a '2' on the first staff of each system. The melody is written on the treble staves, and the bass staves provide a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'taste with me the sweets of May, And taste with me the sweets of May.' are written below the first system. The second system ends with a double bar line.

taste with me the sweets of May, And taste with me the sweets of May.

For thee my fields are deck'd with flowers,
 For thee I've deck'd my jasm'ine bowers,
 For thee the violet, pink, and rose,
 Their various beauties all disclose;
 For thee, the flow'ry meads along,
 The thrush tunes his sweetest song.

O come, &c.

My kine renew their milky store,
 My hills with sheep are whiten'd o'er,
 And all around their tender dams,
 How gaily frisk my little lambs!
 My little lambs, that well may be,
 In innocence, compar'd with thee.
 O come, my love! O haste away!
 And taste with me the sweets of May!

GUITTAR.

A six-staff musical score for guitar, written in treble clef and common time (C). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and accidentals (sharps and naturals). The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Dynamic markings 'Sy.' and 'So.' are placed below the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Sy.

So.

Sy.

So.

Sy.

Larghetto. Thus when the swallow, seek - ing prey, With - in the : fash is cloie - ly pent; His confort

with be - moan - ing lay, With - out fits pi - ning for th'e : vent; Her chatt'ring lo - vers

all a - round her skim, She heeds them not - (poor bird) her soul's with him.

Larghetto.

FLUTE or GUITTAR.

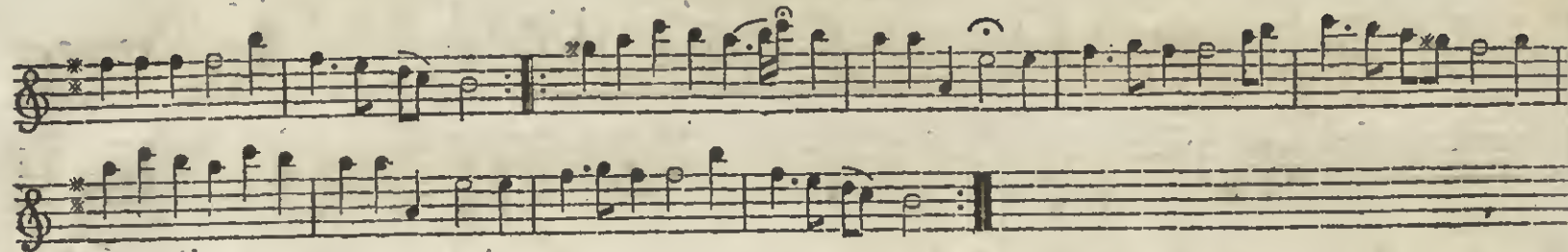
Larghetto. The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met; The judges all rang'd (a-ter-ri-ble show!) I go, un-dis-may'd; For

death is a debt, a debt on demand, So take what I owe: Then farewell, my Love; dear Charmers, adieu! Con-ten-ted I die, 'tis the

better for you. Here ends all dis-pute the rest of our lives, For this way at once I please all my wives.

FLUTE.

Larghetto.

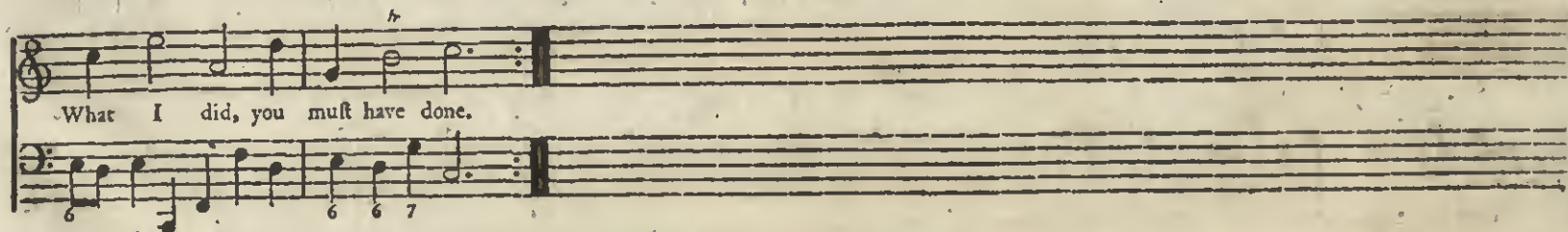
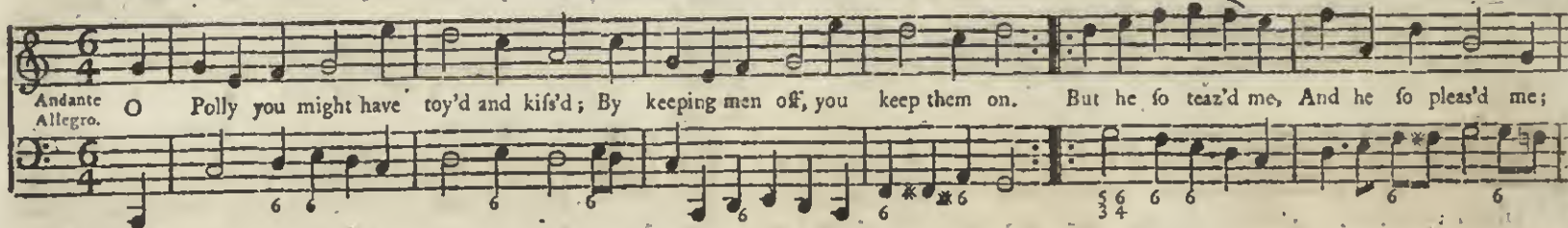


Mrs. Peachum.

O POLLY YOU MIGHT.

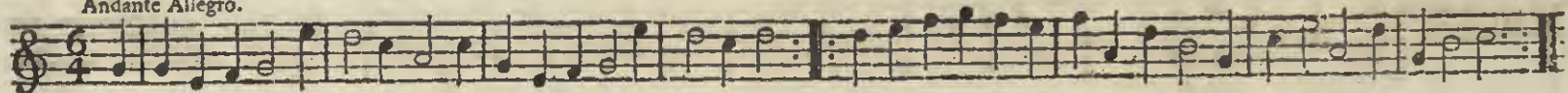
Polly.

[BEGGAR'S OPERA.



FLUTE or GUITTAR.

Andante Allegro.



Siciliana.

O had I been by fate decreed, Some hum-ble cottage fwain, In fair Ro-set-ta's fight to feed, My
 flocks up-on the plain; In fair Ro set-ta's fight to feed, My flocks up-on the plain: What joys had I been
 born to taste, Which now I ne'er must know; Ye en-vious pow'rs, why have you plac'd my fair one's lot so low? Ye

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.]

(Young Meadows)

O HAD I BEEN.

[Dr. HOWARD.

45

en-vi-ous pow'rs, why have ye plac'd My fair one's lot so low?

FLUTE or GUITTAR.

Siciliana.

Andante Grazioso.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth can
 va - lue to the foul con - vey. Minds pos - sess fu - pe - rior worth, which Chance nor
 gives nor takes a - way; Chance nor gives nor takes a - way - - -, nor takes a - way.

Like the sun true me-rit shows; by

Na-ture warm, by Na-ture bright, with in-bred flames he nobly glows, with in-bred flames,

he no-bly glows, nor needs the aid of bor-row'd light, nor needs the aid of

bor-row'd light. D. C. al Segno.

Andante Grazioso.

So.

Sy.

So.

D. C. al Segno.

ARTAXERXES.]

DUETT. FAIR AURORA.

[DR ARNE. 49

Sung by Mrs. Billington. and Mr. Incedon.

Larghetto

Fair Au - ro - ra pri - thee stay O re -
Arbaces pri - thee stay O re -
- tard unwelcome day O retard the day O re - tard unwelcome day Fair Au -
- tard unwelcome day O retard the day O re - tard unwelcome day Fair Au -

50 ARTAXERXES]

DUETT. FAIR AURORA.

[Dr. ARNE.]

ro-ra pri-thee stay O re-tard un-wel come

day O re-tard un-wel come day think what

anguish rends my Breast thus ca-ref-sing and ca-refs'd fore'd at thy ap-

proach forc'd to part - to part think what anguish rends my Breast from the I-dol of my

proach forc'd to part to part think what anguish rends my Breast from the I-dol of my

heart forc'd to part - - at thy ap-proach to part forc'd to

heart forc'd to part at thy ap-proach to part forc'd to

part at thy ap-proach to part

part - - at thy ap-proach to part.

A CHIDING CATCH.

1st Fye. nay prithee John do not quarrel Man

2^d You're a Rogue you've cheated me I'll prov'e before this Com - pa - ny I

3^d Sir you lye I scorn your Words or a - - ny Man that wears a Sword for

2^d let's be mer - ry, and drink a - - - bout

3^d caren't a Far - thing Sir for all you are so stout

1st all you huff who cares a Fig or who cares for you

THE QUACKS. A NEW SONG.

Words by Mr. SULLIVAN, Assistant at Mr. Hodgson's Academy at Leeds—Music by LEO, Wakefield.

Of Quacking and Quacks let us sing, Since both of them so much a-bound; Not confin'd to the me-di-cal string,
But applying to ev'ry one round. The Mountebank, mounting his rostrum, Pretending to give his advice, He preys on you all with
his rostrum, Like grimal-kin devouring the mice. Tol de rol, lol, tol de rol, lol, tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lol.

Physicians, when young, make pretence,
On patients experiments try;
Experience alone gives them sense;
The afflicted by CHANCE live or die.

But, should even the worst prove the case,
The Widow can't call him a fool,
He'll protest, with affected grimace,
That he kill'd quite according to rule.

Now quacking so widely has grown,
Each phizz that you meet in the street,
Not dabbles in physick alone,
All are Quacks now-a-days that we meet.

The Courtier's a Quack I declare,
Poor Britain's disease to explore
He tries; but resigns up the care,
And leaves her much worse than before.

The Patriot, too, you may see,
Is a Quack in political stuff,
For the noise that he makes, slip a fee,
And you'll find that he's silent enough.

The Lawyer, he Quacks with his brief
For client whose pocket's well lin'd;
But, instead of your gaining relief,
A speedy CONSUMPTION you'll find.

Divinity Quacks are a crowd,
Undermining religion like moles,
And caoting their nonsense aloud,
Like Crispin, would console your souls.

The Soldier's a surgical Quack,
He clumsily opens your veins,
And with PILLS made of lead, in a crack
He'll quickly remove all your pains.

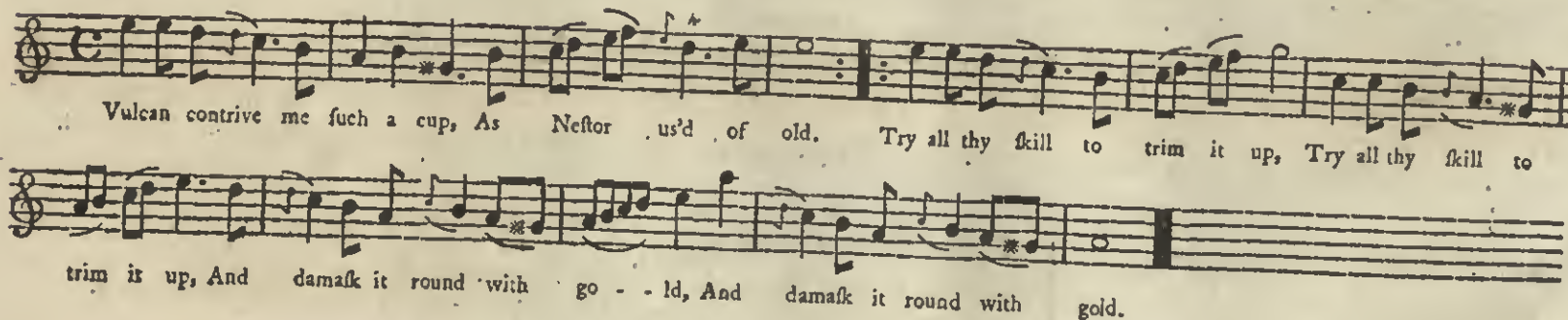
The Lord, too, by patent a Quack,
Prescribes the political race—
Yet, for all the fine cloaths on his back,
A JOCKEY you read in his face.

E'en the Barber, who lathers your skin,
A Quacking he speedily scuds,
For politics eager, your chin,
Like the nation, he leaves in the fuds:

Poor Britain! I pity thy state;
Each Quack at thy purse has a pull,
For the needy, the rich, and the great,
Have a pluck at the simple JOHN BULL.

But if you would take my advice,
No longer continue an elf,
Dismiss all those Quacks in a trice,
And hereafter prescribe for yourself.

ADDRESS 'TO VULCAN.



Make it so large, when fill'd with punch,
Up to the swelling brim;
Vast toasts on the delicious lake, Vast, &c.
(Like ships at sea) may swim. Like, &c.

Carve me thereon a curling vine,
And add two lovely boys;
Whose limbs in am'rous folds entwined, &c.
The types of future joys, &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,
May love and wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to my love again.

THE HAPPY BEGGARS.

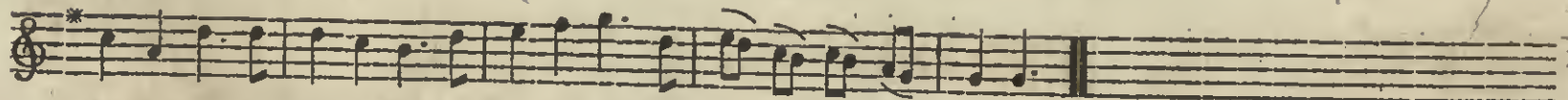
55



Tho' begging is an ho-nest trade which wealthy knaves de-spise, Yet rich men may be beggars made, and



we that beg may rise. The greatest kings may be be-tray'd, and lose their sovereign pow'r, But he that stoops to



ask his bread, but he that stoops to ask his bread, can ne-ver fall much lower.

Tho' foreigners have swarm'd of late, and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade;
Some say they for religion fled, but wiser people tell us
They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebellious.

Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our army fight,
Where 'tis not to be had you know, the king must lose his right :
Let one side laugh, the other mourn, we nothing have to fear,
But that great lords will beggars be, to be as great as we are.

What tho' we make the world believe, that we are sick or lame,
'Tis now a virtue to deceive ; our teachers do the same ;
In trade dissembling is no crime, and we may live to see,
That begging in a little time the only trade will be.

THE POWER OF WINE.

Bloom - ing Bacchus e - ver young, Sweet af - fwa - ger of all care, When in - - vok'd by
 flat - t'ring tongue, E - - ver rea - dy thou to hear, e - ver rea - - dy thou to hear.
 Let us, by thy influence fir'd, Lead the mad fantastic round, Whilst our songs by thee in - spir'd, Louder and still, still louder
 sound; Louder still, still louder, and louder found.

Thou dost make the coward brave,
 Thou dost frozen dotage warm,
 Thou dost freedom give the slave;
 And thy sons protect from harm.

Let us, &c.

Thou dost in the fair one's breast,
 Soft desires kind wishes raise,
 When the amorous swain is blest;
 Thine the conquest, thine the praise.

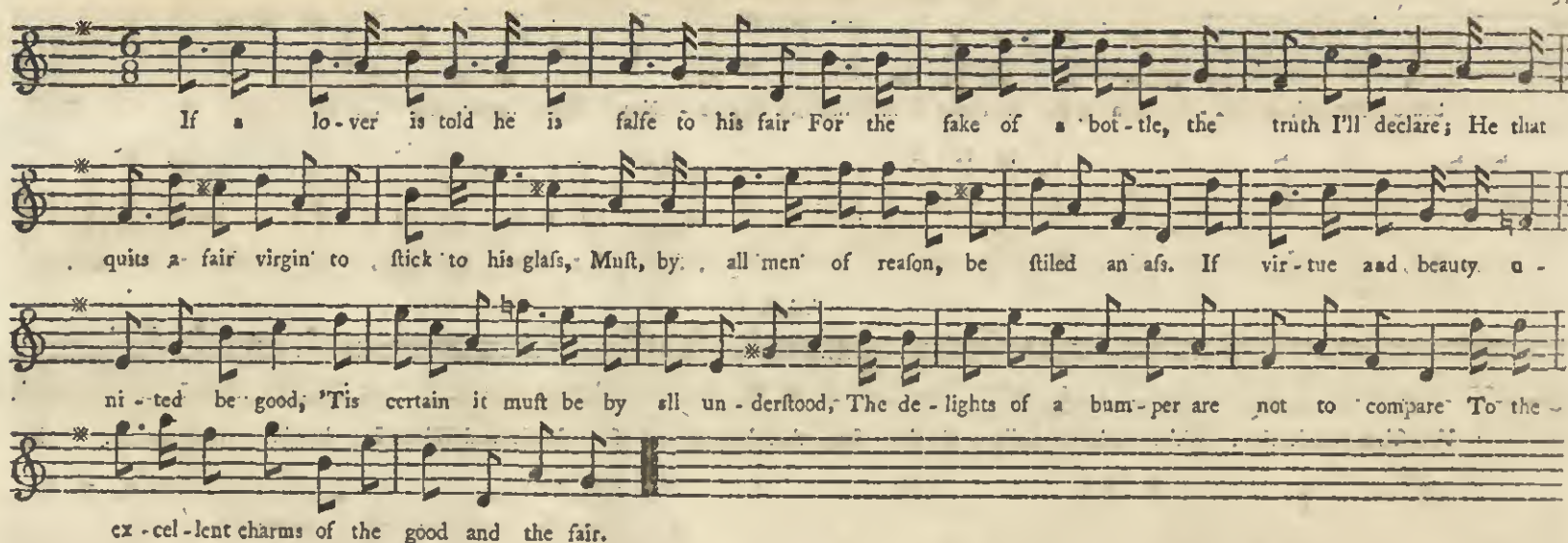
Let us, &c.

To our vows propitious prove,
 We by thy assistance may
 Triumph o'er the God of love.
 Triumph o'er the God of day.

Let us, &c.

SUPERIORITY OF LOVE.

57



If a lo-ver is told he is false to his fair For the sake of a bot-tle, the truth I'll declare; He that
quits a fair virgin to stick to his glass, Must, by all men of reason, be stiled an ass. If vir-tue and beauty u-
ni-ted be good, 'Tis certain it must be by all un-derstood, The de-lights of a bum-per are not to compare To the
ex-cel-lent charms of the good and the fair.

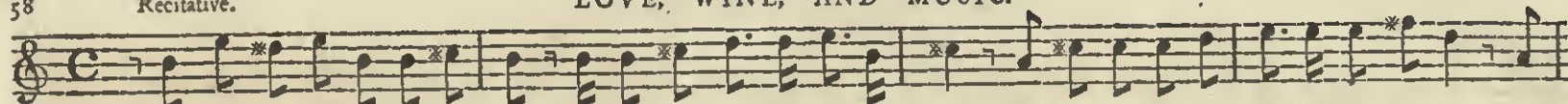
To dimples and smiles with delight we attend;
If a frown, 'tis for faults which with pleasure we mend;
Ye drinkers declare, if the truth ye will own,
Smiles of liquor may please, but they end in a frown.
Though beauty we see in the lily and rose,
The charms of dear Chloe are sweeter than those;
Though by time they are conquer'd remembrance remains;
To live happy in age is reward for their pains.

With the bottle, or love, whoe'er is employ'd,
Oft finds one insipid; t'other always enjoy'd;
Though ever in drinking his hours are spent,
He ever is craving, yet never content.
What friendship in love is by history prov'd!
Which nothing but death hath ever remov'd!
In drinking, what murders and mischiefs ensue!
Which, by daily experience, is known to be true!

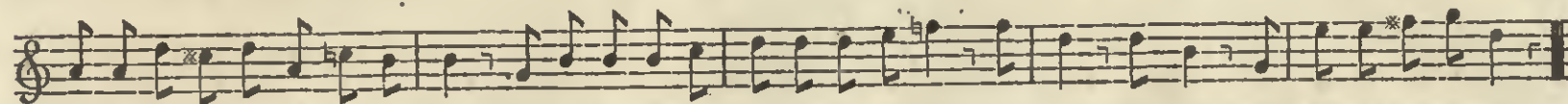
No strife, or disturbance, arises from love;
We are told 'tis an emblem of what is above:
In infancy, innocence, virtue's employ'd,
Which in use of the big-belly'd bottle's deny'd.
In the pleasure of love we with joy pass our days,
It soothes all our cares, oor pain it allays;
In drinking, the pleasure of life is destroy'd,
One leg's in the grave before half is enjoy'd.

What delight's in a fair, ever true to her word,
Who to forfeit that name would not join with a lord;
In distresses a friend, an adviser in grief:
Who, to fly to a bottle, would find that relief?
Such comforts in love throughout life I can spy;
Who'd not leave a bottle a fair one to try?
Each circumstance weigh'd, it is easy to prove,
True happiness only is center'd in love.

LOVE, WINE, AND MUSIC.

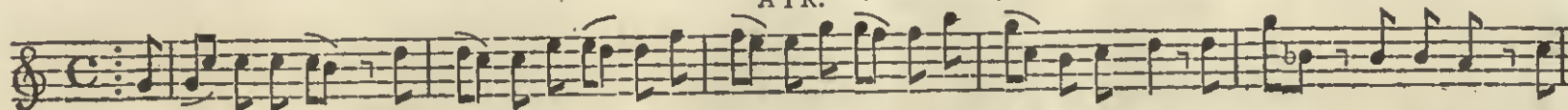


Since Love such ex - ta - cy can give, And men from Wine such joys re - ceive ; Since Music can im - part such vast de - light ; They

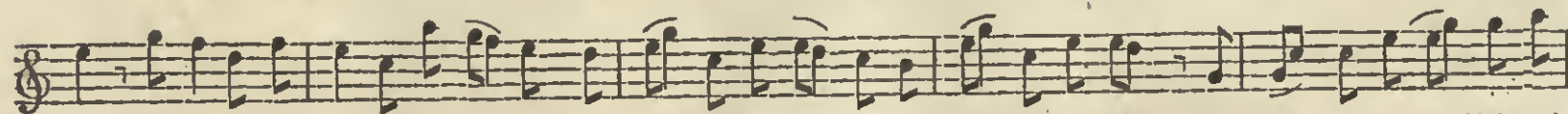


cannot, sure, be meant for different ends : No longer, then, as rivals, but as friends, Let Love, and Wine, and Music, all u - nite.

A I R.



Yourself you deceive ; We're taught to believe, By the song, that the gods once of Music and Wine In heav'n were raving, In



heav'n were raving, Dis - puting and braving, Whose theme was the no - blest, and trade most di - vine, Whose theme was the no - blest, and



trade most divine.

Your Music, says Bacchus,
Would stun us and rack us,
Did Claret not soften the discord you make ;
Songs are not inviting,
Nor verses delighting,
Till poets of my great influence partake.

Says Phœbus, this fellow
Is drunk, sure, or mellow,
To praise Music less than his Wine or October ;
But those, who love drinking,
Are void of all thinking,
Nay have not the wisdom to keep themselves sober.

Thus, as they were wraogling,
Disputing and jangling,
Says Venus, This strife shall be ended by me ;
Wine most can invite us,
And Music delight us,
When with mighty Love they, united, agree.

59

Tempo Marcia.

Come, each gallant lad, who'll for plea - sure quit care, To the drum, to the drum, to the drum-head, with spi - rit, re-

pair. Each re - cuit here takes his glass, Each young sol - dier with his lass. When the drum beats ta - too, when the

drum beats ta - too, re - - tires, the sweet night to pass.

Each night, gaily, lads, thus we merrily waste,
Till the drum, till the drum, till the drum, tells us it is past ;
Piquets arms at dawn now shine,
Each drum ruffs it down the line.
Hark! the drum beats Reveille, hark the drum beats Reveille,
Saluting the day divine.

But hark yonder shot, see that standard alarms,
Now the drum, now the drum, now the drum beats loud to arms!
Kill'd and wounded, how they lie!
Helter skelter, see them fly!
Then the drum beats Retreat, then the drum beats Retreat,
And we fire the Feu-de-joie.

Now over the bottle our valour we boast,
While the drum, while the drum, while the drum, beats a roll ev'ry toast;
For old England now huzza!
There well-doing, love, dance, and play;
And the drum we'll unbrace, and the drum we'll unbrace,
Till a war again call us away.

Vivace.



That Od - di - ties now are the taste of the age, With me you'll agree, that I dare to engage; Though per - haps you may say I'm



in the wrong road, Yet still I'll declare t'ye, that's mighty odd, That's mighty odd, that's mighty odd, Yet still I'll declare t'ye



that's mighty odd.

Our teachers preach virtue to all hearers round,
And honesty is the best policy found;
But not one believes them, not even the plod;
'Tis strange, Sir, to me,—but 'tis still mighty odd.

In wedlock, to day, a young couple shall join,
Who swear to be true, with each other combine;
Should it happen for life, when in Hymen's abode,
A circumstance, sure, that would be very odd.

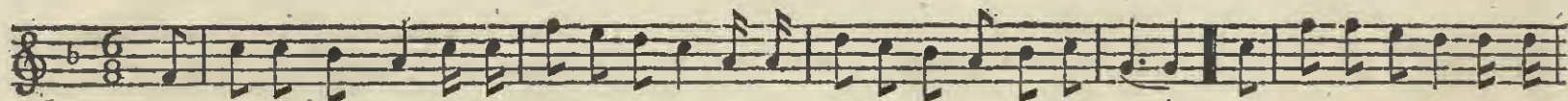
Suppose a man wed to one wife and discreet,
Who's virtuous, and fair too, and void of deceit;
Shou'd the coxcomb grow jealous, think horns on his nod,—
'Tis a thing very common—but yet mighty odd.

The virgins of fifteen, who dress fine and gay,
To tempt the young fellows, that come in their way,
Though willing, when ask'd, (back'd by Cupid their god,)
They faintly deny :—is'nt that mighty odd?

In a coach there's an oddity oft to be seen,
And without are more oddities oft than within;
That I'm sn odd fellow appears very plain,
When thus I so oddly, sir, finish my strain.

THE CAUTION

61



The lass that would know how to manage a man, Let her listen and learn it from me: His courage to quail, or his



heart to tremble, As the time and occasions agree, agree, As the time and occasions agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
May wheedle the clown, or the beau;
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit
By the use of that pretty word—No.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
A present, a treat, or a ball;
She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
And No, be her answer to all.

When the powder'd toupes in crouds round her chat,
Each striving his passion to shew;
With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all that,
Let her answer be still No, no, no.

But when Master Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go;
A house, and a coach, and a jointure in land,
She's an idiot, if then she says No.

When'er she's attack'd by a youth full of charms;
Whose courtship proclaims him a man;
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
Then let her say No, if she can.

POLLY WILLIS.



At - tend ye e - ver tune - ful swains that in me - lo - dious lul - ling strains of Cloe sing or Phillis,



Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse, a braid me not whilst I re - hearfe, the charms of Pol - ly Willis.

Tho' languid & and poor in thought,
No simile shall here be brought
From roses, pinks and lilies,
Some meaner beauties they may hit,
But sure no simile can fit,
The charms of Polly Willis.

A simile to match her hair,
Her lovely forehead high and fair;
Beyond my greatest skill is,
How then, ye Gods! can be express'd,
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amarillis;
Frame all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
Of pleasing shape, and killing air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
All beauty must in time decay,
Yet in her power there still is,
A charm which shall for life endure,
I mean the spotless mind, and pure,
Of charming Polly Willis.

ANGELIC FAIR:

63

Affettuoso.

An - ge - lic fair, beneath yon pine, On gras - sy verdure, let's re - cline, And like the morn be gay, And like the morn
be gay: See how Au - ro - ra smiles on spring; See how the larks a - rise and sing, To hail the in - fant day, To
hail the infant day.

MUSIC shall wake the morn; the day
Shall roll unheeded, as we play
In wiles impell'd by love:
When weary, we will deign to rest,
Alternate on each other's breast,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness
Than I, possessing thee, possess;
All care is banish'd hence:
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
In what superior pleasure lies,
Than love and innocence!

THE BONNY SCOT.

Ye gales that gent - ly wave the sea, And please the can - ny boat - man, Bear me frae hence, or bring to me My
brave, my bon - ny, Scot - man. In ha - ly bands We join'd our hands, Yet may not this dis - co - ver; While
parents rate a large e - state, Be - fore a faith - ful lo - ver.

But I loor chuse in highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat—man,
Ere I could for sick little ends,
Refuse my bonny Scot—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion,
Frae-greedy views,
Love's art to use,
While stranger to its passion,

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawny mouth,
And in her bosom hawsec thee.
Love gies the word,
Then haste on board,
Fair winds, and tenty boat—man:
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder shore,
My blythe, my bonny, Scot—man.

THE SEASON OF LOVE.

A new Song Composed by Mr. Busby.

65

Moderato

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the piano and a bass clef staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the piano staff. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are: 'In spring, my dear Shepherds, your flowrets are gay; they breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May. In spring, in spring, in spring, my dear Shepherds, your flowrets are gay; Sy They breathe all their sweets - - -'.

In spring, my dear Shepherds, your
flowrets are gay; they breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May. In spring, in spring, in spring, my dear
Shepherds, your flowrets are gay; Sy They breathe all their sweets - - -

breath e all their sweets in the sunshin e of May. Sy-

But hang down their heads when December draws near, The

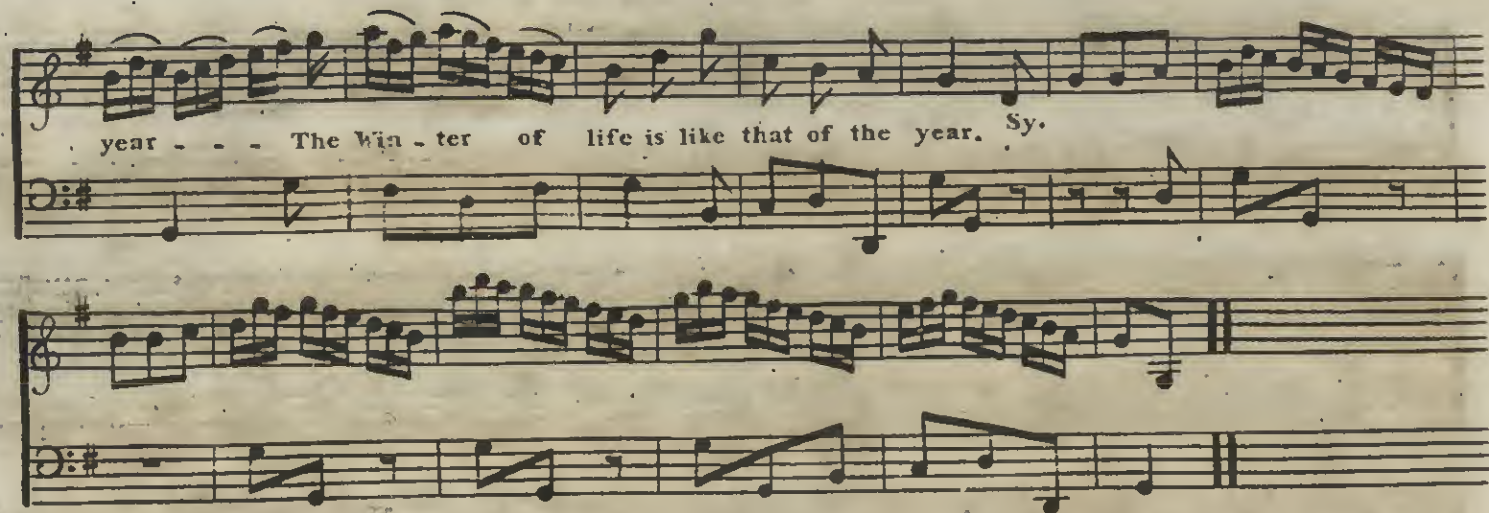
Winter of life is like that of the year. The Winter of life

The Win - ter of life is like that of the

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). It features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some words split across lines. The piece concludes with a final cadence on the bass staff.

THE SEASON OF LOVE.

67



The Lark and the Linnets that chaunt o'er the plains,
 All, all are in love while the summer remains;
 Their sweethearts in Autumn no longer are dear;
 The Winter of life is like that of the year.

The season of love is when youth's in its prime,
 Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, ne'er neglect the sweet time;
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear;
 The Winter of life is like that of the year.

BRING ME, FLOW'RS.

Melody hy a Correspondent; Symphony and Bass by Mr. Busby.

Allegretto Bring me

Flow'rs and bring me Wine, Boy at-tend thy Masters call; round my brows let Myrtles twine, at my

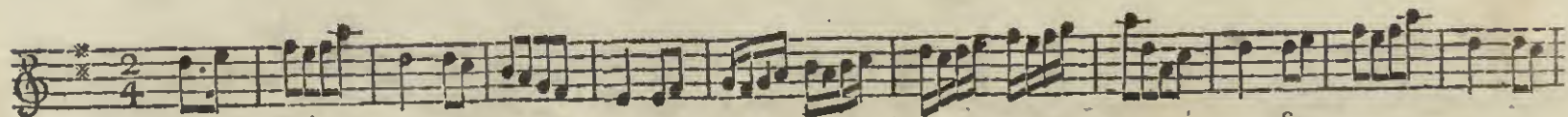
feet let Roses fall. Breathe in softest notes the Flute, forso't the Song and sound the Lute; let thy

gentler accents flow, as the whispring Zephyrs blow. Sy.

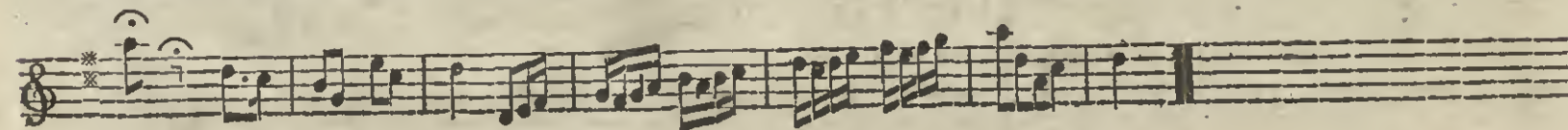
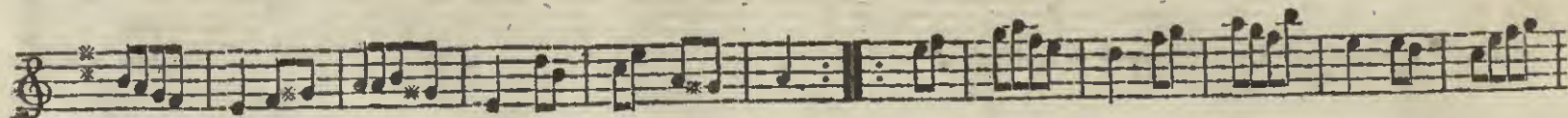
Sorrow would annoy my heart,
But I hate it's baneful sting;
Joy shall chase the rapid dart,
I will laugh, and I will sing.

What avails the down-cast eye?
What avails the tear, the sigh?
Why should grief obstruct our way,
When we live but for a day?

FLUTE.



So.



Sy.

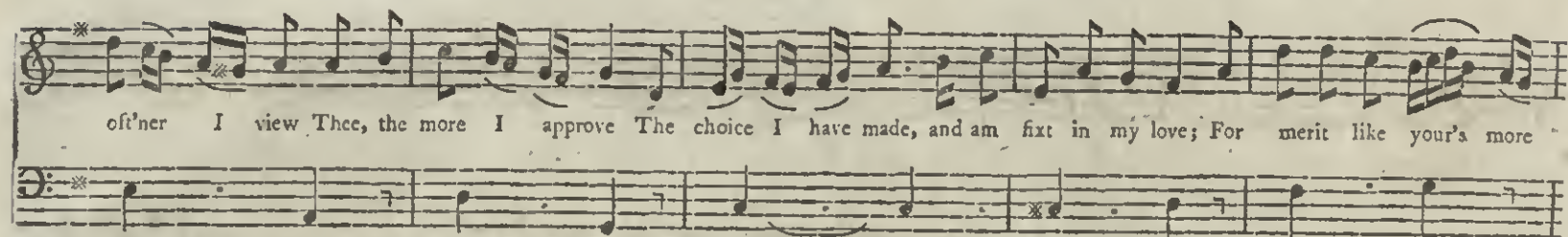
O WELCOME, MY LOVE!—A NEW SONG.

Composed by P. GARDINER.

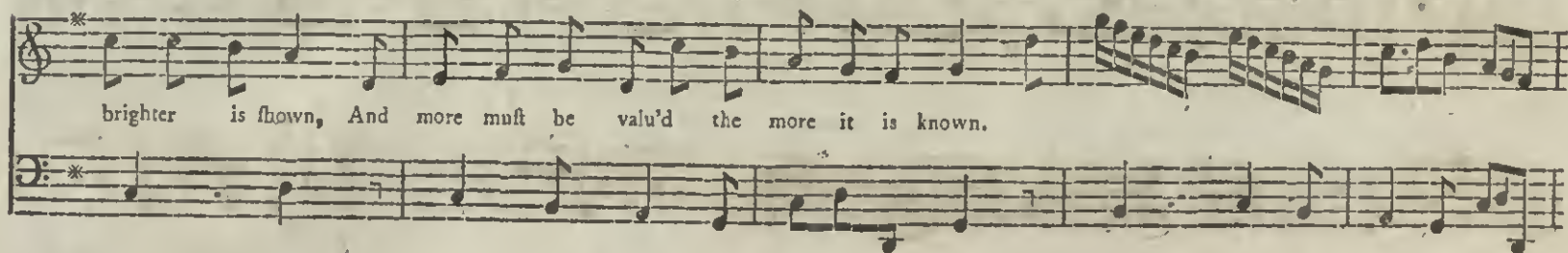
Siciliana.

O, welcome, my Love! how welcome to me, Is ev'ry oc-ca-sion of meeting with Thee, But when Thou art absent so

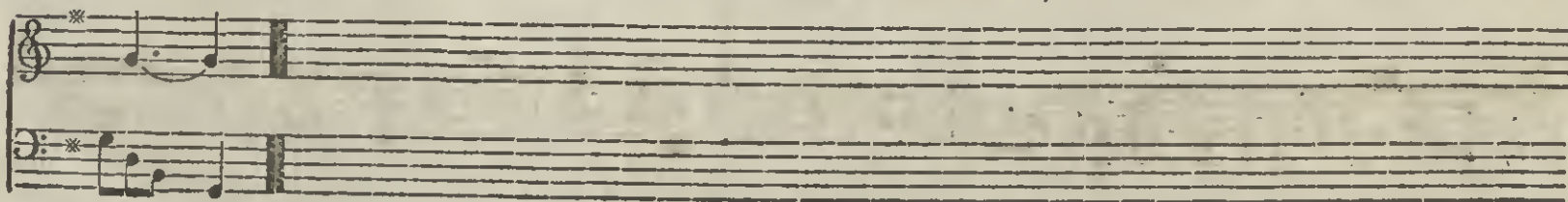
joy-less am I, That I can do nothing but hea-vi-ly sigh. The



oft'ner I view Thee, the more I approve The choice I have made, and am fixt in my love; For merit like your's more

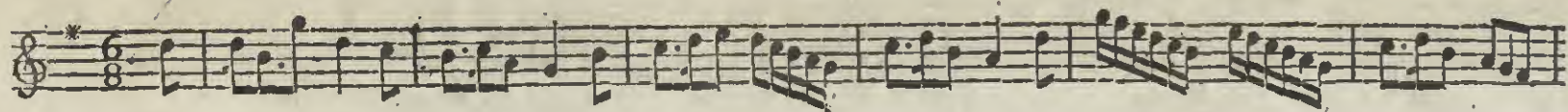


brighter is shown, And more must be valu'd the more it is known.



To live in a cot with Thee I could chuse,
And crowns for thy sake I would gladly refuse;
Not all the vast treasure of wealthy Pero,
To me were of value, if banish'd from you:

All my ambition to Thee is confin'd,
Heav'n grants all my wishes, if Sylvia prove kind;
Be Thou but constant, and happier I'll be,
Than if plac'd on a throne, to reign without Thee.



Siciliana.

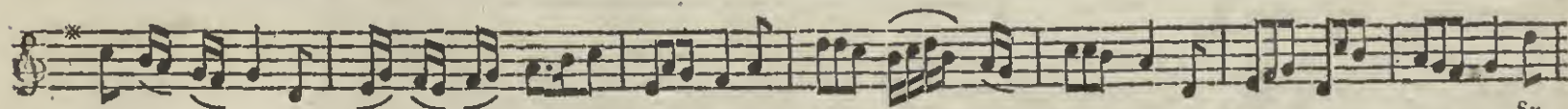


So.

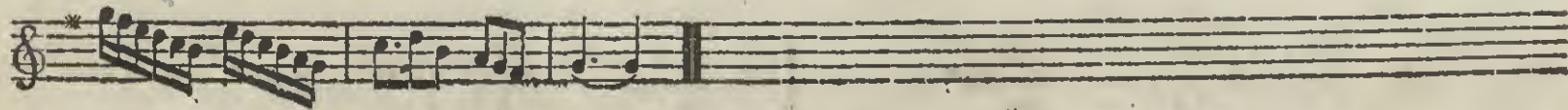


Sy.

So.

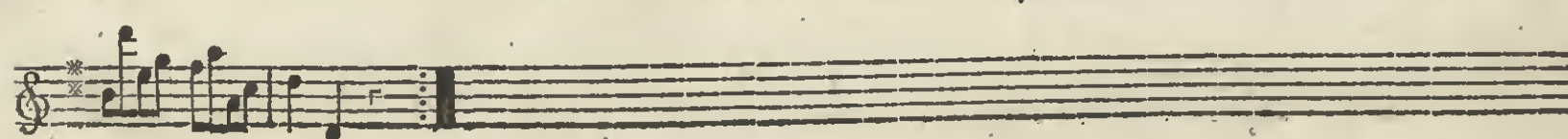
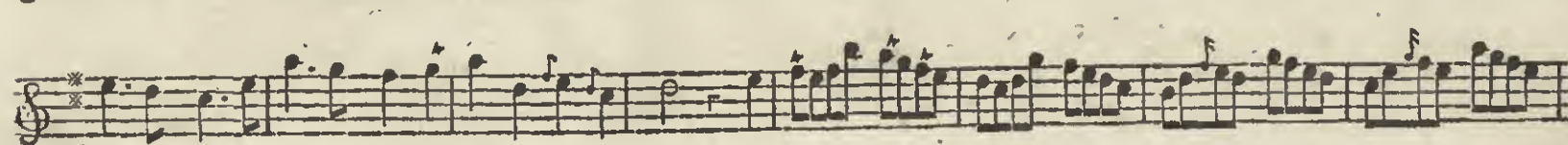
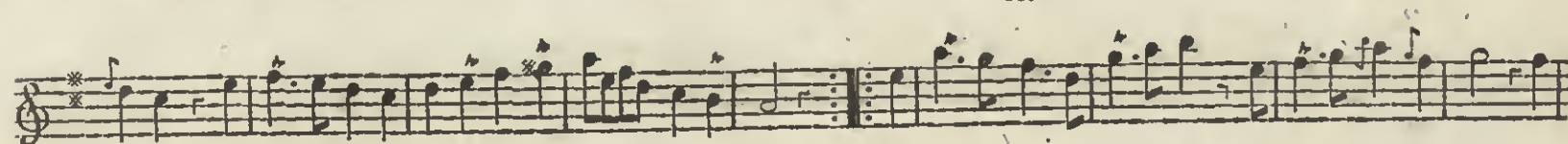
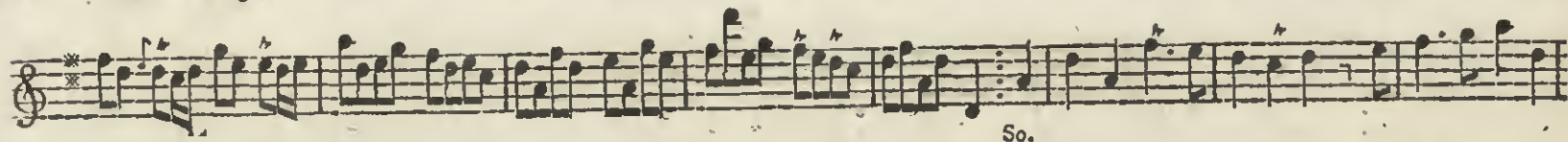
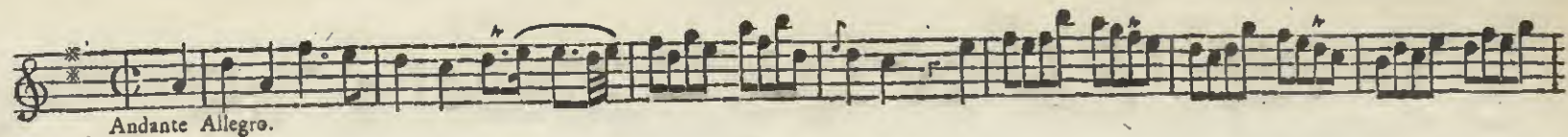


Sy.



FLUTE.

73



Andante Allegro.

My heart's my own, my will is free, And

so shall be my voice, No mortal man shall wed with me, Till first he's made my choice. Let parents rule, cry

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is written in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The lyrics are: "Nature's Law, And children still o - bey; And is there then no saving clause against ty - ran - nic sway? Against ty - ran - nic". The music is in a simple, folk-like style. The treble staff has a treble clef, and the bass staff has a bass clef. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes. The accompaniment in the bass staff uses a simple chordal pattern with some eighth notes. The lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font. The overall appearance is that of a printed sheet of music from a 19th-century publication.

Nature's Law, And children still o - bey; And is there then no saving clause against ty - ran - nic sway? Against ty - ran - nic

sway And is there then no saving clause Against ty - ran - nic

Sway?

6 6 6 4

Andante.

Oh! how shall I in lan-guage weak, My ardent passion tell, Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak, That

cru-el word fare - - well Fare - well! but know, tho' thus we part, My thoughts can ne - ver stray; Go

where I will, my constant heart Must with my charmer stay - - must with my charmer stay.

FLUTE.

Andante.

So.

Sy.

So,

Sy.

Andante Affettuoso.

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre, Which, in the garden, e - namels the ground; Near it the bees, in play,

flut - ter and cluster, And gaudy butter - flies fro - lic a - round: But wheo once pluck'd, 'tis no lon - ger al - lur - ing,

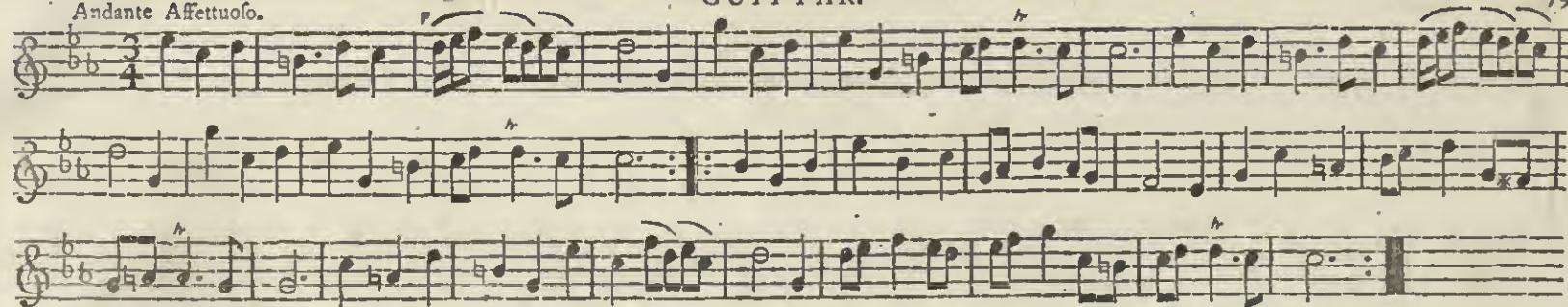
To Covent Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet) There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all en - during, rots, stinks, and dies, and is

trod un - der feet.

Andante Affettuoso.

GUITTAR.

79

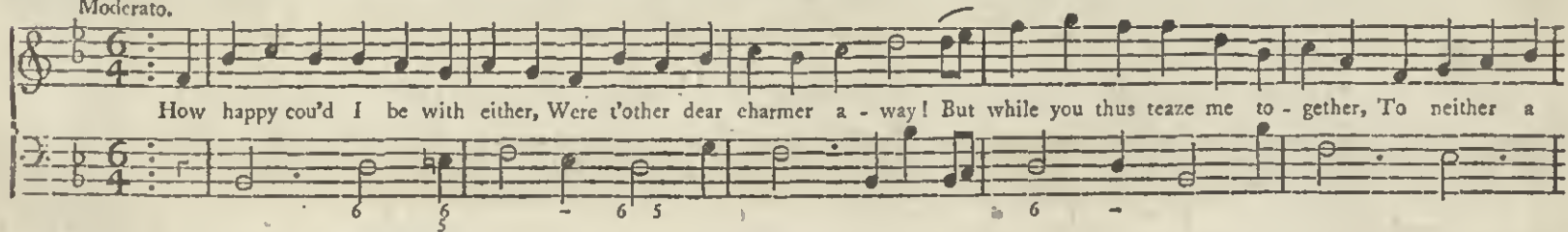


BEGGAR'S OPERA.]

(Macheath)

HOW HAPPY COULD I.

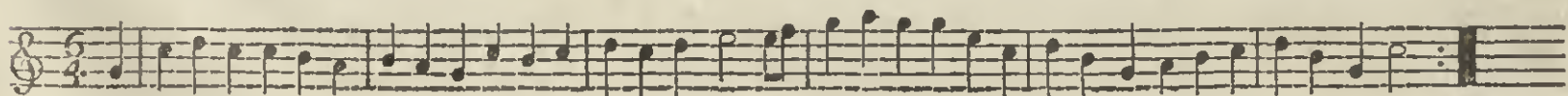
Moderato.



word will I say; But tol de rol, &c.



FLUTE or GUITTAR.



Allegro.

The wanton god who

pierces hearts, Dips in gall his pointed darts; But the nymph disdains to pine, Who baths the wound with rosy wine, Ro - sy wine,

ro - sy wine, Who bathes the wound with ro - sy wine.

Farewell,

farewel lovers when they're cloy'd, If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd, Sure the squeamish fops are free To rid me of dull com - pa - ny,

Sure they're free, Sure they're free, To rid me of dull com - pa - ny.

They have charms, while mine can please,
I love them much—but more my ease;
Jealous fears me ne'er molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.
Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I ask of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can.

WHY HEAVES MY FOND BOSOM.

Andante.

The first system of the musical score. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a fermata over the final measure. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with whole and half notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante.'.

Why heaves my fond bo - som, ah! what can it mean? Why flut - ters my heart which was once so fe -

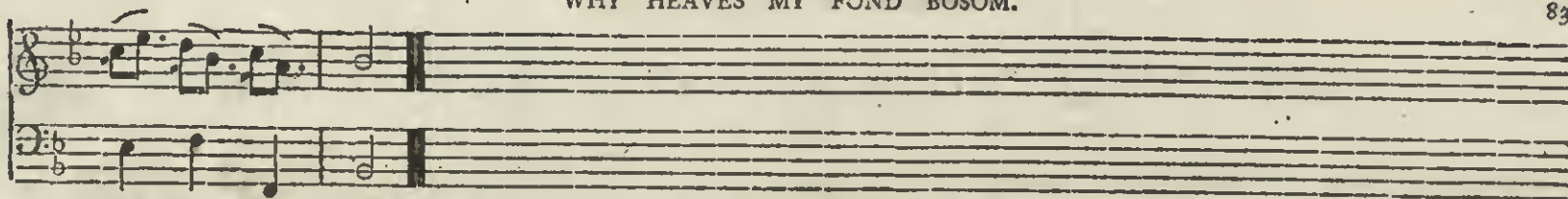
The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The melody continues with a fermata over the word 'mean?'. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

rene? Why this sigh - ing and trembling when Daph - ne is near? Or, why, when she's ab - sent, this

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics continue. The melody features a fermata over the word 'near?'. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

for a row and fear? Or, why, when she's absent, this for - row and fear?

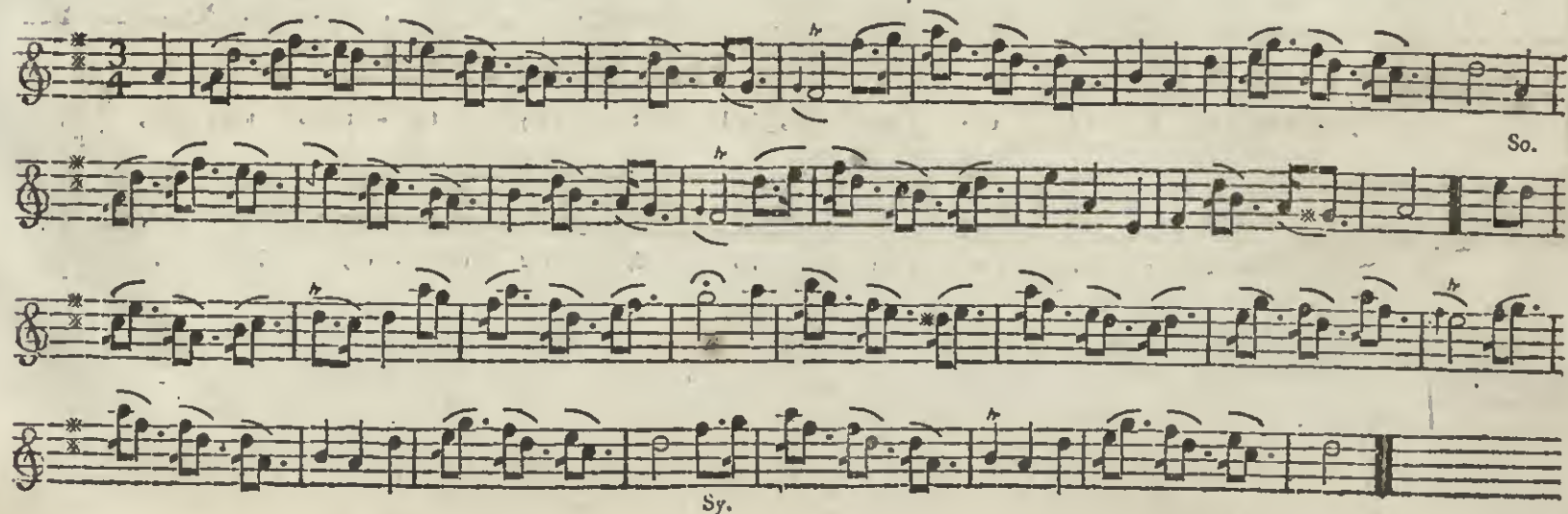
The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics conclude the phrase. The melody ends with a fermata. The bass staff concludes with its accompaniment.



For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace,
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
Each moment I view Thee new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unsully'd by pride,
There native good-humour, and virtue reside;
Pray Heaven, that Virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without Thee must die.

FLUTE.



CATCH for Four Voices.

Composed by Dr. NAAES.

O, fairest Maid! I own thy pow'r, I gaze, I sigh, and lan - guish;
Yet e - ver, e - ver must a - dore, And tri - umph in my an - guish.
Ease then, O Charmer! ease my pain, And let my tor - ments move Thee,
As Thou art fair - est of the fair, So I, the dear - est, love Thee.

CATCH for Three Voices.

35

Composed by Dr. GREEN.

Affettuoso.

How soft the delights, and how charming the joy, Where Love and Enjoy - ment each o - ther sup - port! How

Let the cy - ni - cal fool call plea - sure a toy, Who ne'er fame in the camp had, nor love in the court. The

O so kindly the combat each o - ther succeed, Where 'tis triumph to die, and a pleasure to bleed, Where 'tis.

soft the delights, and how charming the joy, Where Love and En - joy - ment each o - ther support!

cy - ni - cal fool - - - - - Who ne'er fame in the camp had, nor love in the court.

triumph to die, and a pleasure to bleed, and a plea - sure, a pleasure to bleed,

FILL ME A BOWL. Music by CORPE.

Spirito.

Fill me a bowl, a might - ty bowl, Large as my ca - pa - cious soul.

Fill me a bowl, a might - ty bowl, Large as my ca - pa - cious soul, Vast as my thirst is, let it have

depth e - nough to be my grave; I mean the grave of all my

care, For I de - sign to bur - ry't there: Let it of

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a similar rhythmic pattern.

fil - ver fa - hion'd be, Wor - thy of wine, worthy of me;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a more complex melodic line with some grace notes (marked 'h'). The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Wor - thy to a - dorn the spheres, Wor - thy to a - dorn the spheres, As that bright cup, As that bright cup a -

The third system introduces a new melodic phrase. The upper staff has several measures with grace notes. The bass staff has some measures with a sharp sign (#) indicating a key change or a specific harmonic effect.

mongst the stars. Fill me a howl, a migh - ty howl, Large as my ca - pa - cious soul.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The melody in the upper staff ends with a final cadence. The bass staff also concludes with a final cadence. The piece ends with a double bar line.

FLUTE.

Spiritofo.

So. *Sy.*

So.

Sy. *So.*

Sy. *So.*

So. *Sy.*

So.

Moderately.

THURSDAY IN THE MORN.

89

Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May, (Recorded be for e - ver the famous ninety - two) Brave Ruffel did discern, by
break of day, The lofty sails of France advancing to. All hands a - lost they cry; let English courage shine; Let fly a cul - verine, the
fig - nal for the line; Let ev'ry man sup - ply his gun, Follow me, you shall see That the battle it will soon be won. Follow
me, you shall see That the battle it will soon be won.

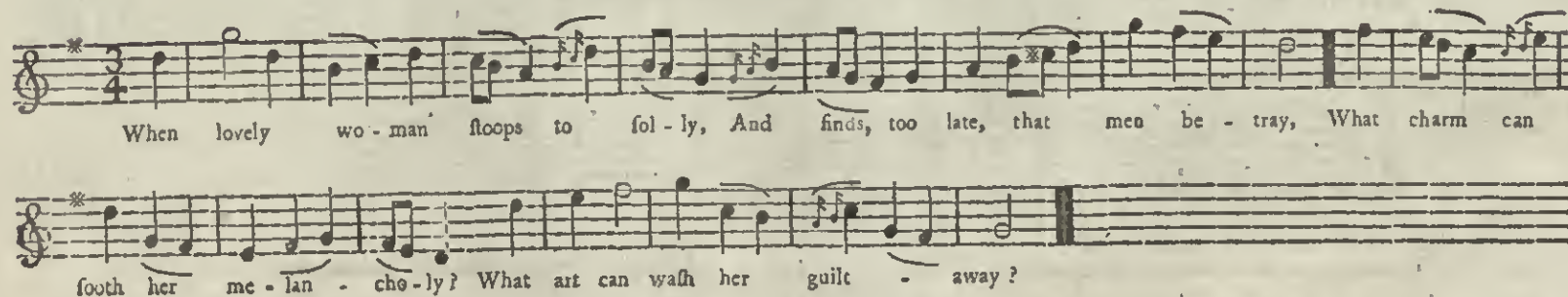
Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat o'er the deep;
He led his noble troops of heroes bold
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire!
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst the flood all with blood
Fills the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smok, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore!
Their regulated bands stood trembling near
To see their lofty streamers oow no more!
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led
To give the second blow—the total overthrow.
Now death and horror equal reign!
Now they cry, Run or die!
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

See, they fly, amaz'd, o'er rocks and sands !
 One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate:
 In vain they cry'd for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
 For evermore adieu, thou ever-dazzling Sun !
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun !
 Enough, thou mighty god of war !
 Now we sing, Bless the king,
 Let us drink to ev'ry English tar !

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

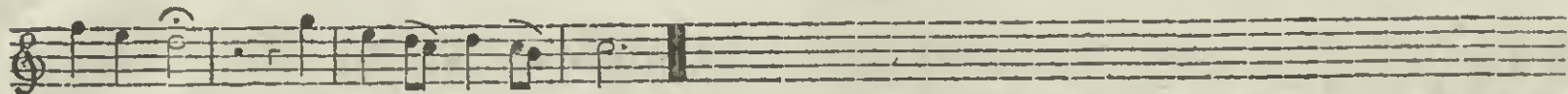
From GOLDSMITH's *Vicar of Wakefield*.



The only art, her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die !



What is there in this foolish life, For which we vainly hope, That mortal wights can call their own! Riches are on a



sudden flown, And ev'n our wives e - lope.

We cannot find that fought-for stone,
Nor yet life's grand elixir:
Beauty is frail; and, as for fame,
She's grown so slippery a dame,
No foul on earth can fix her.

Heath is unwilling long to stay,
And quacks themselves grow sick:
Honours but small distinctions make;
What odds, when footmen drink and rake;
And nobles run a tick?

Some tell you, wise and virtuous souls
Have th' only certain good;
But, spite of philosophic rules,
Old age and crosses make us fools,
Temptations make us lewd.

Nay, when thou seest the blushing wine
Red sparkling in thy hand,
Thou'lt think, at least, this liquor's mine,
Though all the envious powers combine,
Yet this I dare command.

But ah! a thousand things fall out
Betwixt the lip and cup;
With caution put the glass about,
The coming pledge hangs still in doubt,
'Till you have drank it up.

But when, delicious through the throat,
We feel the stream run down,
We've found the mighty thing we sought:
That's our's indeed; that that dear draught
We justly call our own.

BID ME, WHEN FORTY WINTERS.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is a simple, flowing tune. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Bid me, when for - ty winters more Have fur - row'd deep my pal - lid brow ; When from my head, a scan - ty store,

Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ; When the warm tide, that, bold and strong, Now rolls im - pe - tuous on and free, Languid and slow, scarce

steals a - long ; Then bid me court so - bri - e - ty, Then bid me court so - bri - e - ty.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
 Unerring guide, could only mean
 That age should reason, youth desire.
 Shall then, that rebel man presume,
 Inverted nature's law to seize
 The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?
 And join impossibilities ?

Let me waste the frolic May
 In wanton joy and wild excess ;
 In revel sport and laughter gay,
 And mirth and rosy cheerfulness.
 Woman, the soul of all delights,
 And wine, the aid of love be near ;
 All charms me that to joy incites,
 And ev'ry she that's kind is fair,
 And ev'ry she that's kind is fair.

O TRUE CONTENT!

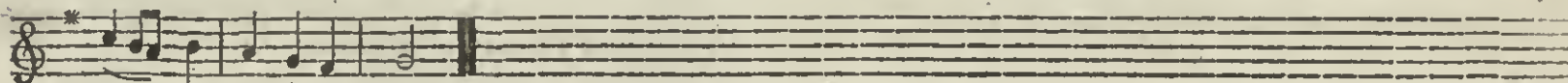
93



O true Con - tent! se - cure from harms! What's all the world with - out thy charms, Which still al -



lure to rest? Compar'd there - with, all earth - ly joys Are emp - ty, fad - ing, tri - fling, toys; In



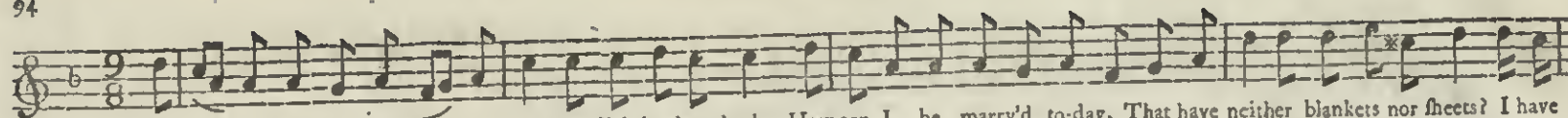
Thee man - kind are blest.

Bereft of thee, not monarchs have
Such pleasure as the meanest slave
To whom thou giv'st relief;
Thee subjects shew profound respect,
Nor duty wilfully neglect;
Thy absence causes grief.

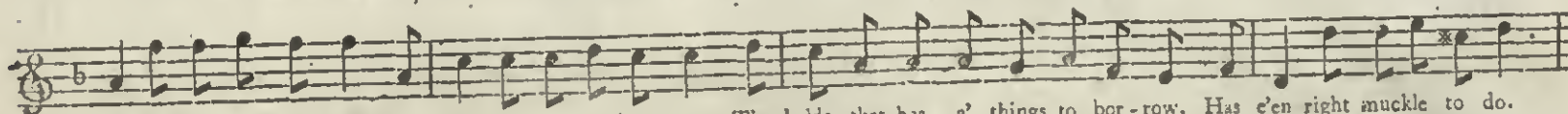
But where thou reign'st there's solid peace,
Through thee, true virtue does increase;
Thy countenance expels
The gloomy prospects of despair,
It dissipates the slavish fear,
With whomsoever it dwells.

Come then, thou pleasing beauty bright,
Reside with me both day and night,
Display thy lovely charms;
Be thou diffus'd within my breast,
And let me still securely rest
Enfolded in thy arms!

SCOTCH SONG.

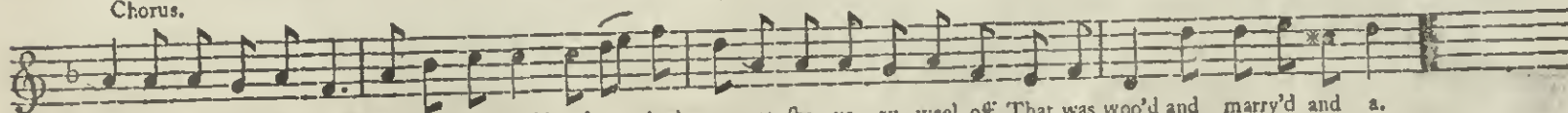


The bride came in from the barn, And she was dighting her cheeks: How can I be marry'd to-day, That have neither blankets nor sheets? I have



neither blankets nor sheets; I want a co-vering too: The bride, that has a' things to bor-row, Has e'en right muckle to do.

Chorus.



Woo'd and marry'd and a, Marry'd and woo'd and a, And was not she va-ry weel off That was woo'd and marry'd and a.

Then first spakeup the bride's mother;

The de'il stick a this pride,
I had not a plack in my pocket
The day I was made a bride.

My gown was linsie-wiosie,
And never a fark at a.

And you have gowns and buskins
More than ane or twa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Then spake the bride's father,

As he came in frae the plough,
Ha'd your tongue, my daughter,
And ye'se get gear enough.

The stirk that gangs on the tether,
And our braw-bassen'd yade,
To lead your corn in harveil,

What wad ye'hae mair, ye jade?

Woo'd and married, &c.

What is the matter? quo' Donald,

Though we be scarce o' claiiths,

We'll creep the closer together,

And fley away the flaes.

The summer is coming on,

And we'll get puckles of woo,

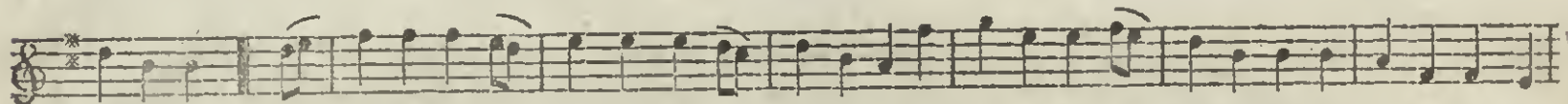
We'll see a la's of our ain,

And she'll spin blankets enough.

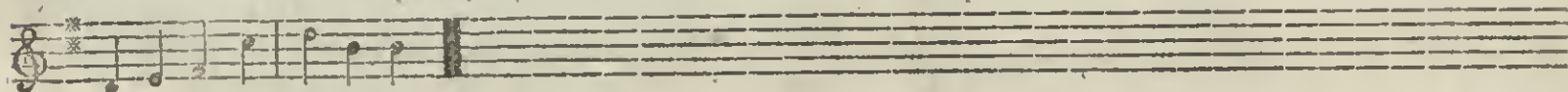
Woo'd and married, &c.



St. Patrick was an honest soul, No Saint did e - ver look so big, No fin - ner of the flowing bowl So hearty e - ver



took a swig. Och! whisky rare, so long he'd swill, As Dublin could a glass afford. Of love too th'old boy took his fill, None



so an I - rish lass ador'd.

But, rest his soul! he is no more,
Since Death, that *taef*, has seiz'd him fast;
No toping boy on th' Irish shore,
So merry ever breath'd his last;
The tribute to dear Pat we'll give,
Of tears that fill the merry bowl,
Tho' dead, his name shall ever live
In honest Paddy's very soul.

Come, boys, and fill your bumpers up,
We'll have no cares or sorrow near;
To-day we'll drown in t'other cup,
And never for to-morrow fear:
'Tis what our patron did of old,
Who spent his days in glee and fun,
We'll toast St. Patrick now he's cold,
And drink and love as he has done.

Ist HEED NOT, WHILST LIFE'S.

Vivace. I heed not, while life's on the wing, What fate, or what fortune, may bring, Nor think or of care, or of for-row, Nor

think or of care, or of for-row: Would you know why so happy and gay I've liv'd, my companions, to-day, And will

waste not a thought on to-mor-row, Will waste not a thought on to-mor-row.

What pleasures already are flown,
 The joys my fond heart might have known;
 I could not repeat without sorrow;
 When eagerly brimm'd, the brisk wine,
 When love, half consenting, was mine,
 A whisper came, Stay till to-morrow.

I'll live, for I'm wiser at last;
 The present will pay for the past,
 No moment of future I'll borrow,
 The cheat now I fairly decry;
 On to day you must only rely,
 Look not for a friend in to-morrow.

I'll catch ev'ry swift-flying hour,
 I'll taste ev'ry joy in my pow'r,
 And teach you to smile away sorrow;
 If Love now bids Beauty be kind,
 If you've nectar to gladden your mind,
 Have nothing to do with to-morrow.



MISS BROADHURST OF

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Published as the Artists, by W. Locks, Oct. 1. 1792.

A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG.

97

The Words by Capt. MORRIS.

The Music by Mr. BUSBY.

Allegretto.

pia. forte

My

Spirits are mounting, my heart's full of glee, Sweet Hope, like a rose, on my bumper I see; My cares are all colour'd with

A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG.

joy as they pass, And my soul is all sunshine when light by my glass. A -

way from my view fly the world and its strife, The banquet of Fancy's the seat of my life; All Love's melting e - ner - gies

Chorus.
melt in my soul, And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl, And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl, And the

A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG.

99

fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl, And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl.

pia. for.

You ask why I drink! and my reason is plain,
To gild with bright colours life's picture again;
From the cold tract of care my warm heart to remove,
And revel transported with Nature and Love.
The fairer I fill to the fairer I think,
Mine is not a clay that grows muddy with drink;
The bubbles that rise, in gay colours are drest,
And Love, the soft sediment, lies at my beaust.

My spirits in bursts of wild sympathy start,
And Friendship's kind current flows pure from my heart;
An ardour so social ennobles each thought,
And I curse the cold maxims dame Prudence has taught.
Then give me, great gods! but a friend with my wine,
Whose heart has been heated and soften'd like mine;
In social effusion we'll cherish each soul,
And share the wild magic that lies in our bowl.

FLUTE.

Handwritten musical score for Flute, page 100. The score consists of six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, key signatures, time signatures, notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the sixth staff.

Dynamic markings and performance instructions:

- pia.* (piano) appears on the second staff.
- for.* (forte) appears on the second staff.
- So.* (Solo) appears on the second staff.
- Sym.* (Symphony) appears on the third staff.
- So.* (Solo) appears on the fourth staff.
- Chorus.* appears on the fifth staff.
- pia.* (piano) appears on the sixth staff.
- for.* (forte) appears on the sixth staff.
- Sym.* (Symphony) appears on the sixth staff.

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

101

A NEW SONG.

By J. D.

The Melody regulated, and the Bass and Symphony added, by Mr. BUSBY.

Moderato.

pia.

for.

The trumpet resounds from a - - far The clangor of arms to pro-

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

claim, Brave Mars calls his foldiers to war, To laurels of honour and fame; The drum summons loud to the

6 7 * 6 6 6 4 * 4 6

field, And love to my fair summons too, But fondness to glory must yield, Your

6 5 6 4 * 6

foldier must part from his Sue; But fondness to glo - ry must yield, Your Soldier must part from his

6 6 6 6 4 5

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

103



In slaughter and battle's alarms,
For vengeance when pants ev'ry heart,
When the hero swift rushes to arms,
To encounter the death-pointed dart;
'Midst bloodshed that purples the ground,
With carnage and horror in view,
Tho' smarting and deep be his wound,
Your Soldier shall think on his Sue.

Should Fate doom your Soldier to fall,
With pleasure he sinks to the grave,
Of death ne'er repine at the call,
Nor weep for the loss of the brave;
But if for his country and king
Death spares him to venture a-new,
A lover's impatience shall wing
Your Soldier's return to his Sue.

Then don't be faint-heated, my dear,
Nor fall to dull sorrow a prey,
Let Hope wipe away ev'ry tear,
That starts when your Soldier's away;
Return'd from the perils of war,
With heart ever constant and true,
He'd forget ev'ry danger and fear,
When blessed in the arms of his Sue.

WHAT SHEPHERD OR NYMPH.

A Pastoral Song.

The Music by Mr. BATTISHILL

What shepherd or nymph of the grove, Can blame me for dropping a tear; Or la - menting aloud as I

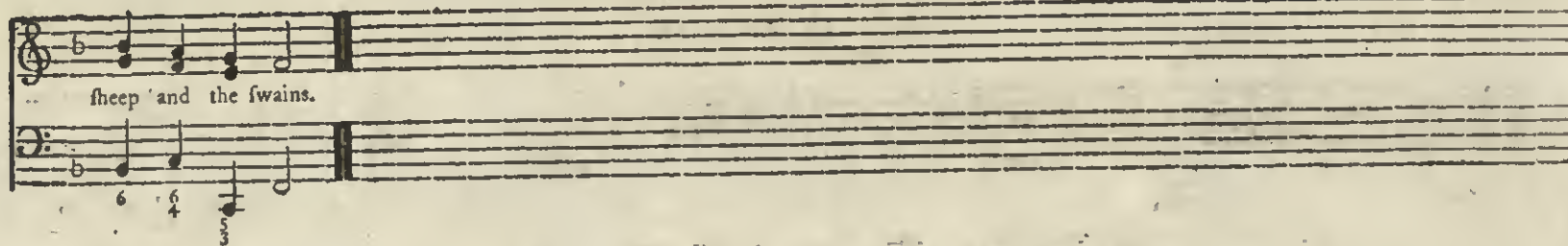
The first system of music is in G major, 6/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

rove, Since Sil - via no longer is here! My flocks if at random they stray, What wonder since she's from the

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

plains; Her hand they were wont to o - bey, She - - rul'd both the sheep and the fwains, She rul'd both the

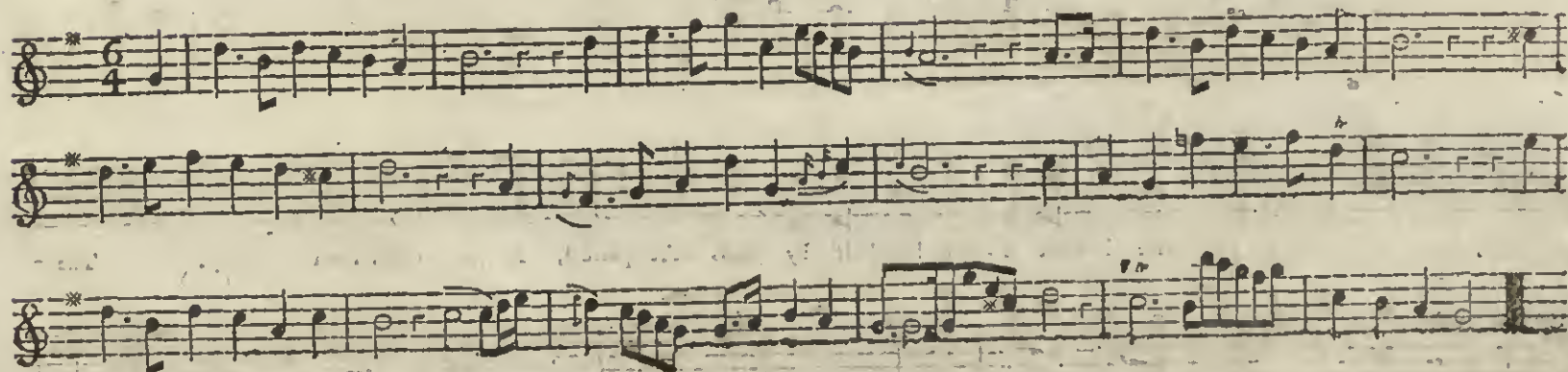
The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.



Can I ever forget how I stray'd,
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill;
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill!
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind gods could impart,
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art;
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that is lovely is drest,
 For the Graces were throng'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

FLUTE.



LET PLEASURE GO ROUND.

Composed by Mr. BATES.

Vivace.

Let pleasure go

round, let us laugh and sing, let us laugh and sing, boys! Let humour a - bound, and joy fill the day; If sorrow in -

trude, drive it out a - gain, drive it out a - gain, boys! If by griefs we're pursu'd, let us drink them a - way. The

LET PLEASURE GO ROUND.

107

pleasures of wine make a mortal di-vine; For, let but a bot-tle get in-to your noddle, No power or

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with longer note values. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

art can such virtue im-part, For raising the spirits and cheering the heart.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features similar note values and rests as the first system. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

The third system shows the continuation of the musical piece. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a few notes followed by a double bar line. The bass staff also has a few notes followed by a double bar line. This system appears to be the end of the piece on this page.

THE DECISION.

Composed by Dr. Boyce.

Allegro. My

Florio, wildest of his sex (Who sure the veriest faint wou'd vex), From fair to fair is ranging, From fair to fair is

ranging; Yet, tho' abroad the wanton roam, When'er he deigns to stay at home, He's kinder for his changing, He's

kinder for his changing.

Tho' something to each charming she,
In thoughtless prodigality,
He's granting, still and granting;
To Phillis that, to Cloe this,
And ev'ry Madam, ev'ry Miss,
Yet I find nothing wanting.

If basely I his will displease,
Tempestuous as th' autumnal seas,
He foams and rages ever;
But when he ceases from his ire,
I cry, Such spirit, and such fire,
Is surely wond'rous clever!

I ne'er want reason to complain—
But sweet is pleasure after pain,
And ev'ry joy grows greater;
Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
I shou'd not like him half so well,
If I could make him better.

FLUTE.

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. It is marked 'Allegro.' and ends with the instruction 'So.'. The second and third staves continue the melody with various musical notations including slurs and ties. The fourth staff ends with the instruction 'Sym.'.

WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE.—Composed by Dr. ARNE.

Andante.

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go, What anguish I felt at my heart, And I

thought, but it might not be so, She was for-ry to see me de-part; She cast such a languishing view, My path I could

scarcely dis-cern, so sweetly she bade me a-dieu, I thought that she bade me re-turn, I thought that she

bade me re - turn.

Methinks she might like to retire,
To the grove I had labour'd to rear,
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasten'd and planted it there;
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and wherever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
To paint the dear charms I approve,
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love!
I sing in a rustical way,
A shepherd, and one of the throng,
Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
Go, poets, and envy my song.

FLUTE.

Andante.

So.

THE PRAYER OF THE SICILIAN MARINERS:

An esteemed Duet.

O sanc - tif - fi - ma, O pi - if - fi - ma, Dulcis Virgo, Ma - ri - - - a! Ma - ter a -

ma - ta; in - te - me - ra - ta, O - ra, O - ra pro no - - - bis.

LOVELY, YET UNGRATEFUL, SWAIN.

113

Composed by JOHN CHRISTIAN BACH.

In Tempo di Minuetto.

Love - ly, yet un - grate - ful, swain, Strive not to re - gain my

LOVELY, YET UNGRATEFUL, SWAIN.

heart, Ev' - - ry ten - der look is vain, Since you play'd a trai - - tor's part,

Since you play'd - - a trai - - tor's part - - - -, a trai - - tor's part.

All your oaths, and all your sighs, Once I fool - ish - ly be - liev'd, But Pas -

to - ra's joy - ful eyes, And your blushes, un - - de - ceiv'd, And your blushes un - de -

ceiv'd, un - de - ceiv'd. Strive not to re - gain a heart, True in love and

firm in pain, Whilst (tho' death should teach the art) Can, when slighted, flight a - gain.

Can, when slighted, flight a - gain - - - , flight a - gain.

HOW PLEAS'D WITHIN MY NATIVE BOW'RS.

Words by SHENSTONE.

The Music by Doctor ARNOLD.

Moderato.

How pleas'd with - in my na - - tive bow'rs, Ere while, Ere while, I pass'd the day, Was

e - - ver scene - - - so deck'd with flow'rs, Were e - ver, e - ver flow'rs so gay.

HOW PLEAS'D WITHIN MY NATIVE BOW'RS.

117

How sweet - ly smil'd the hill, the vale, And all, and

all the land - scape round ; The ri - ver glid - ing down the dale, The hill, the hill with beeches

crown'd.

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear ;
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And stop my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see ;
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS:

Composed by Dr. ARNE.

Andante.

When your beau - ty ap - pears in its

graces and airs, All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the skies, At distance I gaze, and am

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

119.

aw'd by my fears, So strangely, so strangely you daz - zle my eyes; So strangely, so strangely you daz - zle my

eyes.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of the first system.

But when, without art, your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein,
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman, a woman again.

There's a passion and pride in our sex, (she reply'd)
 And thus, might I gratify both, I would do;
 An angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman, a woman to you.

ON ANACREON.—(A Round for Three Voices)

Composed by Dr. HAYES.

This tomb be thine, A - na - cre - on, all a - round let i - vy wreath, all a - round let i - vy

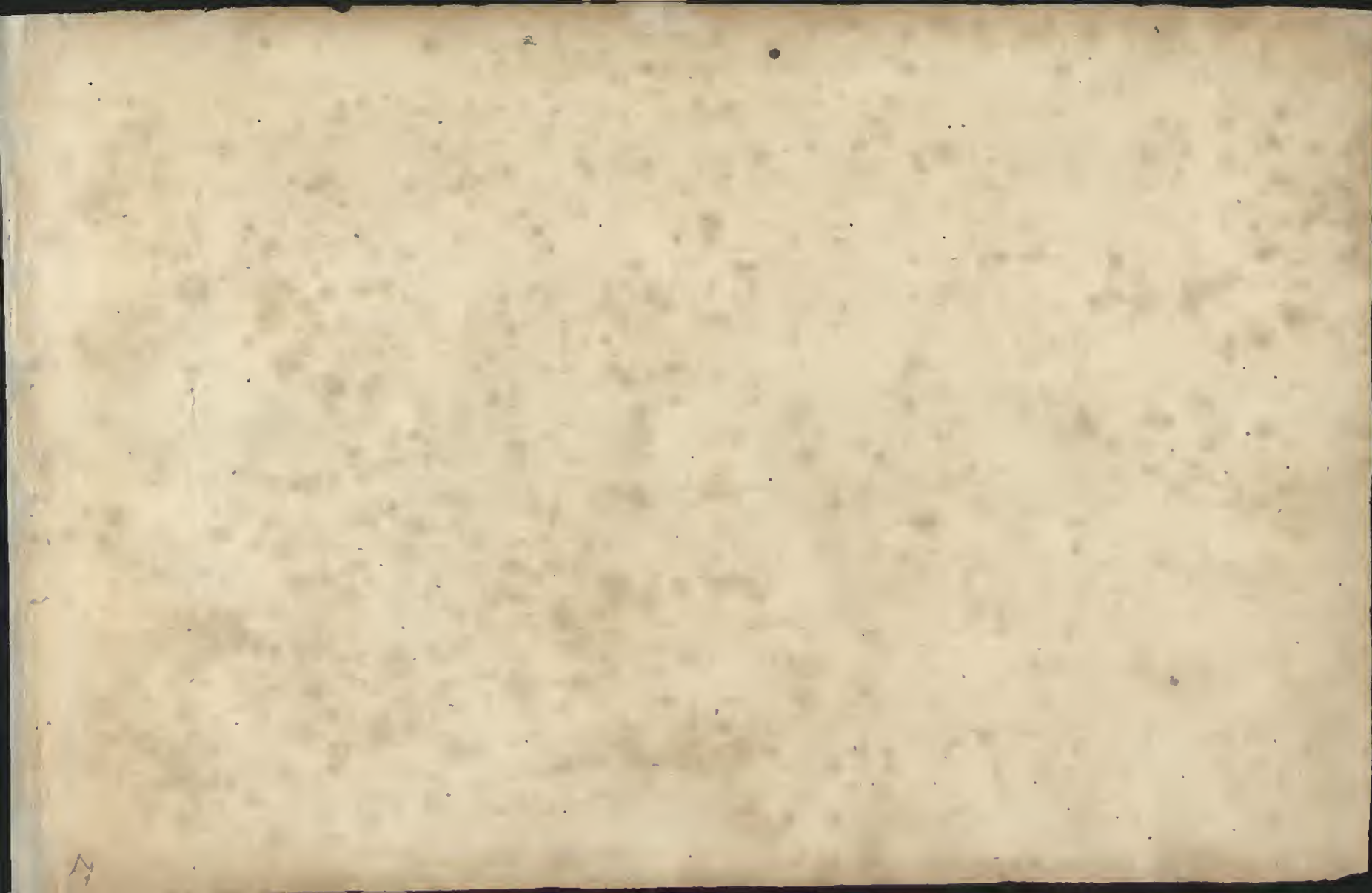
And from its earth, enrich'd with such, with such a prize, Let wells of milk, and streams of

So shall thine ashes yet a pleasure know - - - , So shall thine ashes yet a pleasure

wreath, let flow - 'rets deck the ground, let flow'rets deck - - - the ground;

wine, a - rise, Wells of milk, and streams of wine, a - rise, of wine a - rise:

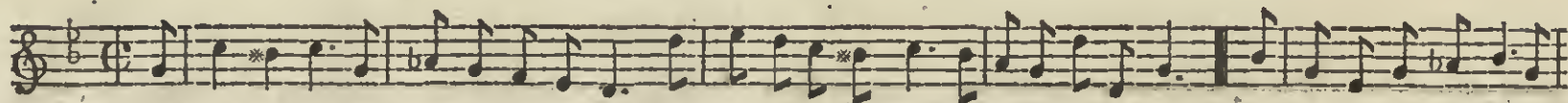
know, if any plea - sure reach the shade - - - , the shades below.





MR. DARLEY, as performing in under the the Orchestra at VAUXHALL.

Published as the Act directs, by W. Locke, Sept. 1, 1792.



The wheel of life is turning quickly round, And nothing in this world of certainty is found: The midwife wheels us in, and



Death wheels us out; Good luck! good luck! how things are wheel'd a-bout.

Some few aloft on Fortune's wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, the others tumble low:
For this we all agree, that Fate at first did will
That this great wheel should never one stand still.

Some turn to this, some to that, and ev'ry way,
And cheat and scrape for what can't purchase one poor day:
But this is far below the gen'rous-hearted man,
Who lives, and makes the most of life he can.

The courtier turns, to gain his private ends;
'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his friends:
Prosperity oft-times deceives the proud and vain,
And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.

And thus we're wheel'd about in life's short farce,
'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling hearse:
The Mid-wife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out,
Good luck! good luck! how things are wheel'd about.

THE INSENSIBLE;

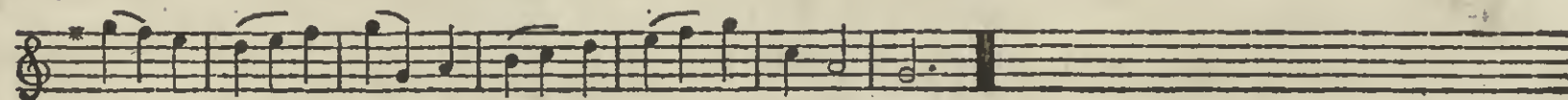
Written by a LADY.



Strephon hsth fashion, wit, and youth, With all things else that please; He nothing wants but love and



truth, To ru - in me with ease. But he is flint, and bears the art to kin - dle fierce de - fire, Whose



pow'r en - flames a - no - ther's heart, And he ne'er feels the fire.

Oh how it does my soul perplex,
 When I his charms recall;
 To think he should despise the sex,
 Or, what's worse, love them all.
 So that my heart, like Noah's dove,
 In vain has sought for rest;
 Finding no hopes to fix my love,
 Returns into my breast.

From sweet be - witching tricks of love, young men, your hearts se - cure, Left from the paths of sense you rove, In
 dotage pre - mature, In do - tage pre - ma - ture. Look at each lass through Wisdom's glass, Nor trust the naked
 eye. Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care; The blind drink many a fly, The blind drink many a fly.

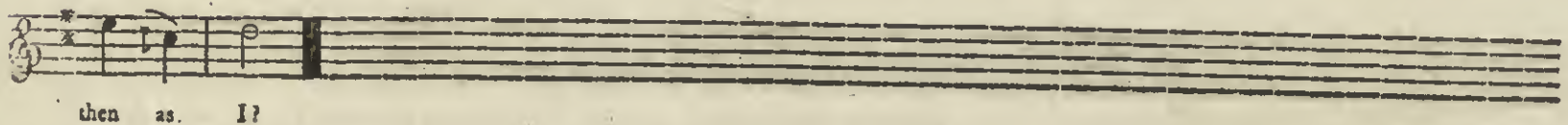
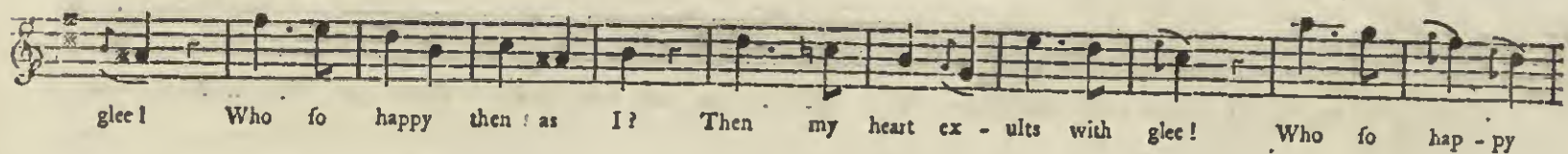
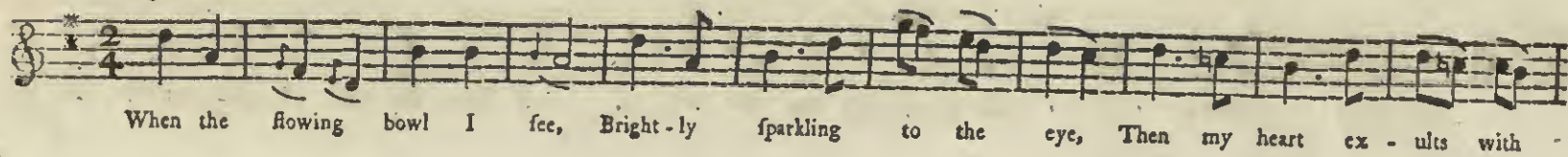
Not only on their hands and necks
 The borrow'd white you'll find;
 Some belles, when interest directs,
 Can even paint the mind.
 Joy in distress they can express;
 Their very tears can lie:
 Gallants, &c.

There's ev'ry spinster in the realm
 Knows how mankind to cheat,
 Down to the cottage from the helm,
 The learn'd, the brave, the great:
 With lovely looks and golden hooks
 T' intangle us they try:
 Gallants, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Were earth of parchment made,
 Were ev'ry single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade,
 To write the tricks of half the sex
 Would suck that ocean dry:
 Gallants, &c.

2 WHEN THE FLOWING BOWL.

Allegro.

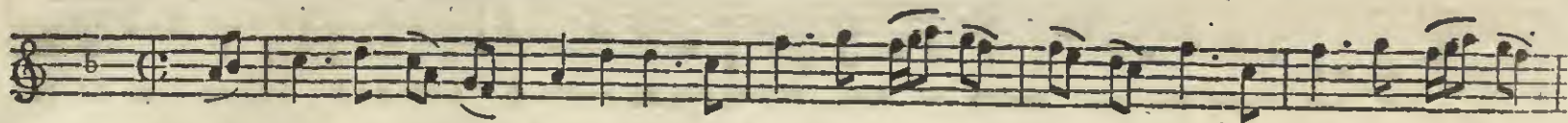


Mirth and friendship both unite,
 Love attends the pleasing toast;
 Monarchs envy such delight,
 Monarchs have not such to boast.

Fill again the nectar'd bowl,
 Nobly rising to the fight;
 Let me feast my raptur'd soul
 Now with joy and true delight!

AWAKE, YE DROWSY SWAINS.

125



A - wake, ye drowsy swains, awake, Be - hold the beauteous morning - break; An - ro - ra's man - tic



grey appears, And harmo - ny fa - lutes the ears.

The lark has soar'd a wond'rous height,
And, warbling, wings her airy flight;
The birds, soft-brooding o'er their nests,
Instruct their young from tuneful breasts.

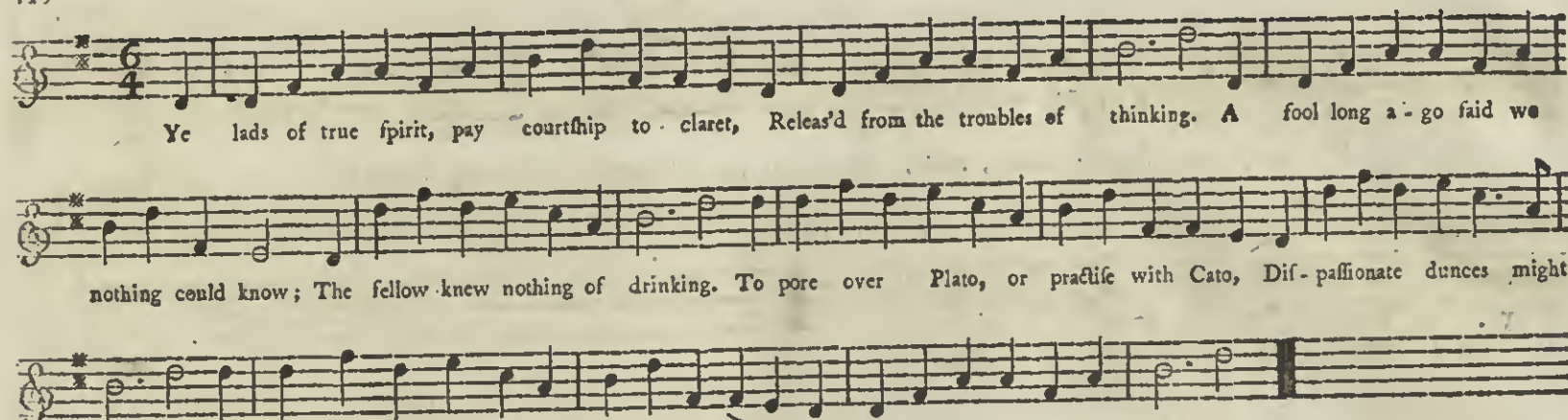
A thousand beauties fill the plains;
Each twig affords melodious strains;
Thro' ev'ry eastern tree, and bush,
The virgin-day appears to blush.

Already Damon with his crook
Attends his flock at yonder brook;
The charming Cloe's by his side,
Of all the nymphs the shepherd's pride.

Unhappy Suggards in their beds,
With parched throats, and aching heads,
Have shut out day, and all its bliss,
To revel in a strumpet's kiss:

While rural swains enjoy the morn,
And laugh at ev'ry courtier's scorn,
Nor envy their voluptuous way;
But, while they sleep, enjoy the day.

YE LADS OF TRUE SPIRIT.



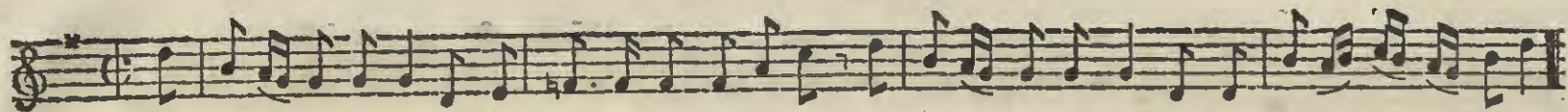
Ye lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret, Releas'd from the troubles of thinking. A fool long a-go said we
 nothing could know; The fellow knew nothing of drinking. To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato, Dispassionate dunces might
 make us: But men, now more wise, self-de-ni-al de-spise, And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach;
 He solemnly up the stairs paces;
 Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to vein,
 And counts the repeat with grimaces.
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at stand—
 A tofs up which party shall take us.
 Away with such cant—no prescription we want
 But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

What work is there made, by the newspaper-trade,
 Of this man's and t'other man's station?
 The ins are all bad, and the outs are all made;
 In and out is the cry of the nation.
 The politic patter which both parties chatter
 From bumpering freely shan't shake us:
 With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
 While misers 'midst plenty are pining;
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime; tofs a bottle to Time,
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us;
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

Be your motions well-tim'd; be all charg'd and all prim'd;
 Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
 Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest your wine;
 Be all in your exercise steady.
 Our revels we boast when our women we toast;
 May graciously they undertake us!
 No more we desire—so drink and give fire,
 A volley to beauty and Bacchus!



The collier has a daughter, And, oh! she's wond'rons bonny, A laird he was that sought her, Baith rich in land and money.

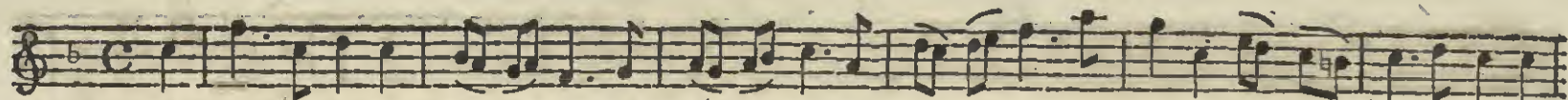


The tu-tors watch'd the motion Of this young honest lover; But Love is like the o - cean: Wha can its depth disco-ver!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay sweet and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In fastest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let nathing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have gear io plenty,
And Love says, 'tis my duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.



How oft with rapture have I try'd, And all my wit and art apply'd If wit or art's with - - in me; How



oft invok'd the muses nine! Yet not a stanza, not a line! Why fure the deuce is in me!

Should I my charmer's form compare
To Venus, goddess of the fair,
'Twere all an idle tale:
Or, should I draw a scene of night
And say the moon's not half so bright,
The compliment's but stale.

Come then, ye muses, ev'ry one,
Assist your supplicating son,
And elevate my lays;
Indulgent to my glad desire,
Methinks I feel the muses fire,
And thus attempt her praise.

While thus I ply'd the task in vain,
And chose another different strain
To celebrate the fair,
Phœbus, methought, with awful nod,
Before his trembling vassal stood,
And thus rebuk'd my care:

Shall Teraminta's fame and worth
Be scribbled o'er by sons of earth?
My bosom glows with ire!
Presumptuous wretch, the task disown;
Such glorious themes are mine alone;
'Tis I must strike the lyre!

MAY, THE, MOTHER OF LOVE.

129

The Words by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

The Music, entirely New, composed by Mr. BUSBY.

Andantino.

The

virgin, when soften'd by May, Attends to the vil- la- ger's vows, The birds sweetly bill on the spray, And

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the staves in the second system. The score is marked 'Andantino.' and includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

MAY, THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

poplars em - brace with their boughs; On I - da bright Venus may reign, A - dor'd for her beau - ty a -

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with various note values and rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Fingering numbers (4, 3, 4, 6) are indicated below the bass staff. There are also asterisks (*) and a sharp symbol (#) placed below the bass staff.

bove: We shepherds, that live on the plain, Hail May as the mo - ther of love; We shepherds, we

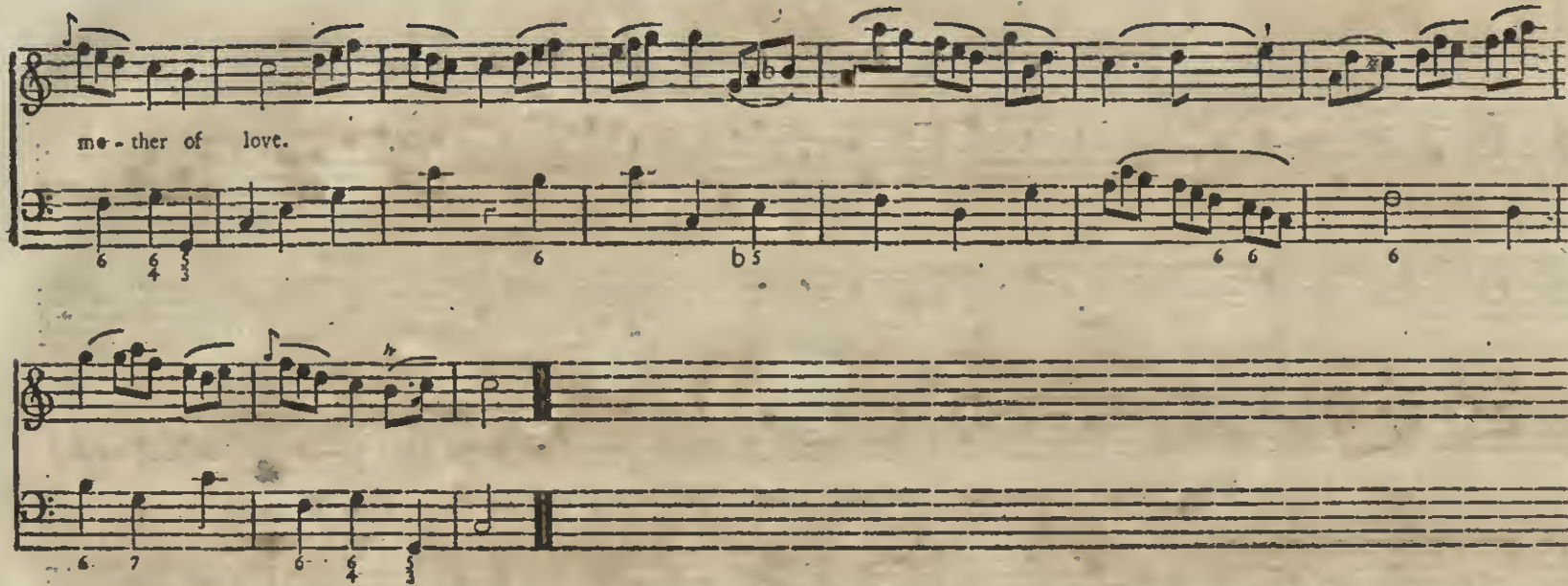
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows the vocal line, and the bass staff shows the piano accompaniment. Fingering numbers (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6) are present below the bass staff, along with asterisks (*) and a sharp symbol (#).

shepherds, that live on the plain, Hail May as the mo - ther of love, Hail May as the

The third system concludes the musical phrase. It follows the same two-staff format. Fingering numbers (6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 4, 2, 6, 6) are shown below the bass staff, accompanied by asterisks (*) and a sharp symbol (#).

MAY, THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

131



At the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the pine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide;
May, May is mother of love.

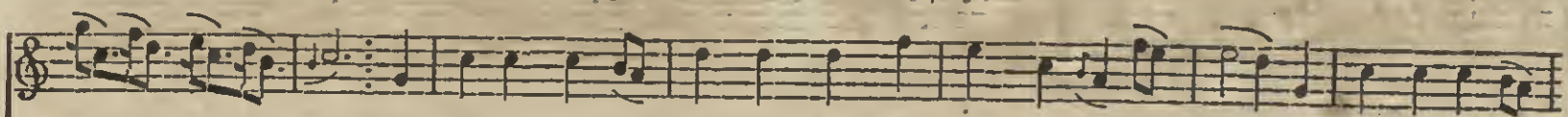
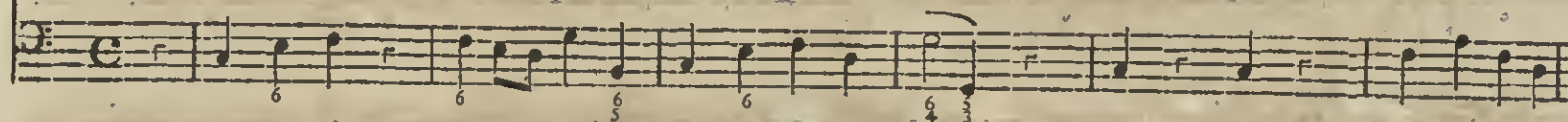
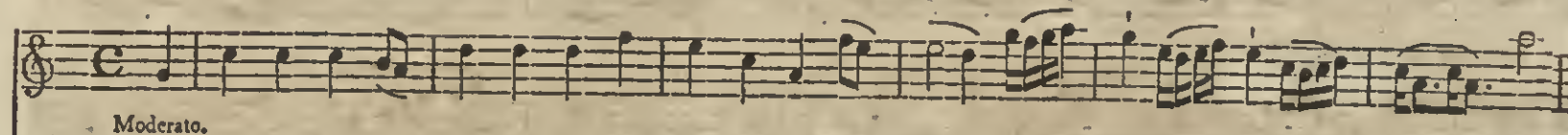
May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If larks and the sweet linnets sing,
Their music is taught them by May:
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat,
May, May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
May, May is the mother of love.

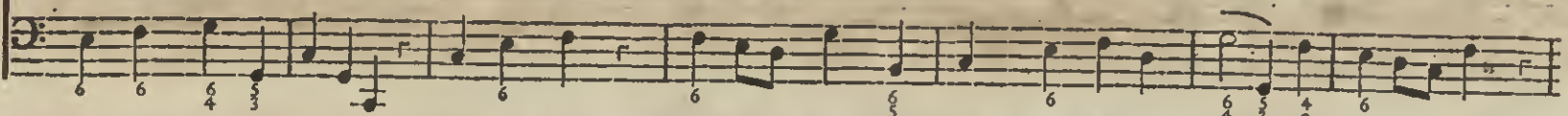
WINTER.—A NEW SONG.

By BENJAMIN MEESON, Caldmore, near Walfall.

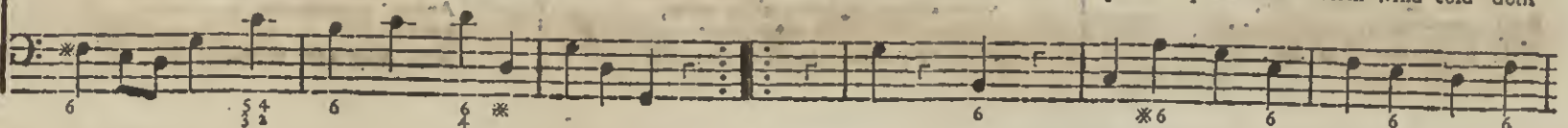
The Melody regulated, and Bass and Symphony added, by Mr. BUSBY.



When Winter robes the hills and plains, With snow they're cover'd o'er, No more the village



nymphs and swains Are jo-cund as be-fore; . Then o'er the wide and spacious plain The north wind cold doth



blow, The shepherds in their cots remain, The streams no lon - ger flow.

Then skating on the frozen stream
 The artless peasants glide,
 The village youths delighted seem,
 As carelessly they slide;
 Then, seated round the crackling blaze,
 The rustic's stories hear,
 Of ghosts and witches with amaze,
 That ride upon the air.

O GIVE ME THAT SOCIAL DELIGHT.

Composed by Dr. HOWARD.

Allegretto.

Horns.

Bassi.

O give me that social de-

light, Which none but true lovers re-ceive, When Cynthia bedecks, be-

decks the still night, **Horns.** And glances her smiles on the eve; When Cynthia be - decks, be -

Bass.

decks the still night, And glances her smiles on the eve.

When to the fair meadows we go, Where peace and contentment re - tire, Or

O GIVE ME THAT SOCIAL DELIGHT.

down the smooth current we row, In time with the Flutes, the flutes and the lyre;

In time with the flutes, the flutes and the lyre; In time with the flutes and the lyre. Horns.

Bassi.

By Nature, there pictures are drawn;
 How sweet is each landscape dispos'd!
 The prospect extends to the lawn,
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.

Come, Strephon, attend to the scene,
 The clouds are all vanish'd above;
 The objects around are serene,
 As modell'd to music and love.

Spirituoso.

6 x 6

How blest are we seamen, how joyful and

6 x 6

gay, To - gether we fight, or to - gether we play; Our hearts they are sterling, true courage we feel, We'll

6 x 6

THE BRITISH TARS.

fight for our country, and die for her weal: For plenty and freedom we'll range the wide flood, And for

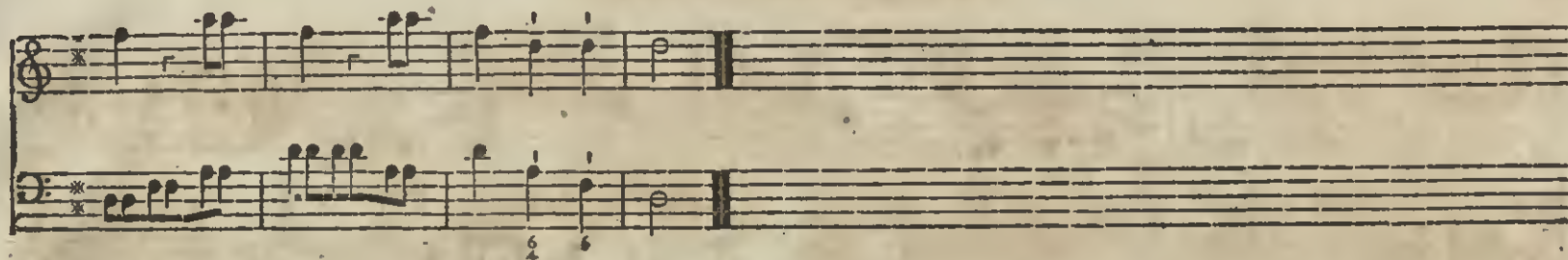
4
2

England, Old England, we'll shed our last blood; For plenty and freedom we'll range the wide flood, And for

6 4 6 5 6 4 6 4

England, Old England, we'll shed our last blood; For England, Old England, we'll shed our last blood.

6 6 4 6 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 7 6



By land, other nations their forces may boast;
 'Tis we, only we, can protect Britain's coast.
 Our strong floating castles, our loud English guns,
 Shall convince all our foes we are Neptune's true sons.
 For plenty, &c.

Our Admirals lead, and our flag is let fly;
 Our cross, like a comet, appears in the sky,
 Portending destruction! our sea-lion roars;
 And his voice, like loud thunder, breaks full on the shores.
 For plenty, &c.

Come, bustle, my boys! let us form the good line;
 Come, cheer up, Old England; the day shall be thine!
 Huzza, for our country! huzza for her weal;
 We'll raise it's renown by the courage we feel.

For plenty, &c.

A NEW CANZONET.

By a justly-admired and celebrated Composer.

Love in thy eyes for e - ver plays, He makes thy ro - sy lips his

He in thy snowy bo - som strays, He makes thy ro - sy lips his

care, And walks the mazes of thy hair; Love dwells in ev' - ry outward part, But, ah! he never,

care, And walks the mazes of thy hair; Love dwells in ev' - ry outward part,

A. NEW CANZONET.

pia. 14!

1st 2d.

ah! he never, ah! - - - he never touch'd thy heart, He never, never touch'd thy heart heart. How

ah! he never, ah! - - - he never touch'd thy heart, - He never, never touch'd thy heart, heart. How

diff' - - - rent, diff' - - - rent is my fate from thine! No outward marks of love are mine - - - - - , No

How diff' - - - rent is my fate - - - from thine! No outward marks of

A NEW CANZONET.

outward marks of love are mine; My brow is clouded by de - spair, And grief,
love - - -, of love are mine; My brow - - - is cloud - - - ed by de - spair, And grief - - -, love's

for.

love's bitter foe, is there, Love's bitter foe is there; But deep with - in my glowing soul He
bit - - - ter foe is there, Love's bitter foe is there; But deep with - in my glowing soul He

A. NEW CANZONET.

143

reigns and rules with - out controul, He reigns with - out con - troul, He rules, he rules, he reigns with -

reigns and rules with - out controul, He reigns with - out con - troul, He rules, he rules, he

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

out con - troul, He rules, he reigns with - out controul, with - out con - troul, with - out controul.

reigns with - out con - troul, He reigns with - out con - troul, with - out con - troul, with - out controul.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves, ending with a double bar line at the end of the bottom staff.

A NEW CANZONET.

Adapted for Two Flutes.

This musical score is for a piece titled "A NEW CANZONET," adapted for two flutes. The page is numbered 144. The tempo is marked "Andante." The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The score consists of two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a single system with two staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. There are two repeat signs with first and second endings. The first ending is marked "1st" and the second ending is marked "2d." The piece concludes with a "pia." (piano) marking.

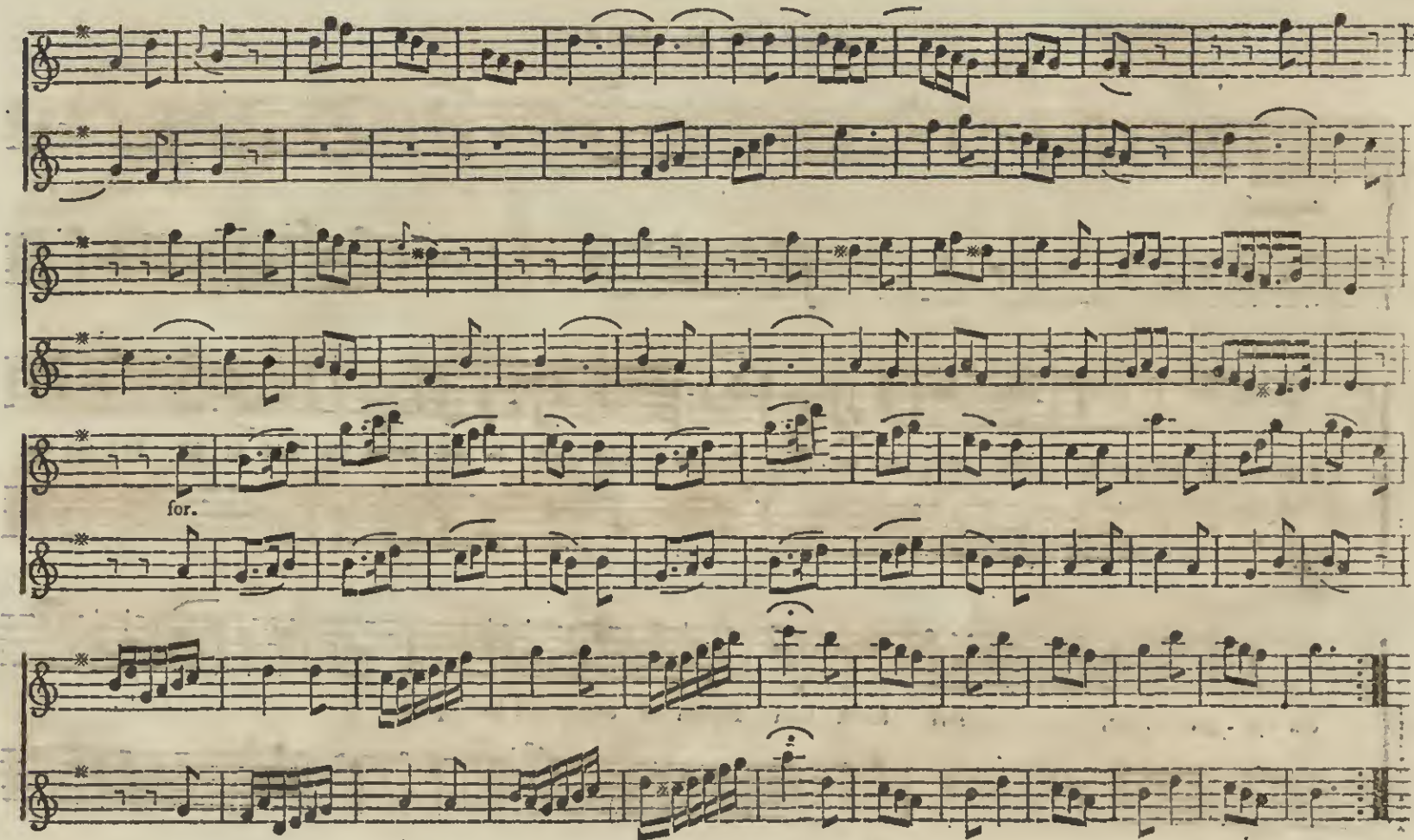
Andante.

1st 2d.

pia.

A NEW CANZONET.

145



ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Composed by Mr. SMITH.

Andante.

At - tend all ye

Fair, and I'll tell you the art, To bind ev' - ry fan - cy with ease in your chains, To hold in soft fet - ters the

con - ju - gal heart, And banish from Hymen his doubts and his pains.



When Juno accepted the Cestus of Love,
 She at first was but handsome; then charming became;
 It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,
 To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame.

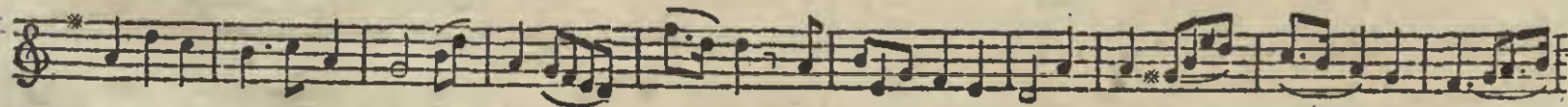
Ye Fair, take the Cestus, and practise its art;
 The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are vain;
 Exert your sweet power, you conquer each heart,
 And the Loves, Joys, and Graces, will walk in your train.

FLUTE.



Andante.

So.



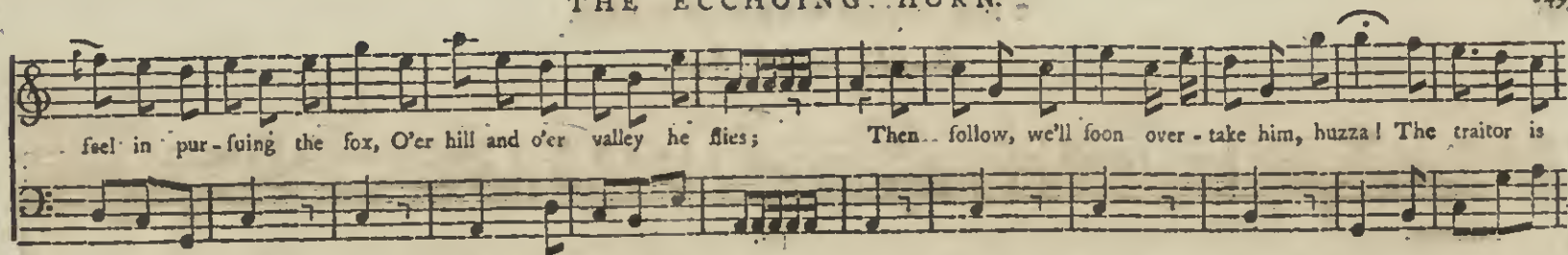
Sym.

THE ECCHOING HORN.

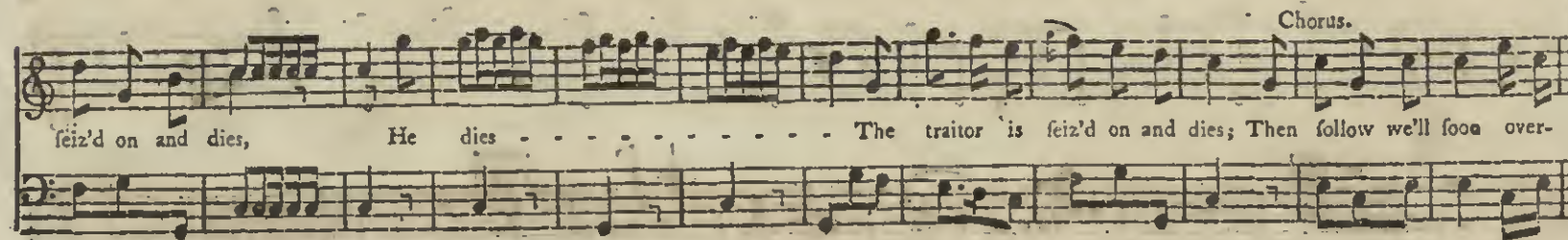
Sung by Mr. DIGNUM in THOMAS AND SALLY.

The ecchoing horn calls the sportsmen a-broad, To horse, my brave boys, and a-

way; The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds, Upbralds our too tedious de-lay. What pleasure we

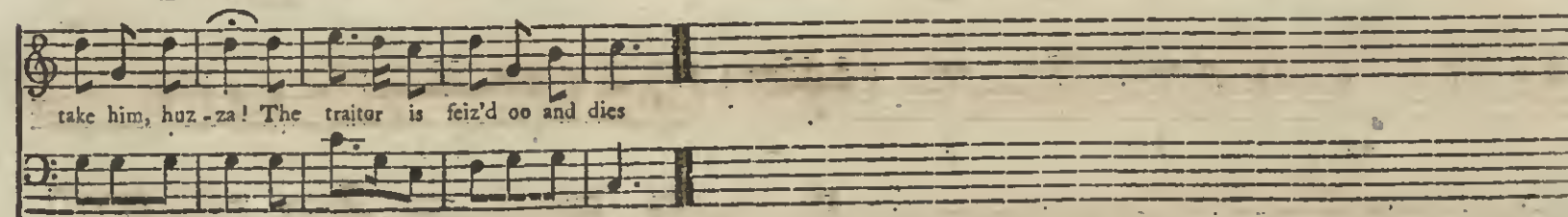


feel in pur-suing the fox, O'er hill and o'er valley he lies; Then follow, we'll soon over-take him, huzza! The traitor is



seiz'd on and dies, He dies - - - - - The traitor is seiz'd on and dies; Then follow we'll soon over-

Chorus.



take him, huz-za! The traitor is seiz'd on and dies

Triumphant returning at night with their spoil,
 Like bacchannals shouting and gay;
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day!
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle Fortune defy,
 Dull Wisdom all happiness fairs;
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs; with flow'rs, Let's strew, &c.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

Composed by DR. ARNE.

Musical score for "The Yamacraws" by Eubie Blake and J. Rosamond Johnson. The score is in 3/4 time, marked "Moderato". It features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "day, as I sat in the Sycamore shade, Young Da - mon came whistling, came whistling a - long,". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

151

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Maid of the Mill." It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are: "I trembled, I blush'd, a poor in-no-cent maid, And my".

I trembled, I blush'd, a poor in-no-cent maid, And my

heart cap'rd up, cap'rd up to my tongue; My heart ca - per'd up - - to my tongue.

Silly: heart, I cry'd, fie, what a flutter is here! Young Damon designs you no ill,

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

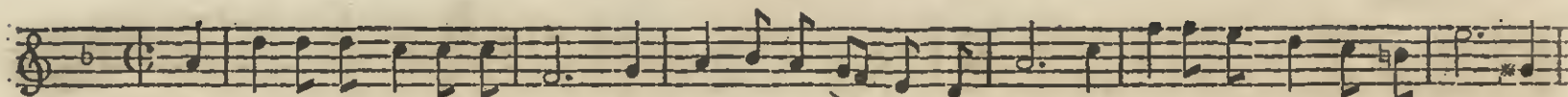
Young Damon de - signs you no ill; The shepherd's so civil, You've nothing to fear, Then

prithe, fond urchin, lie still, lie still; Then prithe, fond urchin lie still.

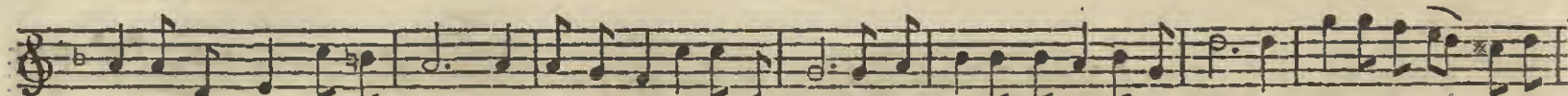
The musical score is written for two voices (treble and bass clefs) and includes figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) below the bass line. The music is in a common time signature and features various musical notations including notes, rests, and ornaments.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—no more;
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not deny him a score.
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 As often we play'd on the hill;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor wou'd the fond urchin lie still:

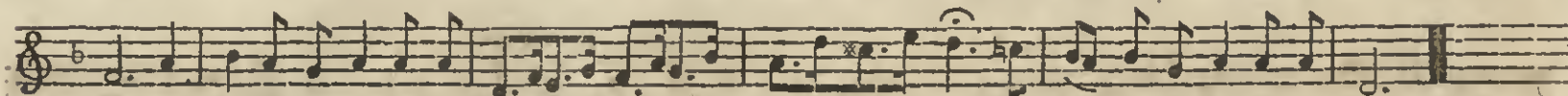
When flames the bright sun, to the Sycamore shade,
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair,
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.



Di - o - ge - nes, sur - ly and proud, Who snarl'd at the Ma - ce - don youth, De - lighted in wine that was good, Be -



cause in good wine there is truth ; But, growing as poor as a Job, And un - a - ble to purchase a flask, He chose for his mansion a



tub, And liv'd by the scent of the ca - - - - - sk, And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
A humper to cherish his heart ;
And, when he was maudlin, would cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart :
Though some were so foolish to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
When 'twas only his custom to drink
"Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tippie and cherish his soul ;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl :
While his cellar with wine is well stor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine ;
And knew that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine :
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel :
Then fancy'd the world, as his braios,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Was but a dunce without wine ;
For what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine :
His belly, some authors agree,
Was as big as a watering trough ;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard ;
For things ruuning round in his drink,
Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

MY BETSY IS THE BLITHEST MAID:

Moderato.



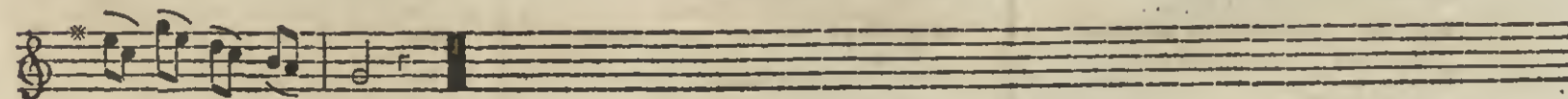
My Betsy is the blithest maid That e'er young shepherd woo'd, She has, at length, my heart betray'd, A-



As I do all I could. For shape, for air, and manners too, None can with her com - pare: O would she but be



kind and true, I'd soon my love de - clare. O would she but be kind and true, I'd soon my love de - clare, I'd



soon my love de - clare.

When'er I see her beauteous face,
My heart with joy does burn ;
When'er she's absent from the place,
I long for her return.
If she all others would forsake,
And fly to me alone,
What pleasure I with her should take,
While they their loss bemoan !

I'd bless the day that first I knew
My charmin Betsy fair ;
And all my life should be to shew
She was my only care.
I'd vow to wed next WhitSunday,
And make her blest for life :
Should she refuse, then, maidens, say,
To be young Johnay's wife ?

Allegro.

Free from the bustle, care, and strife, Of this short, va-rie-gat-ed life, Oh let me spend my days In
 ru - ral sweetnes with a friend, To whom my mind I may unbend, Nor cen-sure heed or praise - , Nor
 cen-sure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares ; I ask not wealth ;
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,
 I envy not the great :
 'Tis these alone can make me blest ;
 The riches of the East or West,
 I claim not these or state.

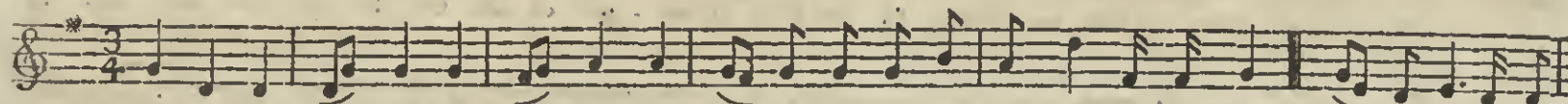
I too would wish, to sweeten life,
 A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,
 Young, sensible, and fair ;
 One who could love but me alone,
 Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
 And soothe my ev'ry care.

Though not extravagant or near,
 Yet, through the well-spent chequer'd year,
 I'd have enough to live ;
 To drink a bottle with a friend,
 Assist him in distress—ne'er lend—
 But rather freely give.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
 My life I cheerfully would spend,
 With no vain thoughts oppress'd.
 If Heav'n has bliss for me in store,
 O grant me this ! I ask no more !
 And I am truly blest !

TAUNTON DEAN.—A Favourite Song.

Sang by Mr. SUTTON, with universal Applause.

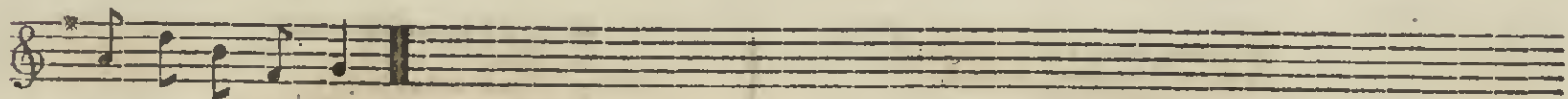


In Taunton Dean Ich wor born and bred, To tell you the truth my name's a call'd Ned; 'Cham no A-na-bap.

Chorus.



tist, I never lov'd them, But zurely received my curstendom. Val lal la val, de di de de val, lal la



lal, la de tol de.

Ich don'd my two boots and a zword by my zide,
Rezolved ich wor up to Lunnon to ride:
Twould vather and mauther 'chould see the vine town,
'Chau'd tarry a while and then 'cheed com down.

But ich had a gurt mind to zee thic hauly thorne,
And whan's com to Glastonbury there did look vorn;
They twold me that Joseph wor there avore me,
But ich cou'dnt vind Joseph nor the tree.

Zoe gaping about ich did spy a gurt hill.
Wee a tor upon tap o'en jult by a windmill,
Zoe ich clammer'd me up, but whun 'chad a dun,
Ich thort myself zure up zo high as the zun.

But woe, good lack, how my heart did zo quiver,
Ich had scant or a drap of blud left in my liver ;
Zoe ich slider'd and slider'd, and never geed o'er,
'Till ich slider'd me down to the belfry dore.

Away vrom the tor than in a hurry ich zallied,
But whon's com to Stoneidge how ise wor a gallied ;
Vor zo many gallisses there did appear,
Ise zed, sure the zies wor kept there to year.

Ich reckon'd the stones about twonty times o'er,
But than's wor no wiser than ich wor avore.
Vor the best rethmatician that e'er ich did zee
Cou'd never tell rightly how many thare be.

At length Lunnon town did come in my view,
But when ise did zee no che wor ready for (pew ;
Vor what with the piln and what with the smoke;
Ich wor deaf in my ears, dan wor ready vor choak.

They kept zitch a naize all over the town,
Ich thought that the world wor a turn'd upzide down ;
The horses struck vire, and cauches did vly,
Like dunder and lightning out vrom the sky.

My head wor a stun'd with the naize o' ther cries,
Of their cruds and their creams, and their whot pudden
pies ;
But the zluts be zo nasty 't csa never be clean,
And chad rather eat whilpot in Taunton-Dean.

And whun that ich com to Chesring-Crofs,
Ise zeed a black mon zit upon a black horse ;

They twold me that 'twor king Charles the virst,
Od zoggers my heart wor a ready vor burst.

Ich went to St. Pall's my prayers to zay,
And there the raugs stoal my hat away ;
Alack and alas cant this a zad cals,
That there should be theiving zitch a fine place.

Then thorough the bridge ich went in a werry,
But wor like to be drown'd the buot seem'd in zitch
hurry ;
And if ever you catch me there again,
I'll gee you my mauther for a wold mon.

Vor the water gwain thorough zo rag'd and did roar,
Chou'd a geed vorty shillings 'ched been on the shoar ;
And as long as 'cham able vor to go or vor stond,
'Chil ne'er go by water whiles may go by lood.

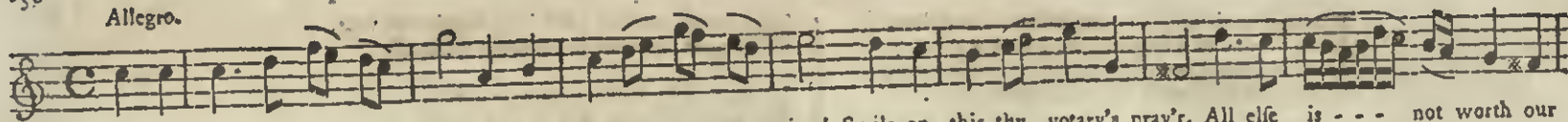
Then ich went to the tower, but there didn't tsrry ;
Vor they show'd me a lyzot, and call'd his name
Harry ;
But he luck'd zo grim with his claws and his beard
Had Zampson been there would a made un sfeard.

Zo then I zet out vrom Lunnon gurt town,
Vor my munney wor gwon, and twor time vor go
down ;
But Ichad got a whole budget of news to relate,
To vather and mauther, and to my naunt Kate.

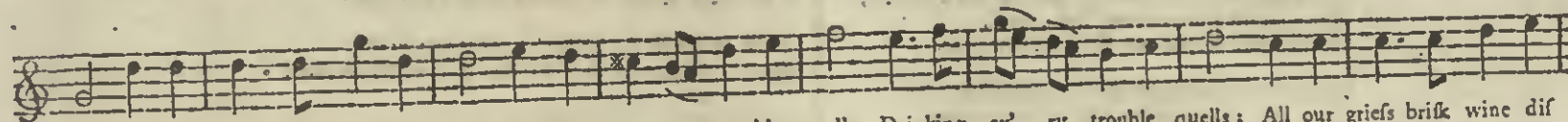
Val, lal, &c.

BACCHUS, GOD OF JOYS DIVINE!

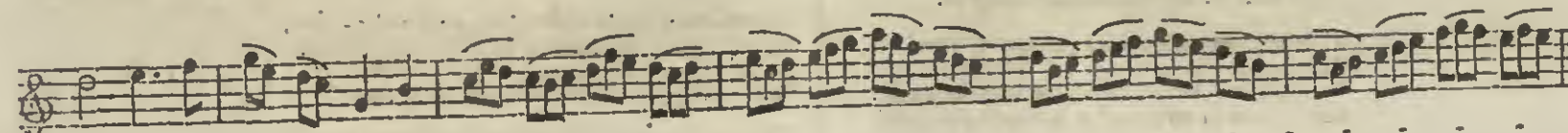
Allegro.



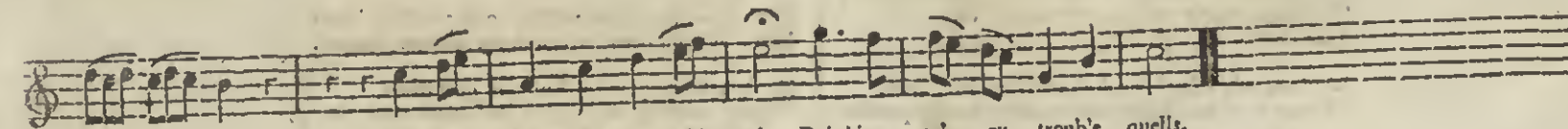
Bacchus, god of joys di - vine! Be thy pleasures e - ver mine! Smile on this thy votary's pray'r, All else is - - - not worth our



care: All our griefs brisk wine dis - pels, Drinking ev' - ry trouble quells, Drinking ev' - ry trouble quells; All our griefs brisk wine dis



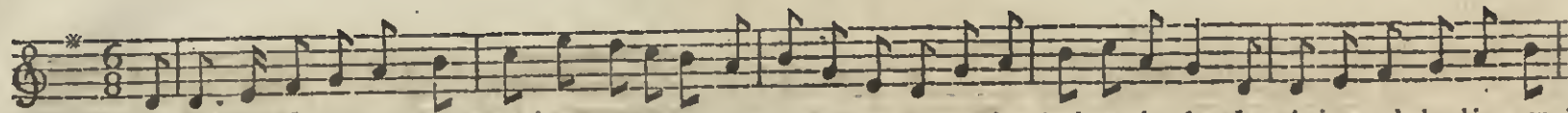
pels, Drinking ev'ry trouble quells



All our griefs brisk wine dis - pels, Drinking ev - ry trouble quells.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
From the clust'ring vine distill'd,
Then, indeed, I'm truly blest,
And ev'ry anxious thought's at rest ;
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I sing, and dance, and laugh.

Would you be for ever gay,
Mortals, learn of me the way :
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone sufficient prove ;
If you raise and charm the soul,
Deeply drain the spicy bowl.



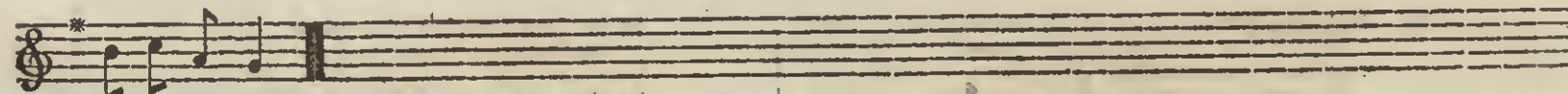
All you that are wise and think life worth enjoying, Or soldier, or sailor, by land or by sea, In loving and laughing your



time be employing; Your glass to your lip and your lass on your knee. Come sing away honeys, and cast off all sorrow! Though we



all die to day let's be merry to morrow; A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow A moment of time to be



joyous and free.

Chorus—Come sing away, honeys, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendor,
When dith gives the call, from their glories must part;
Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,
Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your sorrow!
Though you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow!
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart!

Then sing, &c.

For riches and honour, then, why all this riot?
Your wrangling and jangling, and all your alarms?
Arrah! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quier,
And take, while you can, a kind girl to your arms.
You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow!
Though you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-morrow!
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
One moment to to and enjoy her sweet charms!
You'd better ye singing, &c.

SCOTCH SONG.



Come lassie lend me your braw hemp heckle, And I'll lend you my trip - ling kame; For



fainness, dearie, I'll gar ye heckle, if you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Haft ye gang to the ground of ye'r trun truokies
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And tak my word and offer again;
 Syne may chance to repent it mickle,
 Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
 Away then, and leave baith minny and dady,
 And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

WHEN THE FANCY-STIRRING BOWL.

A Bacchanalian Song written by Captain Morris. and Composd by Mr. Busby

161

Con Spirito

When the Fan-cy - stirring bowl

Wakes its world of pleasure Glowing visions gild my soul And life's an endless treasure

Mem'ry decks my wasted heart Fresh with gay de - - fire - - Rays divine my senses dart And

The musical score is written for piano in G-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). It consists of five systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo/mood is marked 'Con Spirito'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. There are also some performance markings like 'hr' (hairpins) and '6' (finger 6). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The score ends with a double sharp sign (##) on the bass staff.

kindling hope in - - spire Rays di - vine my fen - fes dart And kindling hope in - spire

Then who'd be grave When wine can save The heaviest soul from sinking And magic grapes Give

an - gel shapes magic grapes Give an - gel shapes To ev'ry girl we're drinking

2

Here sweet benignity and love
 Shed their influence round me,
 Gather'd ills of life remove,
 And leave me as they found me,
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true
 Still to Nature's feeling,
 Peace and beauty swim there too,
 And rock me as I'm reeling.
 Then who'd be grave &c.

3

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
 And Wisdom wak'd and caught me:
 A bargain then with Love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.
 Then who'd be grave &c.

4

Life's a voyage we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in,
 It may be so to pride or care;
 That's not a sea I ride in:
 Here floats my soul, 'till fancy's eye,
 Her realms of bliss discover,
 Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie
 To him that's half seas over.
 Then who'd be grave &c.

Sy. *hr* *hr* *hr*

Con Spirito

So. *hr* *hr* *hr*

Sy.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS HAS MOUNTED.

165

A Hunting Glee Harmonized by Mr. Busby.

Con
Spirito

8.

Bright Phoebus has mounted the Chariot of Day and the Horns and the Hounds call each

Bright Phoebus has mounted the Chariot of Day and the Horns - - - call each

Bright Phoebus has mounted the Chariot of Day and the Horns and the Hounds call each

Sportsman a - - way and the Hounds and the Horns call each Sportsman a - - way

Sportsman a - - way and the Hounds and the Horns call each Sportsman a - - way .

Sportsman a - - way and the Hounds and the Horns call each Sportsman a - - way

6 7 6 6^h

6 6 5 3 6 6 6

Thro' Woods and thro' Meadows with speed now they bound while Health ro-fy Health is in

Thro' Woods and thro' Meadows with speed now they bound while Health ro-fy Health is in

Thro' Woods and thro' Meadows with speed now they bound while Health ro-fy Health is in

Ex-er-cise found thro' Woods and thro' Meadows with speed now they bound while Health ro-fy

Ex-er-cise found thro' Woods and thro' Meadows with speed now they bound while Health ro-fy

Ex-er-cise found thro' Woods and thro' Meadows with speed now they bound while Health ro-fy

Health is in Ex-er-cise found Hark a -- way hark a -- way hark a --

Health is in Ex--ercise found Hark a -- way hark a -- way hark a --

Health is in Ex-er-cise found Hark a -- way hark a -- way hark a --

6 6 5

-way is the word to the sound of the Horn - - - - -

-way is the word to the sound of the Horn - - - - -

-way is the word to the sound of the Horn - - - - -

8 7 6
6 5

168

f *p* *f*

and E - cho and E - cho and

To the sound of the Horn - and E - cho and E - cho and

To the sound of the Horn - and E - cho and

p *f* *f* *tr*

E - cho and E - cho and E - cho blith E - cho makes Jo - vial each morn

E - cho and E - cho and E - cho blith E - cho makes Jo - vial each morn

E - cho and E - cho blith E - cho makes Jo - vial each morn

7 5 6 6 5 3

MAT. MIZEN. — A New Song.
Melody by I. D. Bais by Mr. Busby.

169

Allegretto

6 6 7

6 7 6 6

6 7 5 3 7 6 6 6 6

wave; Midst tempests and balls still a stranger to fear, And to lubber-ly notions no

6 #

slave. Life's rubbers I suffer'd, and met with disdain; Ne'er spurn'd at the present or past :
 But chearfully weather'd it, hoping to gain But chearfully, weather'd it hoping to gain A
 birth in contentment at last.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features various chords and melodic lines, with some passages marked with fingerings (6, 7, 5, 3, 2) and a 4/2 time signature change. The piece ends with a double bar line.

When keen blowing blasts pierce each shivering limb,
 And Mountain-high billows attack,
 When the blue, forked lightning, with terrific glim,
 Awaits the big thunder's loud crack;
 When the seaman is fixt amidst Death's grimly train
 At the horrors of battle aghast;
 These ills I've encounter'd, still hoping to gain
 A birth in contentment at last.

My wearisome labours when on the salt deep
 I've follow'd for many a day,
 Hope flatter'd my mind I should happiness reap,
 While homeward our sails bore away.
 I said to my heart — Courage! flinch at no pain;
 Hence, dull melancholly, avast!
 Misfortune will end, and Mat. Mizen. obtain
 A birth in contentment at last.

Now thank my kind stars all my troubles are by;
 My moments, how happy they move!
 Borne by prosperous gales and beneath a calm sky,
 I return'd to my Country and Love.
 With a plenteous provision of toil-gotten gain,
 In the harbour of Wedlock made fast,
 I safely enjoy what I wish'd to obtain,
 A Birth in contentment at last.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Sung by the Marseillois going to Battle, and at all the Theatres in Paris.

The Symphony and Bass added, and the Words translated by Mr. Busby.

The Symphony and Bass added, and the words translated by Mr. Bulby.

Come on ye
 sons of Gal-lic free--dom. Come on the day of Glo-ry's come The tyrant's
 standard high is fly - - ing Proud with your pre-dic-ted doom Proud with

your pre-die-ted doom Hark Hark they howl with bru-tal fir-ry fe-ro-cious

de-spots rend the air Now near-er they approach and near-er Death to your

la general

Wives and Chil-dren bear To arms ye Ci-vic youth

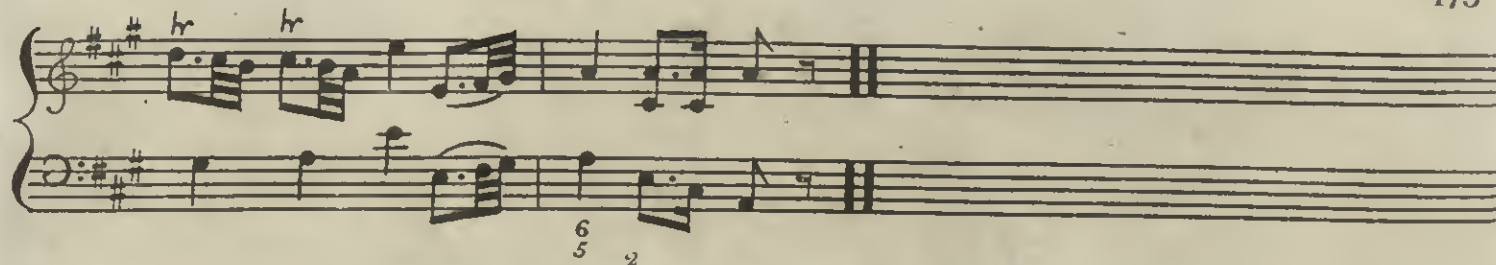
your firm --- bat-tal-lions

form March on March on

dare ev'ry storm For Free - - - dom France and Truth

March on March on dare ev'ry storm For

Free - - - dom France and Truth



What means this horde of tyrant traitors?
 Of sanguine kings and hireling slaves?
 For whom are those degrading fetters,
 Forged by the hands of courtly knaves?
 For you! what burning indignation,
 O generous Frenchmen, should you feel!
 With all your recent chains they'd gall you,
 Draw, draw your quick-avenging steel!

To arms, ye Civic youth!
 Your firm battalions form;
 March on, dare ev'ry storm,
 For Freedom, France, and Truth.

Shall foreign cohorts spoil your country?
 Dictate to France oppressive laws?
 And basely slavish mercenaries,
 Arrest us in our glorious cause?
 Great Heav'n! shall patriotic soldiers
 A yoke receive from freedom's foe?
 Shall Gallia's fate be mark'd by despots,
 Nor we avert the threat'ned blow?

To arms &c. &c.

4

Ye Rebels, cruel and perfidious,
 At once your Friends and Country's stain!
 Come forth! — The sword of injured justice
 Awaits you on the hostile plain.
 Behold all Freemen rush to battle,
 In close, fraternal hands unite;
 Tho' thousands fall, will thousands follow,
 Seize their bold arms, and press the fight.
 To arms &c. &c.

5

But let us, O intrepid warriors!
 Even while we strike, resolve to spare;
 Nor to vile courts unconscious victims
 The measure of our vengeance bear.
 But to the rash, the ruthless despots,
 In league 'gainst man, and manhood's claim,
 To them your virtuous wrath discharging,
 Deal death and everlasting shame.
 To arms &c. &c.

6

O sacred Patriotism! for ever
 In flame us with thy pure alarms;
 And thou, fair Freedom! aid thy champions —
 Steel, steel their hearts, and nerve their arms.
 Let Victory at our standards meet us,
 In thy exulting transports join'd;
 Still let thy gifts be Frenchmen's glory,
 And flow from them to all mankind.
 To arms, ye Civic youth!
 Your firm battallions form,
 March on, dare ev'ry storm,
 For Freedom, France, and Truth.

And the strings to rapture straining, Come and praise the British fair. And

praise the British fair.

S.

THE LILLY OF THE VALE.

179

Viol. 1.^{ft}

Allegro Moderato

Viol. 2.^d

Bass

p *f*

The fragrant Lil-ly

6 6 6 7 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

of the Vale, so e-le-gantly fair; The fragrant Lil-ly of the Vale so e-le-gantly fair;

Whose sweets perfume each fanning gale, whose sweets perfume each fanning gale, To Chloe I com - -

pare, to Chloe I compare.

See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head,
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

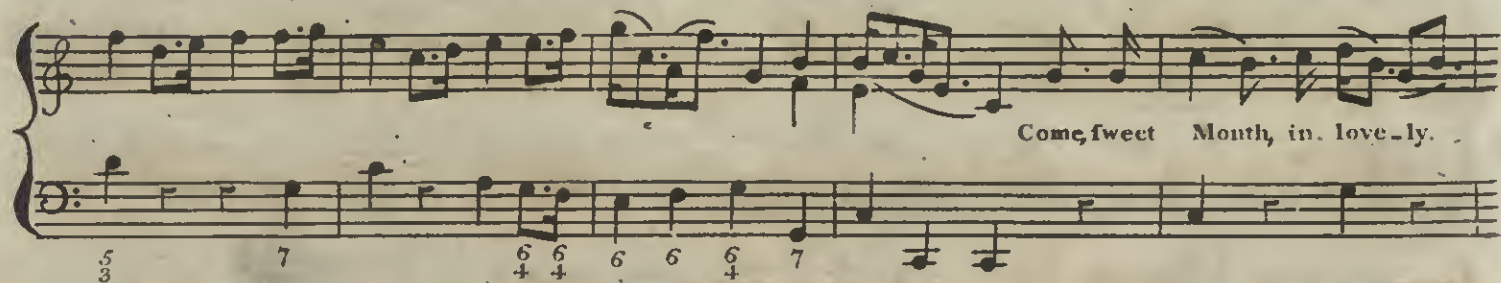
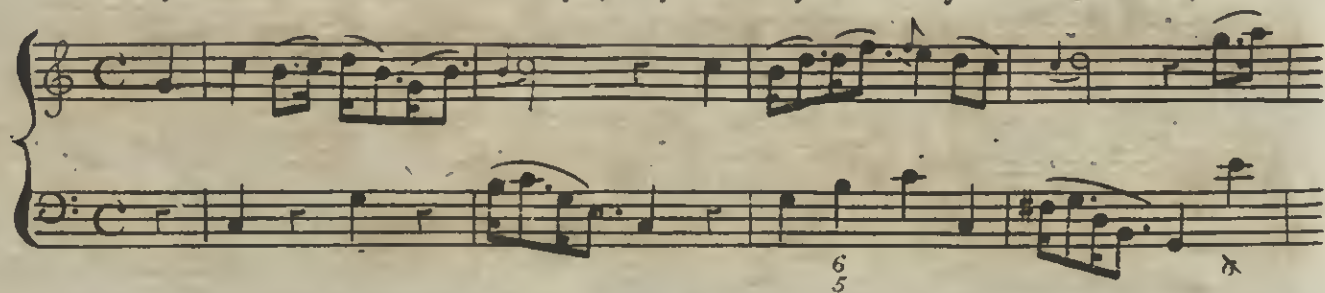
There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace,
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face.

But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale,
 May I the florist be, and thou
 My Lilly of the Vale.

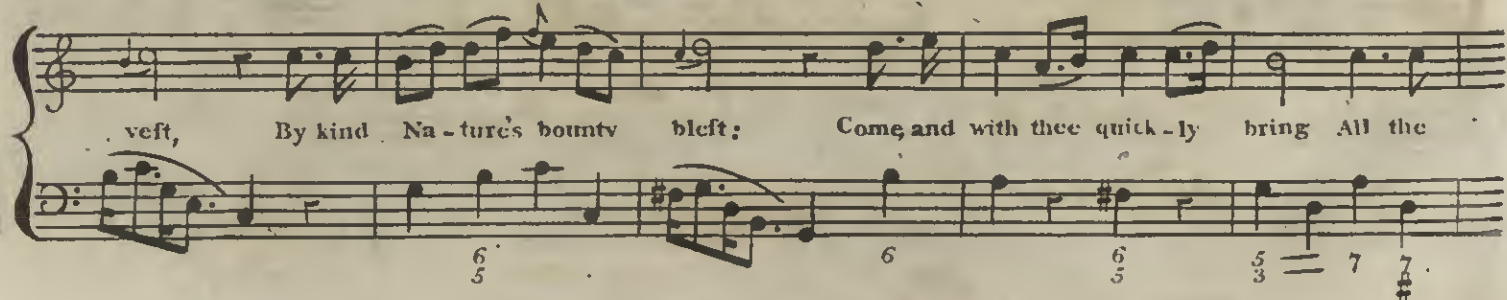
MAY — A New Song. By Leo of Wakefield.

The Melody regulated and the Bass and Symphony added by Mr. Busby.

Moderato



Come, sweet Month, in love-ly.



vest, By kind Na-ture's bounty blest: Come and with thee quick-ly bring All the

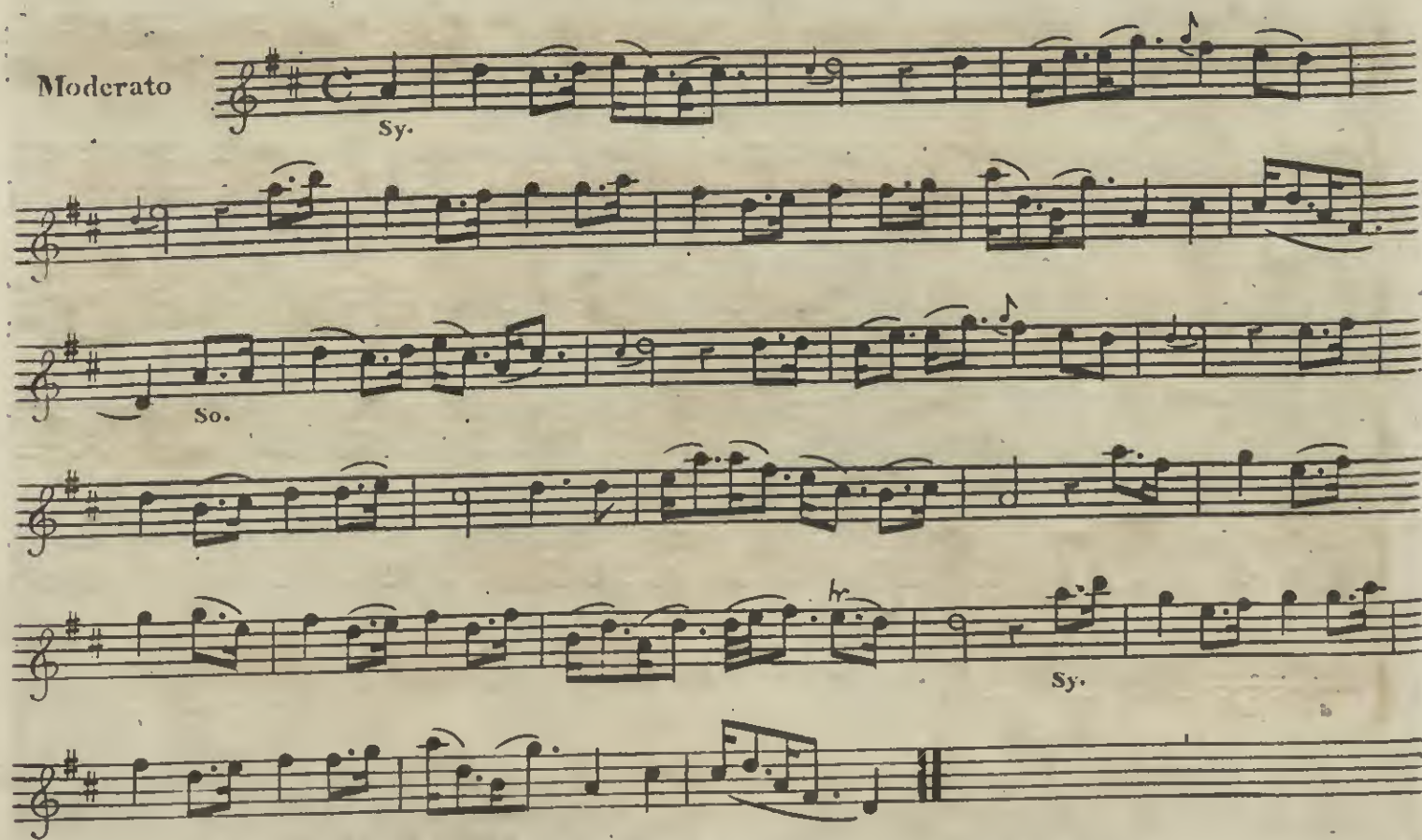
blooming sweets of spring. Come and with thee quick-ly quick-ly bring All the

blooming sweets of spring.

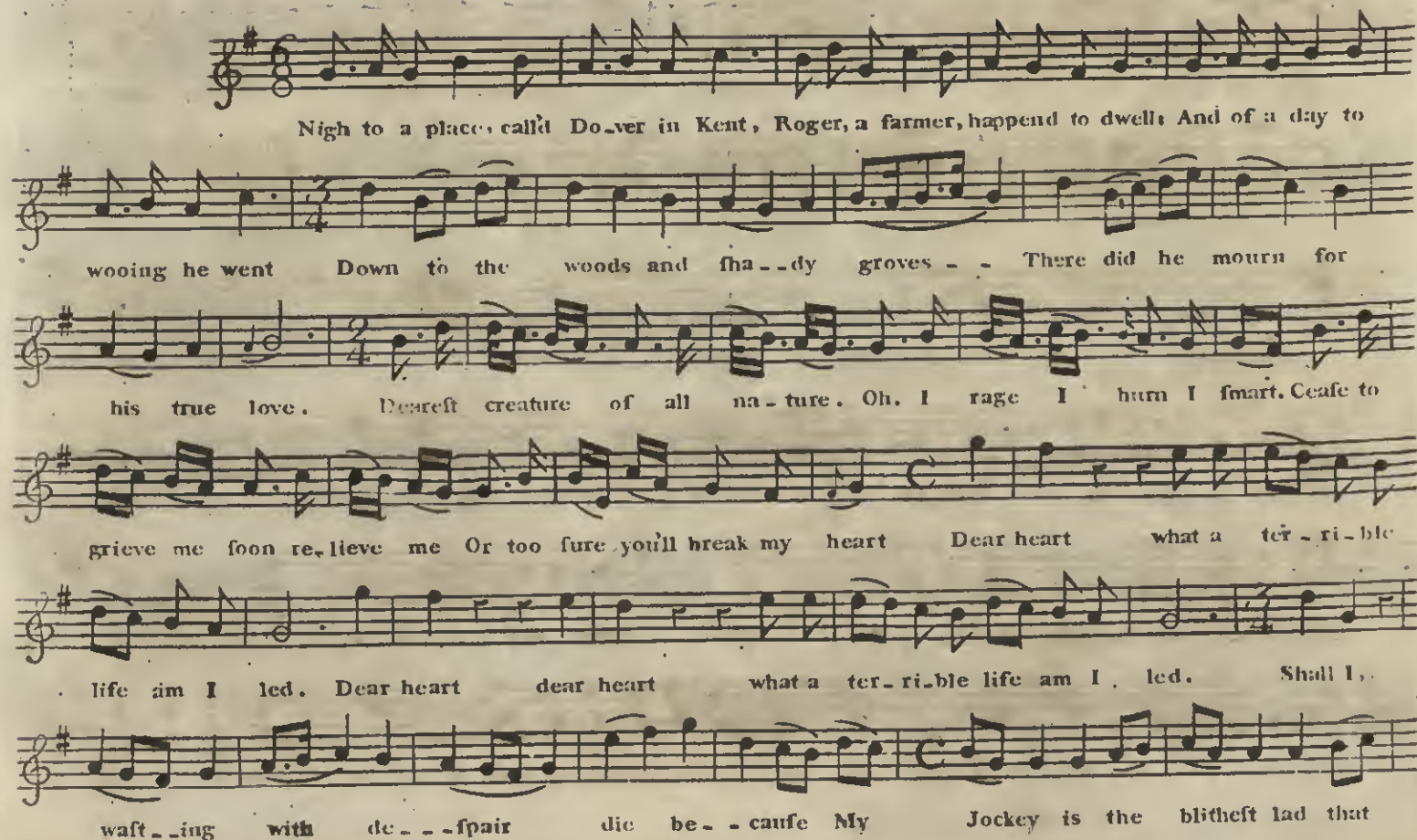
Thou that dost soft joys inspire,
 Thou that wak'st the lovers fire,
 O'er my head the branches twine
 Of sweet rose and eglantine.

In the shady grove recluse,
 There I'll court th' enrapt'ring Muse;
 While the wanton Zephyrs play
 O'er the verdant pride of May.

Moderato

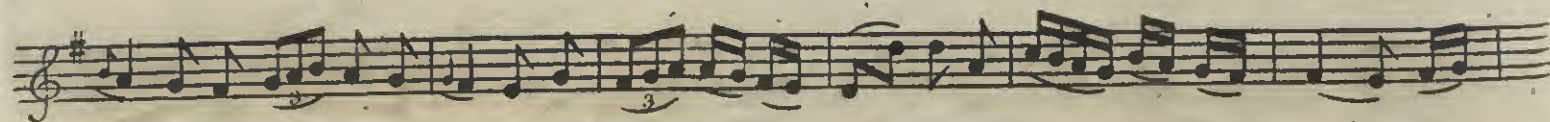


THE LADY'S MEDLEY.



Nigh to a place call'd Dover in Kent, Roger, a farmer, happend to dwell; And of a day to
 wooing he went Down to the woods and sha-dy groves - - There did he mourn for
 his true love. Dearest creature of all na-ture. Oh, I rage I burn I smart. Cease to
 grieve me soon re-lieve me Or too sure you'll break my heart Dear heart what a ter-ri-ble
 life am I led. Dear heart dear heart what a ter-ri-ble life am I led. Shall I,
 waft-ing with de-spair die be-cause My Jockey is the blithest lad that

e--ver maid did woo. when he appears My heart is so free it roves like a bee. Till
 bringing home the o--ther day, Two linnets I had ta'en, The pret-ty warblers
 seem'd to say Oh. what a sad mis- for- tune is this. To be confin'd a- gainst one's
 mind In a place so dark that I'm al- -most blind. In the dead of the night, when with labour oppress'd, All
 mortals en- -joy the calm blessing of rest. Cymon a clown who never dreamt of love, By chance came
 stumping to the neigh'ring grove: He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought, And whistled as he



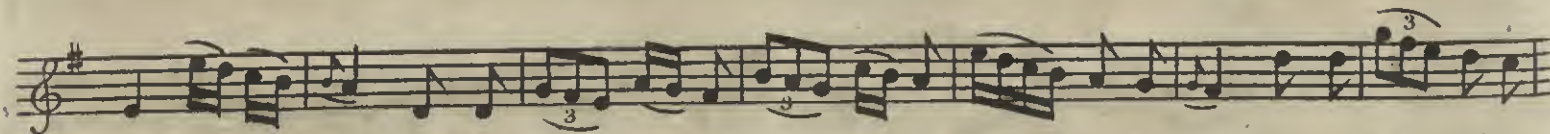
- - teem he at tempted to gain: By the fame wick-ed arts he fo oft had he - - tray'd, He



thought to fe - - duce one more in-no-cent maid. But ap - priz'd of his power, of my weak - nefs a - -



ware, I haf - fled his scheme, and a - - void - - ed his snare: For vir - - tue I love, and was



taught, in my dawn, When I ga - - ther'd a rose, to be - - ware of a thorn. When I ga - - ther'd a



rose to be - - ware of a thorn.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

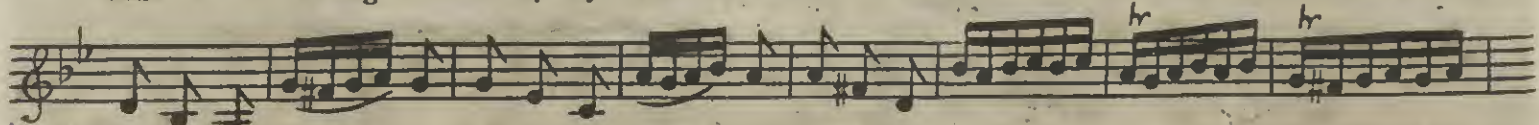
189



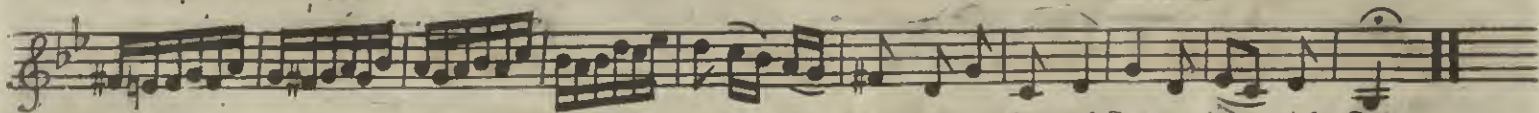
Whilst I'm ca-rouzing to cheer up my soul Oh, how I triumph to see a full bowl



Whilst I'm ca-rouzing to cheer up my soul Oh, how I triumph to see a full bowl This is the



pleasure the on-ly treasure the on-ly treasure the blest



ing that makes me re-joice and sing re-joice and sing.

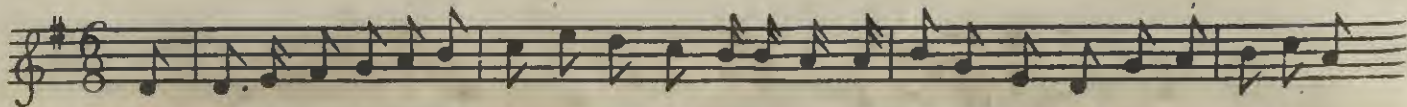


Thus while I'm drinking free from dull think-ing Then am I greater than the greatest king, than the greatest king I'm



great-er than the greatest king, than the greatest king.

THE NEW LANGOLEE .



When I took my departure from Dublins sweet city And for Englands own self thro the seas I did



plow For three days long was I toft up and down Like a quid of chew'd hay in the trout of a Cow Whilst a - -



- - fraid of the deck in the ocean to flip fir I clung like a cat fast hold for to keep fir Round a - bout the big



post that grows out of the ship fir O' tis true as Im now sing - ing Langolee

2

Then standing stock still all the while I was moving
Till Irelands sweet coast I saw clean out of sight
When finding myself a true Irishman born fir
Was leaving the ship on the shore for to light
A little board they put out 'twas too narrow to quarter
The very first step I was ready to totter
That I jump'd on dry land up to my neck in the water
O that was no time to sing Langolee.

3

Then with grief cold and hunger I never did feel more
My stomach and bowels with hunger did growl
For to keep them in temper I thought the best way fir
Was to take out the wrinkles of both by my foul
Then we went to a house where roast meat they provide fir
Where the whirligig which up the chimney I spied fir
That grinds all the smoke into powder besides fir
O tis true as I am singing of Langolee.

4

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches
 That set out for London each night in the week
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches
 As a birth aboard one of them I went to seek
 As for the inside I'd no cash in my casket
 Therefore by your leave fir I make bold to ask it
 If your coach goes at twelve pray what time goes the basket
 For there I can ride and sing Langolee.

5

Then the man made his mouth up says he fir the basket
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two
 Very well fir says I that's the thing that I wanted
 But the devil a word that he told me was true
 For the one goes before and the other behind fir
 They set off cheek by jole at the very same time fir
 So that very same day I set off by moonshine fir
 All alone by myself singing Langolee.

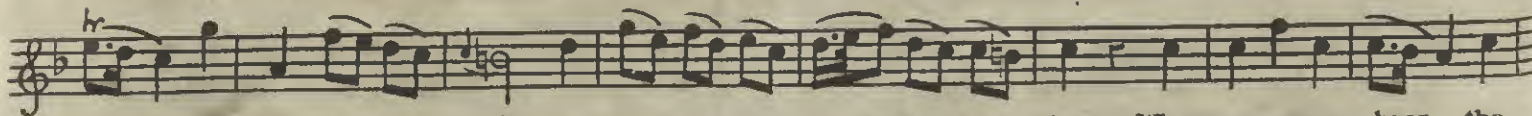
6

O good luck to the moon that noble sweet creature
 That serves us with lamplight each night in the dark
 As for the sun only shines in day time by which nature
 Wants no light at all as you may remark
 But as for the moon I will be bound fir
 'Twould save this whole nation a great many pounds fir
 To subscribe for to light her up all the year round fir
 Or I'll never more sing about Langolee.

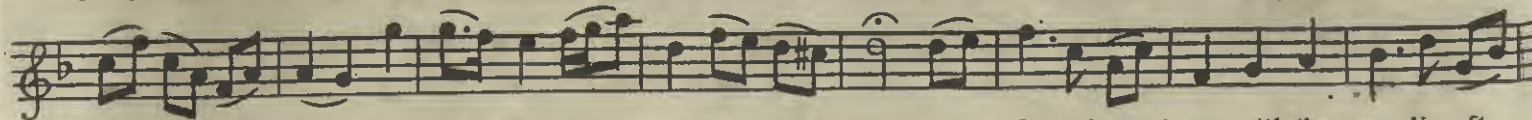
HUNTING SONG.



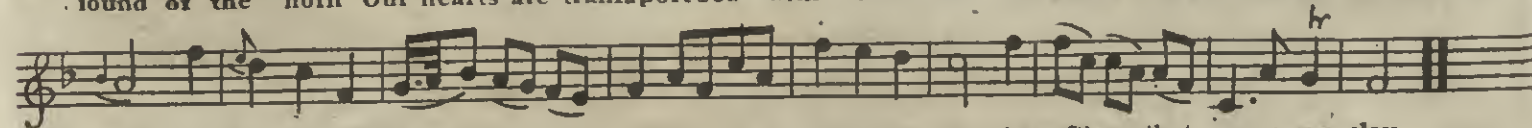
To chase o'er the plains the fox or the hare. Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring. it banishes.



sorrow and drives a - way care And makes us more blest than a king. When e - ven we hear the



found of the horn Our hearts are trans-ported with joy. We rise and embrace with the ear-liest



dawn, A pastime that ne- - - - - A pastime that never can clov

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,
No danger our breasts can invade;
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew,
An increase of pleasure's display'd.
This freedom our conscience never alarms,
We live free from envy and strife;
If hest with a spouse return to her arms,
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

The courtier, who toils o'er matters of state,
Can ne'er such a happiness know;
Thd grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great
Can ne'er such a comfort bestow
Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
Our pleasure's ne'er taken amiss;
We hunt all the day and revel all night,
What joy can be greater than this.

A P S E N C E

A Duet — words from Shenstone, Composed by M^r Busby.

193

Now I know what it is to have strove with the torment of doubt and de-
with the torment of doubt and de-
fire What it is to admire and to love and to leave her we love and admire What it
What it is to admire and to love and to leave her we love and admire

is to admire to admire and to love and to leave her we love and ad - - mire. Ah!

to admire and to love and to leave her we love and ad - - mire. Ah!

7^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 4^h

lead forth my flocks in the morn And the damps of each evening re - - pel A

lead forth my flocks in the morn And the damps of each evening re - - pel A

6^h 6^h 6^h 4^h

lafs I am faint and forlorn A - - lafs I am faint and for - - lorn I have

lafs I am faint and forlorn A lafs I am faint and for - - lorn I have

7^h 4^h 5^h 3^h 6^h 4^h 7^h 5^h 3^h

bade my dear Phillis fare - well A - la! I am faint and for - lorn I have bade my dear Phillis fare -
 bade my dear Phillis fare - well A - la! I am faint and for - lorn I have bade my dear Phillis fare -
 well fare - well fare - well I have bade my dear Phillis fare - well have
 - well fare - well I have bade my dear Phillis fare - well have
 bade my dear Phillis farewell I have bade my dear bade my dear Phillis fare - well.
 bade my dear Phillis farewell I have bade my have bade my dear Phillis fare - well

O'ER THE SEAS MY LOVE IS SAILING

A Favorite Rondo

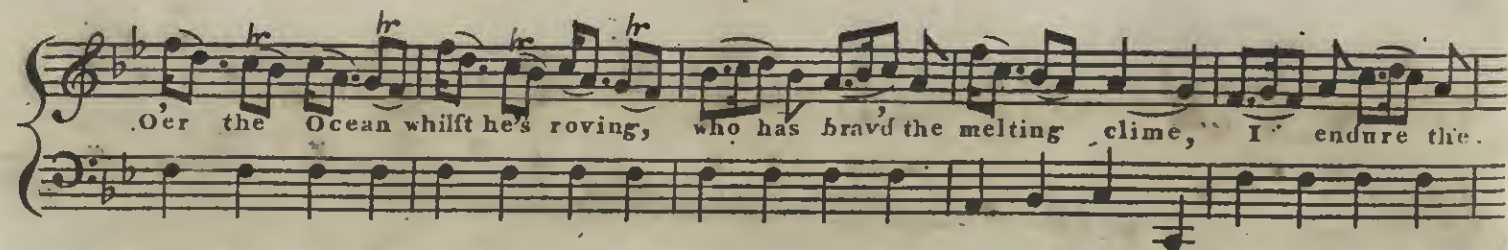
The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The piece is marked with 'hr' (hairpins) at several points, indicating crescendos and decrescendos. The lyrics 'O'er the seas my Love is sailing Gently blow ye' are written below the final system.

O'er the seas my Love is sailing Gently blow ye

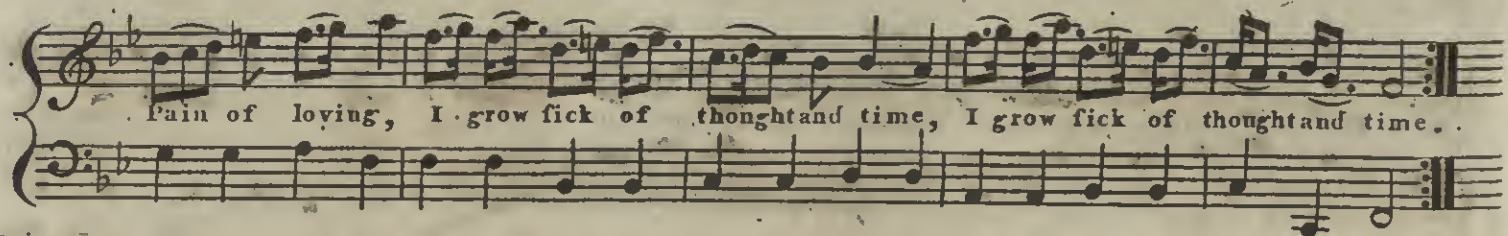
eastern Gales: Gently blow - ye eastern Gales:

Love his dear ap - proach is hailing, Flies to view the swelling sails, Love his dear ap -

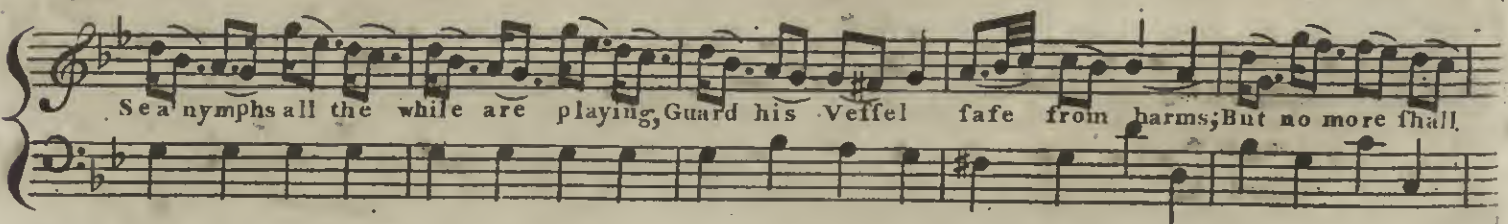
- proach is hailing, Flies to view the swelling sails, Flies - to view the swelling sails.



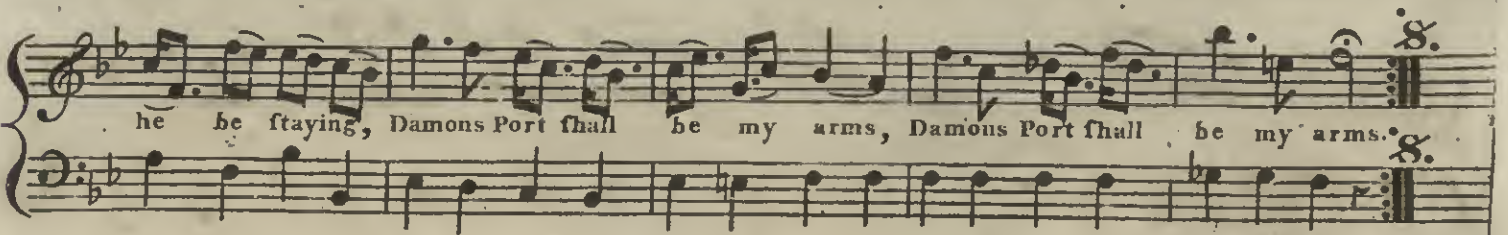
O'er the Ocean whilst he's roving, who has brav'd the melting clime, I endure the.



Pain of loving, I grow sick of thought and time, I grow sick of thought and time.



Sea nymphs all the while are playing, Guard his Vessel safe from harms; But no more shall.



he he staying, Damons Port shall be my arms, Damons Port shall be my arms.

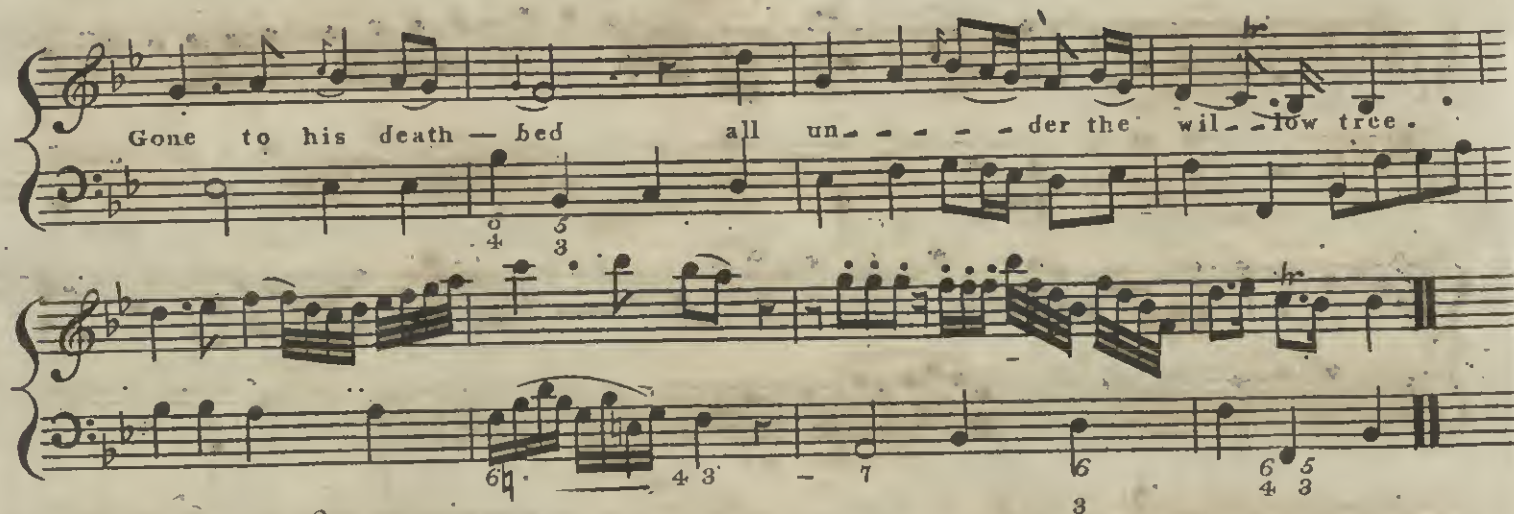
THE WILLOW TREE

Words from the distinguished poet — Chatterton

199

Larghetto. Penferoso

sing unto my roundelay, O drop the briny tear with me, Dance no more at
 ho - li - day, Like a running ri - ver be. My love is dead,



Black his hair as the winter's night,
 White his skin as the driven Snow,
 Red his face as the morning Light,
 Cold he lies in the Grave below;

My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the Willow Tree.

Sweet his tongue as thrush's note,
 Quick in dance as thought can be,
 Deft his Tabor Cudgel stont,
 O! he lies by the Willow tree!

My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the Willow Tree.

See the white moon shines on high,
 Whiter is my true love's Shroud,
 Whiter than the morning sky,
 Whiter than the evening cloud;

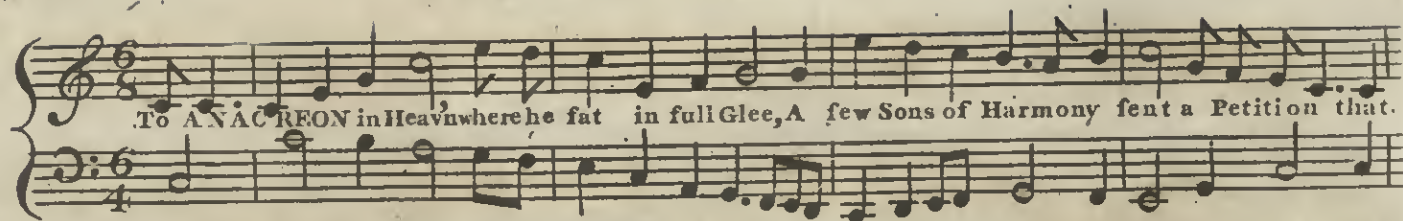
My Love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the Willow Tree.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

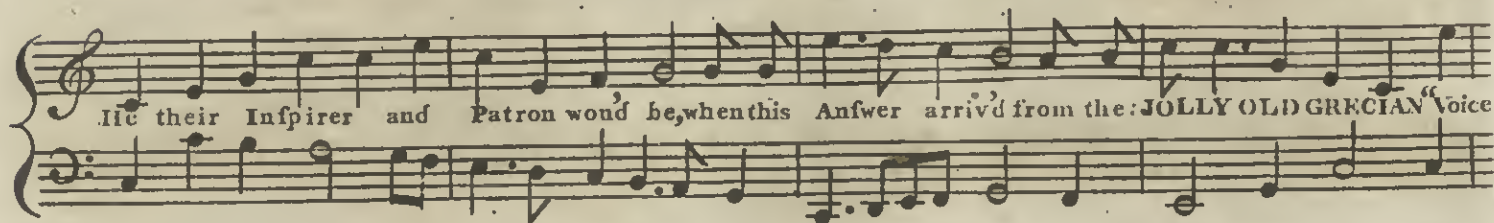
201

This musical score is for a piece titled "FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE" on page 201. It consists of six staves of music, all in D major (indicated by two sharps) and common time (C). The notation includes various musical elements such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *hr* (likely *forzando*) and *So* (likely *soffo*). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The second staff has a *Sy* marking below the first measure. The third staff has a *hr* marking above the second measure. The fourth staff has a *So* marking below the last measure. The fifth staff has a *hr* marking above the last measure. The sixth staff begins with a *Sy* marking below the first measure and ends with a double bar line. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century flute repertoire.

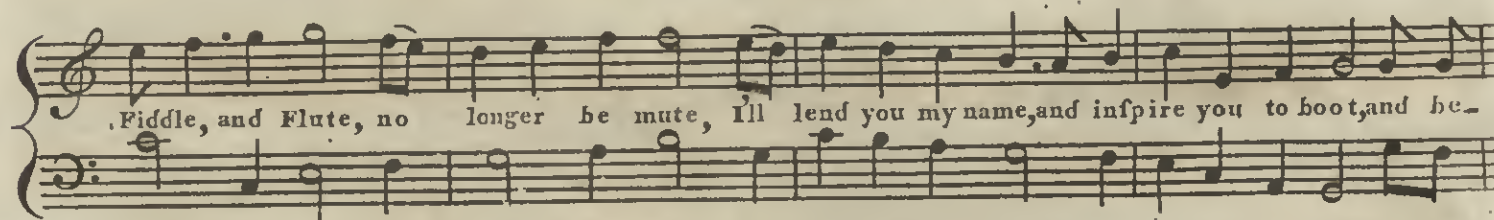
THE Celebrated
ANACREONTIC SONG



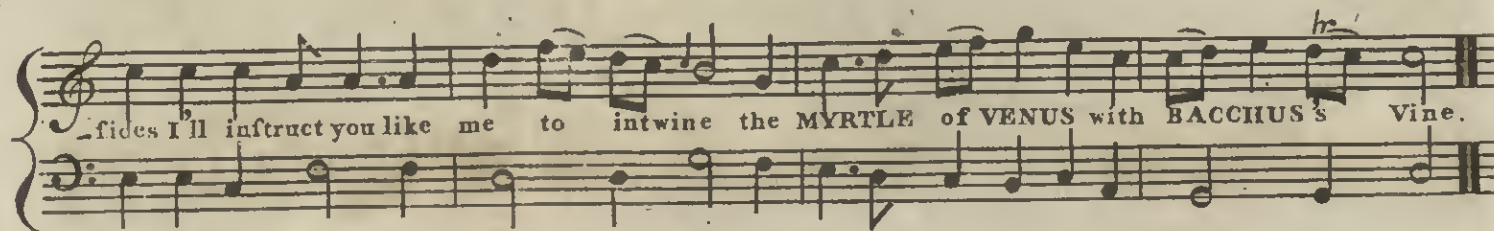
To ANACREON in Heaven, where he sat in full Glee, A few Sons of Harmony sent a Petition that.



He their Inspirer and Patron would be, when this Answer arriv'd from the: JOLLY OLD GRECIAN Voice



Fiddle, and Flute, no longer be mute, I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot, and he-



fides I'll instruct you like me to intertwine the MYRTLE of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine.

And be--sides I'll in--struct you like me to in--twine, the

And be--sides I'll in--struct you like me to en--twine, the

And be--sides I'll in--struct you like me to en--twine, the

And be--sides I'll in--struct you like me to en--twine, the

Myrtle of VE--NUS with BAC--CHUS's Vine.

Myrtle of VE--NUS with BAC--CHUS's Vine.

Myrtle of VE--NUS with BAC--CHUS's Vine.

Myrtle of VE--NUS with BAC--CHUS's Vine.

The news through OLYMPUS immediately flew;
When OLD THUNDER Pretended to give himself Airs—
If these Mortals are suffer'd their Scheme to pursue
The Devil a Goddess will stay above stairs.

"Hark, already they cry,

"In Transports of Joy,

"Away to the Sons of ANACREON we'll fly,
"And there, with good Fellows, we'll learn to intwine,
"The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine.

3

"The YELLOW-HAIR'D GOD and his nine fusty maids,
"From HELICON'S Banks will incontinent flee,
"IDALIA will boast but of tenantless Shades
"And the hi forked Hill a mere Desert shall be:

"My Thunder no fear out,

"Shall soon do it's Errand,

"And, Dam' me, I'll swinge the Ringleaders I warrant,
"I'll trim the young Dogs for thus daring to twine
The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine.

APOLLO rose up and said "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel;
"Good King of the Gods, with my Votaries below;
"Your Thunder is useless, then shewing his Laurel,
Cry'd, "Sic evitable fulmen, you know.

"Then over each head,

"My Laurels I'll spread,

"So my Sons from your Crackers no Mischief shall dread,
"Whilst snug in their Club-Room, they Jovially twine,
"The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine.

5

Next MOMUS got up with his risible Phiz,
And swore with APOLLO he'd cheerfully Join,
"The fall Tide of Harmony still shall be his,
"But the Song, and the Catch, and the Laugh shall be mine.
"Then, Jove, be not Jealous,
"Of these honest Fellows."

Cry'd JOVE, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us;
And swear by OLD STYX that they long shall intwine
The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine."

6

Ye Sons of ANACREON, then Join Hand in Hand;
Preserve Unanimity, Friendship, and Love.

'Tis yours to support what's so happily Plac'd;
You've the Sanction of Gods, and the Fiat of JOVE;

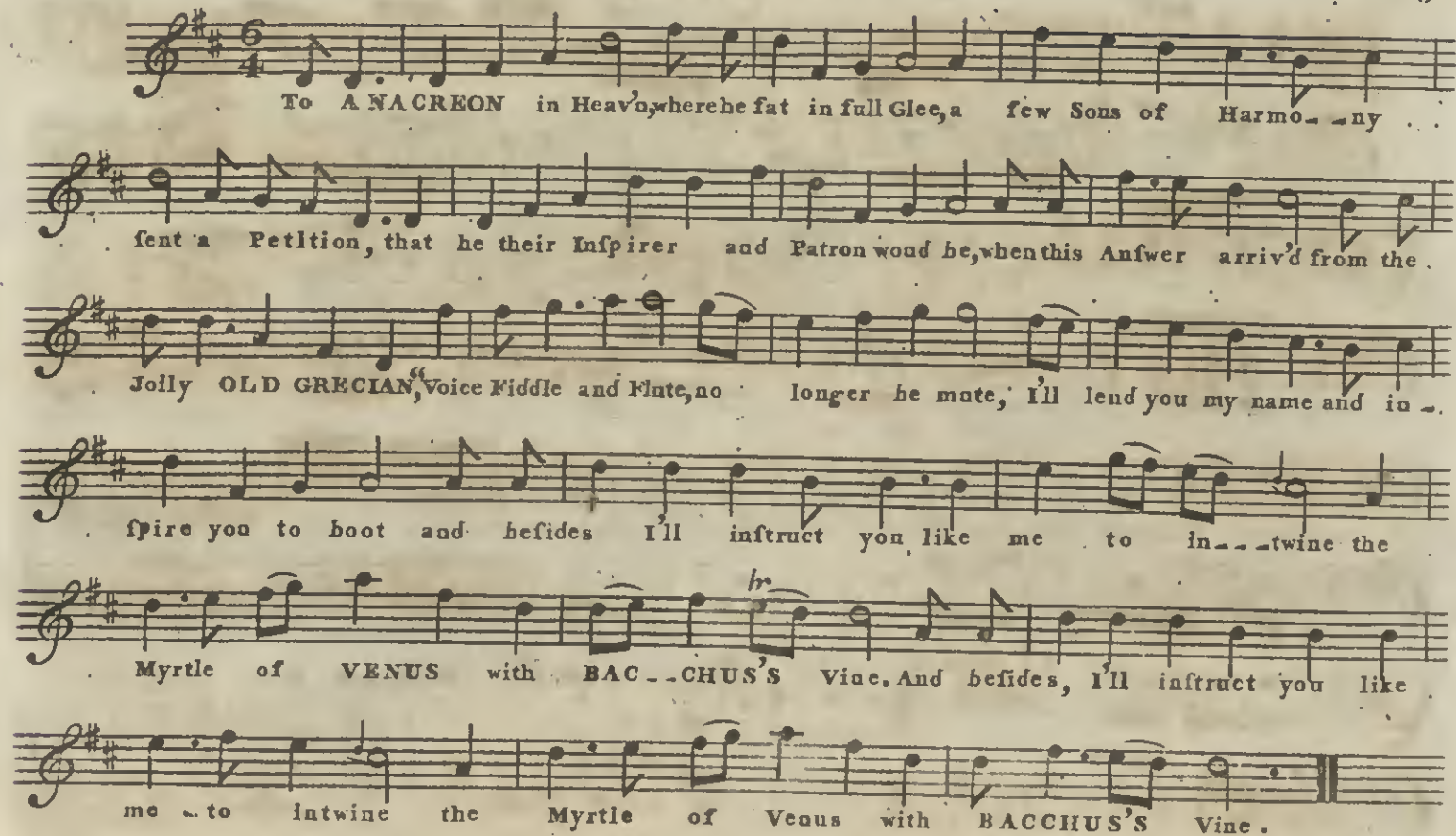
While thus we agree,

Our Toast let it be,

May our Club flourish happy, united, and free.
And long may the Sons of ANACREON intwine
The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine.

THE ANACREONTIC SONG
For the German Flute

205



To ANACREON in Heaven, where he sat in full Glee, a few Sons of Harmony
sent a Petition, that he their Inspirer and Patron would be, when this Answer arriv'd from the
Jolly OLD GRECIAN, "Voice Fiddle and Flute, no longer be mate, I'll lend you my name and in-
spire you to boot and besides I'll instruct you like me to in- twine the
Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine. And besides, I'll instruct you like
me to intwine the Myrtle of Venus with BACCHUS'S Vine.

HARK! TO THE WOODS-

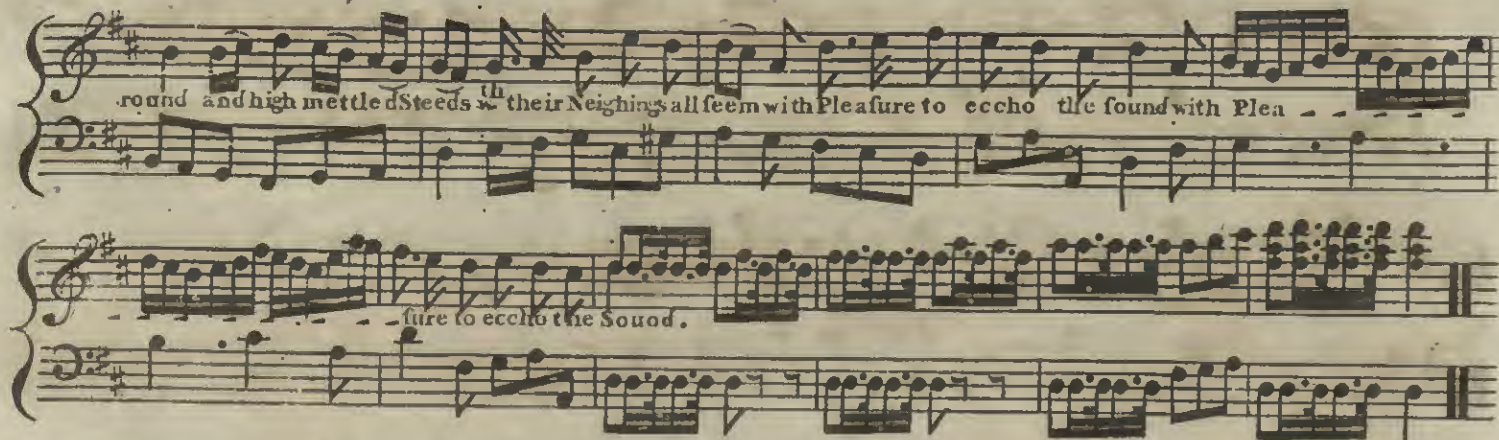
A Favorite Hunting Song

When Phoebus begins just to peep o'er the hills with horns we awaken the Day And

rouse Brother Sportsmen who sluggishly sleep With hark to the Woodshark away:

See the Hounds are uncoupled in musical cry how sweetly it echoes a -

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The second system begins with the lyrics 'When Phoebus begins just to peep o'er the hills with horns we awaken the Day And'. The third system continues with 'rouse Brother Sportsmen who sluggishly sleep With hark to the Woodshark away:'. The fourth system concludes with 'See the Hounds are uncoupled in musical cry how sweetly it echoes a -'. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and triplets, creating a lively and energetic feel.



2

Behold, when fly Reynard with Pannick and dread,
 At Distance o'er Hillocks doth bound,
 The Pack on the scent, fly with rapid career,
 Hark the Horns. 'O how sweetly they sound:
 Now on to the Chace o'er Hills and o'er dales,
 All dangers we nobly defy;
 Our Nags are all stout and our Sports well pursue,
 With shouts that resound to the Sky.

3

But see how he lags all his Arts are in vain,
 No longer with swiftnefs, he flies;
 Each Hound in his Enry determines his Fate,
 The Traitor is seiz'd on and dies:
 With shouting and Joy we return from the Field,
 With the howl crown the sports of the day;
 Then to rest we recline till the Horn calls again,
 Then away, to the Woodlands away.

SOLICITUDE

A Pastoral — Set to Music by D^r. Arne.

Why will you my Passion re-

-prove why term it a Folly to Grieve Ere I tell you the charms of my Love she is

fairer than you can beleive, she is fair- er than you can beleive, with her mien she enamours the

brave with her wit she engages the free with her Modesty pleases the Grave she is
 ev'ry way pleasing to me she is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

Figured bass notation (lute tablature) is present below the lyrics, using numbers 1-7 and letters like 'hr' (for sharp) and 'b' (for flat) to indicate fret positions on a lute.

When Paridel tries in the dance,
 Some Favour with Phillis to find,
 O how with one trivial Glance,
 Might she ruin the Peace of my mind,
 In ringlets he dresses his Hair,
 And he's Crook is be-studded around,
 And his Pipe—Oh may Phillis beware,
 Of a Magic there is in the sound.

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bonad,
 So Phillis the trophy despise,
 Let his forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's Eyes,
 The Language that flows from the heart,
 Is a stranger to Paridels tongue,
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the Song.

THE TOAST

Composed by D^r Howard

Recit

When Bacchus Jolly God invites to revel in the Evening Rites In vain his altar I sur-

round tho' with Burgundian Innocence crown'd No charms his Wine without the last 'tis love gives

Air

relinquish to the Glass **Allegro**

While all around with Jocund Glee in Brimmers toast their fav'rite the

tho' ev'ry Nymph my lips Proclaim my heart still whispers.

Cloes name. And thus with me by.

Am- - rous stealth still ev' - ry Glas is Chloes Health still ev - ry Glas is.

Chlo - es Health

THE BEE
A Favourite Song

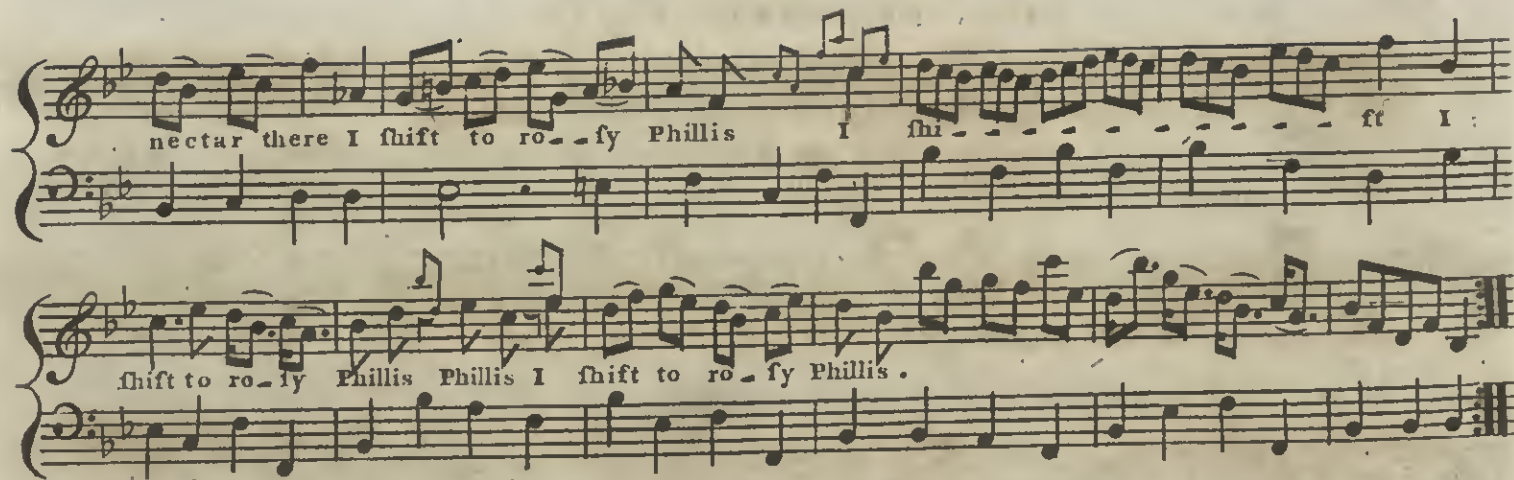
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal melody on the right. The piano part uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The vocal part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal melody.

System 1: The piano accompaniment begins with a series of sixteenth notes in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand. The vocal melody starts with a quarter note followed by eighth and sixteenth notes.

System 2: The lyrics "A Busy humble bee am I that range the Garden" are written below the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

System 3: The lyrics "Sunny From floor to flower I changing fly And ev'ry flower's my honey Bright" are written below the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment includes some chromatic movement in the left hand.

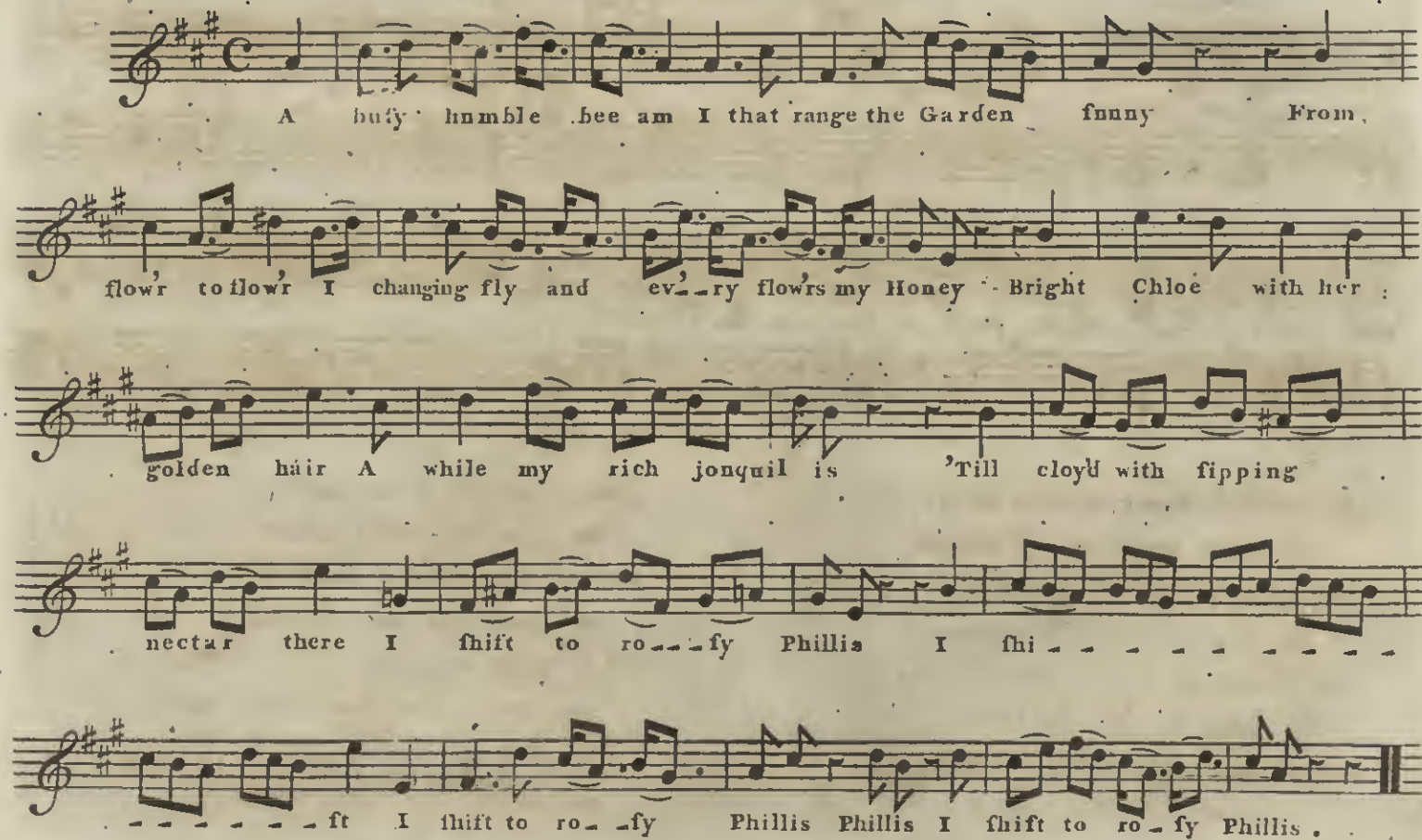
System 4: The lyrics "Chloe with her golden hair awhile my rich jonquil is Till cloy'd with sipping" are written below the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.



But Phillis's sweet up'ning breast,
 Remains not long my Station,
 For Kitty must be now addrest
 My spicy breath'd carnation.
 Yet Blooming Kate I quickly leave
 To other flow'rs I'm rover
 And all in turn my love receive,
 The gay wide Gardenover.

Variety that knows no bounds,
 My wand'ring fancy pleases,
 And now with Flora I am found
 My heart now Delia Seizes
 For as I am an arrant bee
 Who range each Bank that's funny
 Both fields and Gardens are my fee;
 And ev'ry flow'rs my honey.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

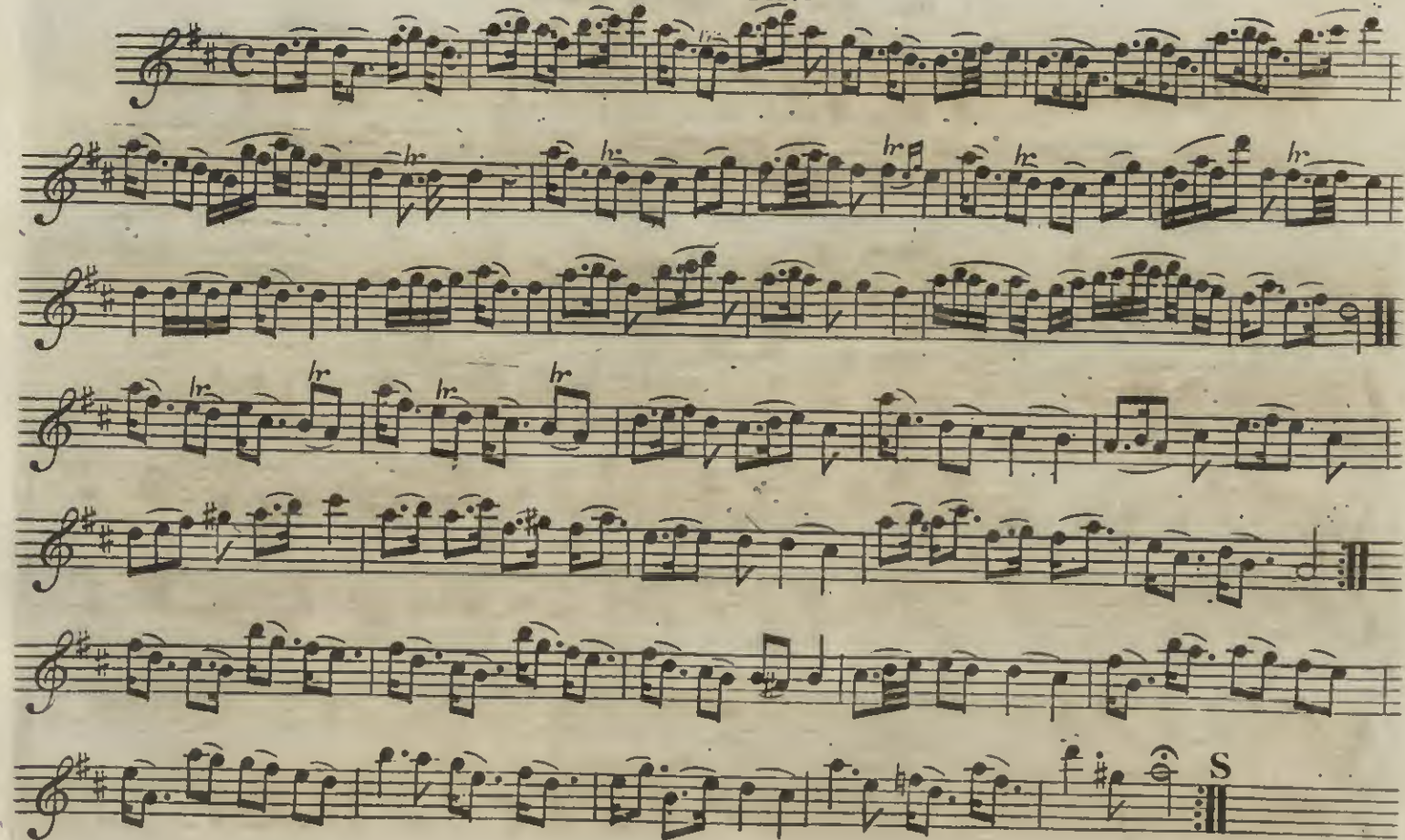


A busy humble bee am I that range the Garden funny From
 flower to flower I changing fly and every flower's my Honey Bright Chloe with her
 golden hair A while my rich jonquil is 'Till cloy'd with sipping
 nectar there I shift to rosy Phillis I shi - - - -
 - - - - ft I shift to rosy Phillis Phillis I shift to rosy Phillis .

O ER THE SEAS MY LOVE IS SAILING

For the German Flute

215



ABSENCE

As a Duet For two German Flutes

Now I know what it is to have strove with the torment of doubt & desire what it
with the torment of doubt & desire what it.

is to admire and to love - and to leave her we love and ad-mire what it
is to admire and to love - and to leave her we love and ad-mire.

is to admire to admire and to love and to leave her we love and ad-mire. Ah.
to admire and to love and to leave her we love and ad-mire. Ah.

lead forth my flocks in the Morn And the Damps of each evening repel A -

Alas I am faint and forlorn Alas I am faint and forlorn I have bade my dear.

Alas I am faint and forlorn Alas I am faint and forlorn I have bade my dear

Phillis farewell Alas I am faint and forlorn I have bade my dear Phillis farewell

Phillis farewell Alas I am faint and forlorn I have bade my dear Phillis farewell

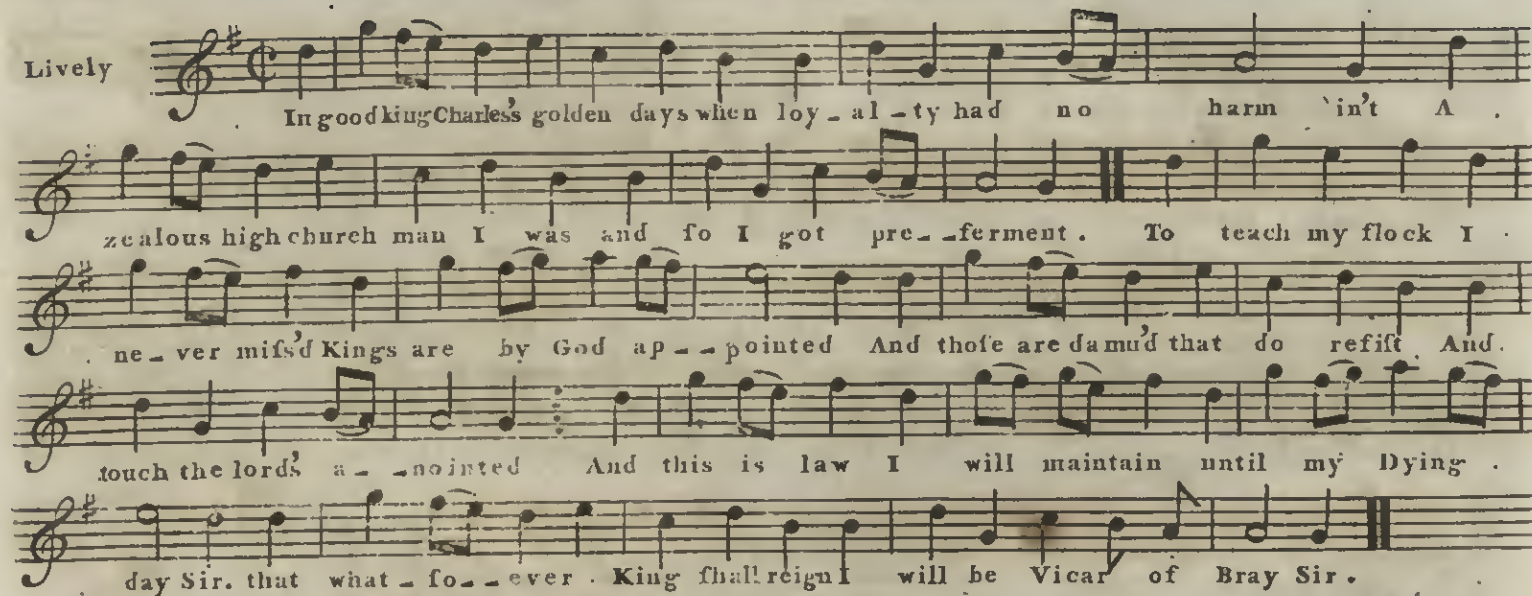
well farewell farewell I have bade my dear Phillis farewell have

well farewell I have bade my dear Phillis farewell have

bade my dear Phillis farewell I have bade my dear bade my dear Phillis farewell.

bade my dear Phillis farewell I have bade my dear bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Lively



In good king Charles's golden days when loy - al - ty had no harm 'int A
 zealous high church man I was and so I got pre - ferment. To teach my flock I
 ne - ver mis'd Kings are by God ap - - pointed And those are dam'd that do resist And
 touch the lords' a - - noointed And this is law I will maintain until my Dying
 day Sir. that what - so - ever King shall reign I will be Vicar of Bray Sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
 And pop'ry came in Fashion,
 The Penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration.
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my Constitution,
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the revolution.
 And this is Law &c.

3

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's Grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him Allegiance,
 Old principals I did revoke,
 Set Conscience at a distance,
 Passive Obedience was a Joke,
 And pish for non resistance.
 And this is law &c.

4

When Gracious Anne ascends the throne,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things were seen,
 And I became a tory,
 Occasional conformists' base,
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was,
 By such Prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

5

When George in Pudding time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big Sir,
 I turn'd cat-in-pau once more,
 And then became a whig Sir,
 And so preferment I procur'd,
 By our new faith's Defender,
 And always ev'ry Day absurd,
 The pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law &c.

6

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do Allegiance swear,
 While they can keep Possession,
 For by my Faith and Loyalty,
 I never more will Faulter,
 But George my lawful king shall be,
 Until the Times shall alter.
 And this is law, &c.

NOW WE'RE FREE FROM COLLEGE RULES

Sung by M^r Stevens

Allegro

Now we're free from college rules from common place book reason From trifling fyl- lo-gistic schools and
 systems out of season Never more we'll have de- find If matters thinks or thinks not All the matter
 we shall mind is who drinks or drinks not CHO. Tol lol — from this mark to the Double Bar.

Metaphysically to trace,

The mind or soul abstracted,

Or prove Infinity of space,

By cause on cause effected,

Better Souls we can't become,

By immaterial thinking,

And as to space we want no room,

But room enough to drink in.

Plenum vacuum minus plus,

Are learned words and rare too,

Those terms our tutors may discuss,

And those who Please may hear too,

A Plenum in our wine we shew,

With Plus and Plus behind, Sir,

But when our Cash is minus low,

A vacuum soon we find Sir.

2

Copernicus that learned Sage,
 Dan Tycho's error proving,
 Declares, in I can't tell what Page,
 The earth round Sol is moving;
 But which goes round what's that to us,
 Each is Perhaps a notion,
 With earth and Sun we make no fuss,
 But mind the Bottle's motion.
 Tol lol lol &c.

5

Great Gallileo ill was us'd,
 By superstitious fury,
 Antipodeans were abus'd,
 By Ignoramus Jnry,
 But feet to feet we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment Scurvy:
 For when we're drunk—probatom est,
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.
 Tol lol lol &c.

6

Newton talk'd of Lights and Shades,
 And different colours knew, Sir;
 But don't let us disturb our heads
 With any more than two Sir;
 White and Red our Glafses boast,
 Reflection and refraction,
 Yet after him we'll name our Toast,
 The centre of attraction.
 Tol lol lol &c.

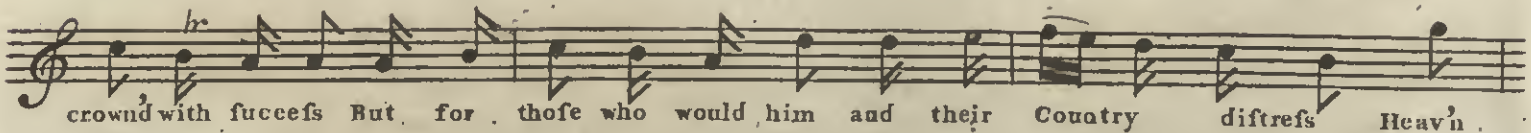
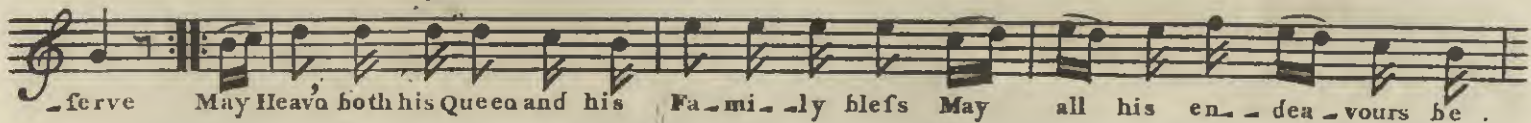
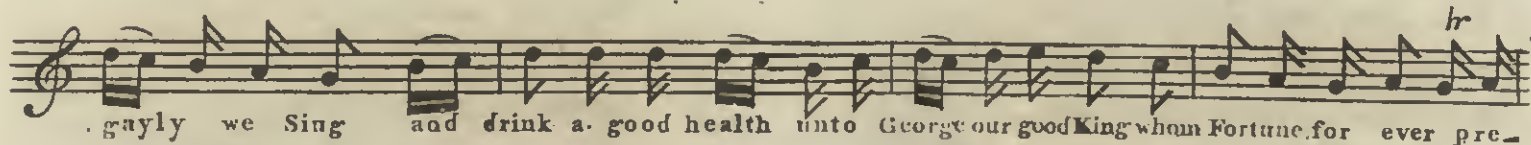
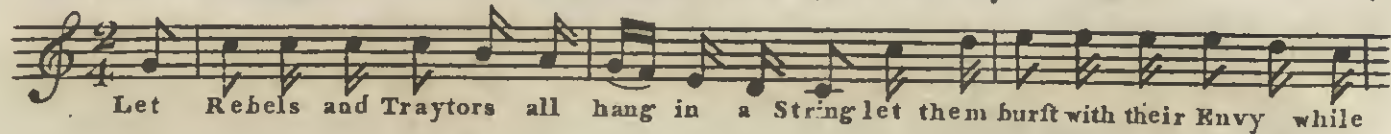
7

On that thesis we'll declaim,
 With Stratum super Stratum;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis nature's Postulatum:
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em,
 First though phyfically Prove
 That nunc tempus est bibendum.
 Tol lol lol &c.

A LOYAL SONG

Sung by M^r Lowndes at several Constitutional Meetings in the City of London

Allegro



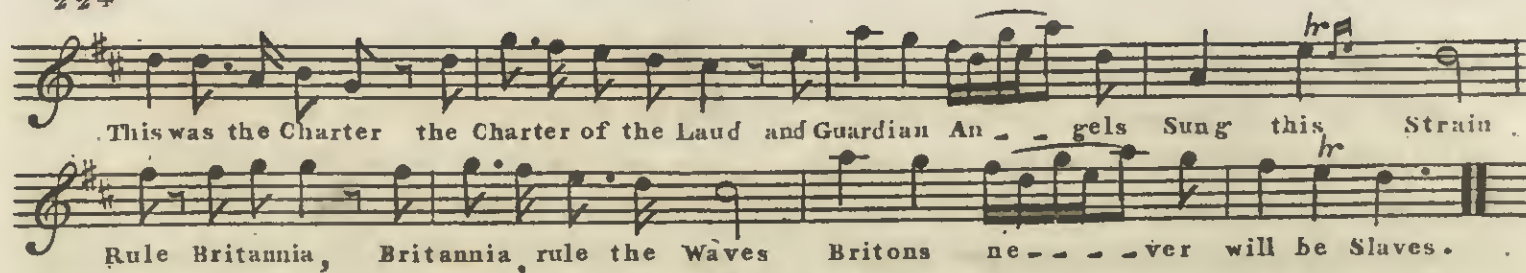
'Tis our Duty, our interest, our Pleasure, our boast,
 To crown the bright Glass with so noble a Toast,
 For as Subjects and Servants we value him most,
 From whom all the Virtues proceed:
 In double Engagement our Hearts he does bind,
 For search the World round I defy you to find
 A Monarch so Glorious, a Master so kind
 A Friend and a Father indeed.

With Vigour and Health may his Person be blest,
 May his Reign be victorious and Justly confest,
 To Ages succeeding the happiest and best,
 That ever in Britian was seen:
 May his Foes be confounded, his Friends be sincere,
 May the Nations around him all tremble in fear;
 May his Name be Immortal and long be held dear,
 And God keep him long on the throne!

WHEN BRITAIN FIRST AT HEAV'NS

As sung, by the express Desire of his Majesty, at the Theatre
 Royal, Covent Garden, on Friday the 14th December.





2

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all,
Rule &c.

3

Still more Majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blasts that tear the skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule &c.

4

Thee Haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their Attempts to bend thee down;
Will but arouse thy Generous Flame,
But work their Woe and thy renown.
Rule &c.

5

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy Cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the Subject main,
And ev'ry Shore it circles thine.
Rule &c.

6

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless Beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to Guard the Fair
Rule &c.

SUNG AT PUBLIC PLACES.

II.

SPORTSMAN—MR. INCLEDON.

Now, while above that range of hills
 The morn a bright'ning gleam distils,
 I seize the gun, and call around—
 To eager pointers—just unbound—
 Swift—for a time—they dash away,
 Too wild—too high of spirit to obey.

At length, the whistle's note they hear,
 Look round—and turn from their career;
 The stubble quarter nicely o'er,
 And ev'ry sheltering nook explore.
 See Carlo—sudden—checks his speed!
 Toho!—their lie the birds! Pero—take heed!

How well they back! how fine the point!
 The head, turn'd short, and fixt each joint,
 I'll take the birds upon this side—
 The covey rises!—scatt'ring wide!
 DEAD!—See the feathers to the right!
 Mark!—Mark!—Mark!—Among the beans three brace alight.

Carlo—watch—charge!—keep in, old Don!
 When loaded—ho—good dogs—hey on!
 Thus, range we, till the sun gets high,
 And on the ground no scent will lie;
 Then take thro' woods our homeward way,
 And o'er good cheer boast how we pass'd the day.

III.

LAPLAND LADY AND GENTLEMAN—OJET—MISS BROADHURST
AND MRS. MARTYR.

O
 My Deer, dearly I love him,
 Too hard farely I drove him,
 Soft words now cannot move him,
 I've kill'd him by usage unkind;
 In beauty, my Rein-Deer all others excell'g,
 In velvet smooth dappled coat look'd he so well in,
 His strength and his duty were sure past the telling,
 My Rein-Deer was fleet as the wind.

His fine face how dejected,
 His horns nobly erected,
 In snow now lie neglected,
 Half clos'd is his large azure eye;
 Sweet Rein-Deer, this Epitaph by thy Defender,
 Thy affection and spirit so delicate tender,
 That when no more good to his friends he could render,
 He quitted the world with a sigh!

IV.

MOTHER SHIPTON—MR. DARLEY.

Tho' the pit my son has swallow'd,
 Sprites and goblins sav'd his life,
 And by us he must be follow'd,
 Ere you can be made his wife.
 Haste, ye lightning, rumble thunder,
 To receive us, open, earth,
 Cease, my daughter, cease to wonder,
 Mother Shipton brings the mirth.

MOTHER

FAVOURITE SONGS,

V.

MOTHER SHIPTON—MR. DARLEY.

'Tis true I'm a fright,
And a merry old fright,
And thou shalt be jovial, sweet lad;
Full of frolic and fun,
Old Care you shall outrun,
Nor know what it is to be sad.
Thy magical sword,
Ev'ry bliss shall afford,
Wave but that, and enjoy without end,
From the deep, from the air,
Ready imps shall repair,
Elves and goblins, thy step shall attend.

VI.

MOTHER SHIPTON—MR. DARLEY.

Tho' o'er daisy-bed you run,
Lost in sweets you're here undone;
If you'd certain peril shun,
List to me, my frolic son;
You shall sail without a ship,
To a clime where bleak winds nip,
Whilst the icy plains you trip,
Froze are accents on the lip,
Crystal drops from noses tip,
Hey! to Lapland with a skip.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

God preserve his Majesty,
For ever send him victory,
And frustrate all his enemies.

FINALE.

LASTING joys they cannot miss,
To the fane by Cupid led,
Days of mirth, and nights of bliss,
Wait the marriage board and bed.
Albion, ever to be blest,
Harmony her joys increase,
May no canker in her breast,
E'er consume the rose of peace!
Why from laugh should we refrain,
Why shou'd not the bowl go round,
Whilst our canvas spreads the main,
Whilst our fields with plenty crown'd?

SONGS IN THE PIRATES.

AS PERFORMING AT THE KING'S THEATRE IN
THE HAYMARKET.

ALTADOR—MR. KELLY.

MEMORY repeating,
Past joys to soothe my soul;
Hope points where pleasures greeting
In bright succession roll.

Revenge, content defeating,
I shun thy dire controul.

Jealousy no longer heeding,
Shall I her fatal wiles obey;
Ne'er again my bliss impeding,
Will I own Suspicion's sway.

Her constancy my soul transporting,
With joys too vast to be express'd;
See fav'ring Love my presence courting:
I come, I hasten to be blest'd.

D

AURORA—MRS. CROUCH.

As wrapt in sleep I lay,
Fancy assum'd her sway.
A voice, which spoke despair,
Cried, 'Mourn thy lover banish'd.
'Cold I cold! beneath the main,
'Lies he in battle slain.
'Mourn, mourn, thou wretched fair,
'All hope from thee is vanish'd.'

Upon the rock I stood:
Forth from the foaming flood,
Arose the lovely form
Of him who now is banish'd.
Loose flow'd his auburn hair;
Gor'd was his bosom, bare.
Sinking amid the storm
e sigh'd 'adieu!' and vanish'd.

H

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